

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXVI., No. 4 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. OCT. 1899

*The Paris Exposition of
1900*

The world's fair, which is to be opened at Paris the 15th of next April, will be the climax of a series of industrial expositions in that city extending over a time of more than a century. The first of the number which took place in 1798, and was held on the Champs de Mars, where the coming one is to be situated, was not of an international character. It had only 110 exhibitors, and cost but \$12,000. Twenty-five medals were distributed, however. The fair took firm root in popular fancy, and was followed by others of generally increasing size until, in 1855, was held the first Paris universal exposition, which inspired the emulation of other nations. An idea of the growth of the Parisian world's fairs from that date may be derived from the following figures: The exposition of 1855 had a motive force for its machinery of 350 horse-power, and it attracted 23,954 exhibitors and over 5,000,000 visitors. The fair of 1867 had 626 horse-power, and 52,000 exhibitors. That of 1878 had 2,500 horse-power, 52,838 exhibitors, and 16,000,000 visitors. In 1889 there were over 5,000 horse-power, of which but half was actually used, 55,486 exhibitors and 32,500,000 visitors. Next year will see a prodigious leap in the motive power, for it is estimated that 45,000 horse-power may be needed, although half that amount will quite possibly suffice. Some 20,000 horse-power will be installed for electric lighting alone. It is noteworthy that the distribution of power throughout the exposition will be by electricity. The exhibitors from the United States alone will number over 2,000. The number of visitors expected is 60,000,000, equal to three-fourths of the population of this country.

A fair such as that of 1900, or of 1889, is an event of tremendous importance to a nation from purely financial considerations. To the last one is attributed an increase in French railroad receipts alone of over \$15,000,000, and exports for the year increased \$90,000,000. Next year foreign visitors are expected to leave \$250,000,000 behind them. A single restaurant out of the eighty-six cafés and bars at the exposition of 1889, cleared over \$300,000, while the profits of five others averaged \$40,000. Café concessions for 1900 are now ruling at \$10,000 in price. More than 20,000 workmen are employed on the grounds making ready for the coming exposition, and a much larger number are benefited through the outside industrial activity caused by the preparations. The number thus kept busy is estimated at 150,000.

A feature of the exposition of 1900, which is rather a departure from that of previous fairs, will be the selective character of the exhibits. All public fairs are necessarily big advertising schemes,

but the authorities are determined that in this case the commodities advertised shall be worth advertising. Doubtless many visitors to Chicago in 1893, while profoundly impressed with the conception of the show as a whole, and with the buildings, were disappointed with much that was inside of them, and saw much that suggested the annual fair in some rural county of boyhood memories. The Paris show does not have a whole prairie to spread over, and its managers perforce must discriminate in what and how much they admit. The principle of selection governs the American Commission, which has been in desperate straits to ward off the attacks of would-be exhibitors who demand any number of times over the space that Commissioner Peck's efforts have finally wrung from parsimonious French authorities. The American machine tool builders have decided to erect, at their own expense, a building at the Vincennes annex, seven miles from the main grounds.

A commendable policy which is now being pursued in Paris and which unfortunately we did not follow at Chicago, is the embellishment of the Fair Grounds with substantial and permanent works of architecture. Such will be the Alexander III. bridge across the Seine, the triumphal arch at the entrance to the grounds, which will cost about \$300,000, and the two Fine Art palaces which, together, will reach \$4,500,000. The monumental gateway will not only be a masterpiece of decorative architecture, but of inventive genius as well, for the ticket office will be arranged to admit 60,000 persons an hour.

The United States National Building must be approaching completion by this time. Outwardly it will be not unlike the Administration Building at Chicago. The mural decoration is to be committed to seven artists selected by an art commission appointed by the Commissioner-General. It is proposed also that the several States take a financial interest in the decoration, and that paintings be hung depicting events in their respective histories. The natural products of California are to be strongly in evidence at the fair. The Southern Pacific Railroad will expend in this direction \$50,000 on its own account. It has been decided to construct the façade of the mining building of California structural stones.

The bronze medal to be given to deserving exhibitors has been designed by the French sculptor M. Georges Lemaire. It will be 2 1-6 inches in diameter.

The exposition will, however, appeal not solely to artistic, inventive and commercial tastes. One of the attractions of Midway Plaisance flavor will be a reconstruction of a part of "Old Paris" as it

existed the time of Louis XIII. and XIV. There will also be a remarkable aquarium stocked with submarine monsters of all sorts, and artfully arranged to give one the appearance of being at the bottom of the sea. The festival hall of the exposition will hold over 20,000 persons.

At the time of writing there is in the United States and other countries more or less agitation toward a withdrawal from participation in the French exposition because of the Dreyfus verdict. It would be an undoubted misfortune for France were the individual support of any large number of exhibitors withheld, but it is very doubtful whether such a method of curing an injustice would be successful. The fault does not lie with France, but with the French Army and her military tribunal. The movement now on foot to induce Congress to withdraw its official co-operation is ludicrous, for what occasion has our Government to set aside a verdict rendered in the courts of France upon a French citizen, and to readjudicate the case for itself upon the evidence of mere reports and clamor? That some private exhibitors will drop out is not unlikely. If they do so, France or the world will be no better, they themselves will be the poorer, and only their business competitors will be the richer. These will gladly avail themselves of the space vacated and will be none the worse for having it.

Freaks of Copyright Law Matters of copyright law in England should have an unusually lively interest for Americans, because they combine two subjects upon which there is a substantial unity between the countries—literature and law. Hereupon the national identity is something more than historical and sentimental; it is continuous and practical. Americans are about as much at home among British authors, even contemporary ones, as they are among those of their own country. If Englishmen do not fully reciprocate they regard us as country cousins in the race of letters and not as strangers. Likewise, in jurisprudence, not only are our common law and that of England fundamentally the same, but they are developing along parallel lines.

Mr. William L. Alden, the London literary correspondent of the New York Times, finds room in an interval of his habitual sarcastic remarks about Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli, to notice a phenomenal copyright decision which has lately been rendered in an English court. The case is *Walter against Lane*, in which an action was brought on behalf of the London Times to recover damages for an alleged infringement of copyright in republishing an address of Lord Rosebery, which had been verbally reported in that paper. The court held in favor of the plaintiff. If the decision is sustained upon appeal, a rule of law will thereby be established, that if a man makes a speech and it is reported verbatim in a newspaper, the newspaper gets the exclusive ownership of the speech. Such, at least, is the conclusion of Mr. Alden, though there is reason to suspect that the speech of Lord Rosebery in question was published under statutory copyright, or that there were other circumstances which he has omitted to state, which would alter the aspect of the case.

Mr. Alden astutely argues that the decision must be based upon a theory that a verbatim shorthand report of a speech is never absolutely correct, and that it is the chance idiosyncrasies supplied by the newspaper which render it a subject for copyright, for if it were entirely accurate half a dozen newspapers might get the exclusive rights independently, which would be nonsense. His reasoning is ingenious, but we fear that his ground is untenable. The theory that interpolation of errors entitles the speech to copyright is in defiance of the legal maxim that "No man is to be allowed to profit by his own wrong." If the Times printed Lord Rosebery's speech as ostensibly his own words, it ought to be estopped from denying the same in court. ("To estop," it may be explained for the benefit of our lay readers, is a correlative of the noun "estoppel," which is defined by Lord Coke as where "a man's own act or acceptance stoppeth or closeth up his mouth to allege or plead the truth.") If several journals publish a speech, and if any one of them thereby acquires an exclusive property in it, that must be the one which publishes it first or which first complies with whatever formalities may be necessary to secure a copyright.

This decision in *Walter against Lane* opens the floodgates to an ocean of judicial riot and debauchery, as deep and broad as the Atlantic. Suppose American courts take it as a precedent and go to making such improvements upon it as they consider necessary to sustain their reputation for original thinking! Not only would it become illegal to republish a report of anything anybody says, but soon one might incur liability for damages by printing a second account of anything that happens or exists. For instance, if Mrs. X appears on some social occasion in a particularly stunning hat, it would not be permissible for more than one society editor to describe it, since the hat might justly be considered "a perfect poem," and therefore a literary composition, which, although transcribed with slightly different renderings, is still substantially the same poem. We fail to see why this reasoning is not equally cogent with any logical process that could have led to the ruling of the learned court in *Walter against Lane*.

Whatever may be the peculiar morbid condition of the present statute law in England, copyright is naturally intended solely for the benefit of the author, his assignees and personal representatives. It does not appear that Lord Rosebery made any assignment to the Times or was in privity with it in any way. Did the learned court hold that the Times acquired ownership of the speech through the mechanical labor of its stenographer? If so, and if Lord Rosebery hereafter wishes to publish the address himself, he may learn to his cost that not he but the reporter was the true author. Writers of books henceforth must avoid dictating their work to an amanuensis, else after they have spent years upon some production of genius and toil they may be made alive to the fact that the glory and profit belong not to them but to their stenographer.

It is remarkable, indeed, that courts should have fallen into so crude an error when they can exercise so fine a discrimination as to separate the ownership of an idea from that of the paper on which

it is written. If you write and send a letter it becomes the property of the receiver for the purpose of possession, while as a literary composition it is still your own. You have the right to publish it, and not your correspondent, unless perhaps for the vindication of his character or for purposes of justice. By death, the ideas, as they are expressed, go to your executors for your next of kin, while the manuscript goes to your correspondent's executors in trust for his next of kin, but not to sell for the payment of his debts.

An equal legal acuteness is shown in the old rule as to reproducing a drama protected only by common law copyright. A rival theatrical manager must not reproduce the play by means of attending its performance and taking notes, but he may go there and afterward avail himself of all that he can carry away in his memory and write down after he gets home; so he has only to attend often enough and remember a little each time in order to obtain a correct and available version of the whole drama. It would seem that the same result might be accomplished by his inviting a party of friends to accompany him and entrusting to each the memorizing of a small portion. This principle of law is too subtle to be appreciated by modern courts and some of them have already repudiated it. Judges have a droll way of breaking loose from a principle. They do not say, "This has been the law and now the time has come when it ought to be changed," but they say, "This never was the law at all."

Communal Life

Fifty years ago there were endless social schemes for community life, which had for their object the reaching of a sort of an ideal of existence where social intercourse was possible with others of equal social or intellectual rank. Few of these ever proved a financial success, for what reasons it would be next to impossible to relate, as each failure has had its peculiarities to be considered. In spite of this, communal life still retains its charm, and would probably be far better suited to the people of this end of the century than the life in cities which they now feel obliged to lead. By communal life is here meant not necessarily life in an association of restricted ideas, but life on a smaller scale than that which obtains now in our great cities. In reality, it is village as opposed to city life; life in a comparatively small neighborhood as opposed to a large one; life within reach of friends as opposed to life far apart from them. The city itself must always remain the centre of business and pleasure. It will always possess the great institutions; the opera will flourish in it, the greatest libraries will there be found; the vast caravanseries, the big shops, the great business enterprises will all centre around this one focus; but residential life amid these surroundings is destined to be split up and scattered to the four winds, and time will bring about, by a natural evolution, that colony life in the outskirts which so many have selected as an ideal form of existence. As the radius of accessibility grows larger, room for the establishment of such colonies becomes greater, and twenty miles from the business focus is soon likely to be a feasible distance and gives room enough to accommo-

date an almost endless number of dependent villages or communities, composed of those who must be within easy reach of their offices. Everything nowadays is tending toward the establishment of such communities. We are on the eve of changes in locomotion which will double the accessibility of our suburbs, while the expensiveness of land in the heart of our great cities is growing to be such that those even of great means find life in them to be a burden they would like to shake off. The tax assessor, too, is on their heels, and is driving them as hard as he can beyond his reach, while the multiplying of great hotels and wonderfully appointed clubs offers every comfort and luxury to those who may be forced to stay temporarily within the city limits. As it appears to a casual observer the period of time that those who live in cities actually spend there is growing less and less each year. The migration to the suburbs now takes them away earlier than the going to the country used to. It cannot be long before the expensive house in town, used for from three to six months, will be abandoned altogether. Though communities have failed before, their success in the future is almost a foregone conclusion—at least, within a reasonable distance of our large cities. Country life, far from all neighbors, amid large estates, depends for its society upon invited guests. It may answer for the very wealthy, though even those have not found it an all-the-year-round possibility, but communal life is comparatively untried, except as the result of special land-booming schemes, among those who are in moderate circumstances. Communal life, well planned out, so as to give the proprietor both the advantage of nearness to a half-dozen neighbors, and yet have it possible for him to own a few acres of lawn or orchard or pasture, is as nearly perfect throughout the seasons as life can be made, and it must be the destiny of the great cities of our time to develop in their central core a congestion of business life unparalleled heretofore, and to drive the dwelling house into the suburbs altogether. Certainly if this is the meaning of the slow exodus that is going on, there is no regret to be expressed, for it will help to correct the evils of overcrowding from which we now suffer, and will add to the health and long life of the people.

Did Fitzgerald Plagiarize From Rochester?

D'Israeli, the elder, characterized the hunt for literary larcenies as an amusement "not despicable," but which "forms, cultivates and delights the taste." This remark is equally appropriate, no doubt, to Old Bailey practice. But in either case, to render the prosecution of a felon a dignified pastime he must be a personage of note and he must be given the benefit of every reasonable doubt. With Edward Fitzgerald at the bar it may be honorable, as well as curious, dispassionately to consider some resemblances between his famous rendering of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám and a little poem entitled *Upon Nothing*, written more than two hundred years ago by the Earl of Rochester.

Lord Rochester's poem comprises seventeen three-line stanzas. They are similar in structure

to those of Fitzgerald, except that the third, and unrhymed, verse of the quatrain is missing, and the last is an Alexandrine. The rhythm of Rochester's verses is not unsuggestive of the swing of Fitzgerald's. In style, diction, mood and motif there are some further general resemblances, but more specifically certain passages show a striking parallelism of phraseology and thought. Several fragments, in which this likeness is manifest, are given below. The extracts have to be transposed to make the comparison, but it must be remembered that even in translating from Omar, Fitzgerald interchanged the quatrains freely.

Says Rochester in one stanza:

"Is or is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate."

Compare with this the following quotations from Fitzgerald (fourth edition):

"For 'Is' and 'Is-not,' though with Rule and Line,
And 'Up-and-Down' by Logis I define"—

* * * * *

"A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And, peradventure, to The Master too"—

* * * * *

... "Many a Knot unravell'd by the Road,
But not the Master-knot of human Fate."

Again from Rochester:

"Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot.
The all proceeded from the great united—What?

"Something, the general attribute of all
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguished fall."

Compare it with these extracts from Fitzgerald:

"What, out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something"—

* * * * *

"Into this Universe and Why not knowing,
Nor Whence"—

* * * * *

"A Moment's Halt—a momentary Taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from"—

* * * * *

... "A Soul on Fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire."

Also the following from Fitzgerald's first edition:

"And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou are but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less."

Returning to Rochester for a basis for another comparison, we may read:

"Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes
And the Divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom where the truth in private lies"—

Fitzgerald has the same idea in different dress—

... "He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!"

Says Rochester again:

"Great Negative! How vainly would the wise
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Did'st thou not stand to point their dull philosophies."

This is rather obscure. Is it intended merely to state the indispensability of negation as an instrument of logic? Or does the Earl pessimistically mean that the only solution of the problems of human philosophy is Agnosticism? If the latter, the thought is reflected in Fitzgerald's quatrains:

"With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow
And with my own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped—
I came like Water and like Wind I go."

* * * * *

"But if in vain, down on the stubborn Floor
Of Earth and up to Heaven's unopening Door
You gaze to-day while You are You, how then
To-morrow, You—when shall be You no more?"

Having pointed out these curious resemblances between the poem of the dissolute young Earl of the Restoration period and that of the dignified, veracious, country gentleman of our own time who assumed to have no source of inspiration but Omar Khayyám and his own loquacious muse, it is proper to inquire how they all came about.

That Rochester was indebted to Omar is an hypothesis which cannot be entertained, both because of the improbability that the Earl had access to the Rubáiyát, and because the likeness of Fitzgerald's verses to his consists largely in such verbal similarity as translating from the same original would not have occasioned. (If this were not a serious discussion we might argue that in so far as Fitzgerald's work is like Rochester's, it certainly cannot resemble the Persian Rubáiyát—and, by way of apology to Fitzgerald, might raise the query: "Who translated Omar into Persian?")

As between Rochester and Fitzgerald, it would be absurd to imagine that the latter wrote with a volume of the former spread open on the desk in front of him. That Fitzgerald had read Upon Nothing, that it was running in his head, more or less obscurely, while he paraphrased the Persian, and that, consciously or unconsciously, he wove some of it into his rendering of the Rubáiyát, is possible. Yet there are strong reasons to doubt even this. Fitzgerald's conceptions analagous to those of Rochester seem to have been suggested sufficiently by Omar. Again, some of the most apparently imitative of Fitzgerald's expressions, which, in all cases but one, are quoted above from the fourth edition, are not found in the first. It is unreasonable to suppose that he borrowed from Rochester's short poem throughout a period of many years, or was dependent upon its aid in the process of revision.

The safest attitude to assume toward the question is to consider the resemblance of Fitzgerald to Rochester a remarkable coincidence, a forcible example of the parallelism that may exist free from plagiarism, and a warning against harsh literary judgments.

Numerous instances of chance similarity between the ideas of British authors and those of Persian and Indian writers have been discovered.

Many of these are cited by Mr. W. A. Clouston in his little monograph on *Literary Coincidences* (Glasgow, 1892). He does not mention Omar Khayyám, however.

The charge was once made against Edgar Allan Poe that he had translated his *Raven* almost literally from a poem existing in the Persian, in which tongue he was accomplished. Probably the accusation was not substantiated. There is, however, a singular suggestion of Shelley, which no one seems to have noticed hitherto, in the following lines:

"Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore."

The earlier lines, by Shelley, which occur in *A Lament*, are these:

"My heart each day desires the morrow;
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough."

It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Poe received from this his first hint of the metrical form of *The Raven*, if not also an inspiration of its motive.

Corporal Punishment

It has become something of a fad to invoke the aid of scientific methods nowadays in proving almost any proposition, however wild or unreasonable it may be. Science is thought to be a sort of a mathematical certainty, and the "scientific" method of approaching any topic is supposed to give it the cachet of reliability and absolute and unquestioning truth. Bertillon, the wonderful expert who testified before the Dreyfus court-martial, gave an instance of overwrought confidence in such reasoning which should be enough to shake one's faith even in the invulnerability of figures. Though the inventor of scientific methods of criminal identification, which have been accepted the world over, Bertillon became the laughing-stock of the entire audience at Rennes and of the civilized world besides, in his grotesque efforts to prove Dreyfus guilty by a scientific method of caligraphic measurements which ended in convincing the assemblage of nothing but the fact that Bertillon himself was a good deal of a fool. Such a fortunate outcome is not always to be depended on, however, and the majesty of science is often evoked in doubtful causes with more or less telling effect. People nowadays are eager for facts, and very rightly so, in support of or against any question which is brought up for discussion. If it is the liquor question, the smoking habit, longevity or the cure of consumption that is up for debate, some one is apt to have facts and figures upon the question gathered with the utmost pains from hundreds of authentic cases in point. It is difficult to refute logic of this kind by simple reasoning, even when the facts and figures have been advanced in aid of an actual fallacy or of some very doubtful question.

A case in point is to be found in an interesting article to be found in the educational department of this magazine, which is receiving currency among

the English journals. The writer is now lecturing in England upon corporal punishment, and concludes in its favor by the following ingenious use of the scientific method:

He examines some three thousand cases of school children of various ages, puts simple questions of justice and right to them and argues from their answers in favor of corporal chastisement for the young, because the young if left to their own devices would administer it to others in the instances which the lecturer put to them. The reasoning is both illogical and silly; but is so ingeniously done as perhaps to persuade some of its supposed virtue. Against its conclusions we have nothing to offer but common sense and belief, and the experiences perhaps of our childhood, all of which in these days are against the use of physical direction for children, and in favor of a cultivation of their reasoning powers. The trouble with most unruly children is with their parents, just as the trouble with most vicious horses is with their grooms and drivers. A child stands on the threshold of the life we live. He knows little and must be forgiven much. If he is stupid it should not reflect on him but on his parents; they should not apply the "strong directing hand of authority," but should consider that possibly he comes by his stupidity honestly, and they should pay liberally to have him made brighter by means of proper instruction.

Corporal punishment for children is growing both obsolete and unnecessary. With patient and sympathetic treatment the most unruly of children can be handled and made to do the reasonable will of an older person. If that will is unreasonable it is another matter. Children rebel against injustice much sooner than grown people, and their sense of what constitutes injustice is often keener than that of their elders, or else is influenced by the undeveloped condition of their reasoning powers. From earliest infancy, however, the child does reason, and to force upon it the stronger will of an older person by chastisement or force can only in rare instances prove to be an educational advantage to the child, while it serves to encourage its monitor in the arts of impatience and the false pride of physical authority.

Numerous complaints from readers have reached us, calling attention to the fact that an editorial in the last number of *Current Literature* spoke of this as the last summer of the present century, whereas in reality the hundred years do not end until 1901 is ushered in. One correspondent speaks of the question as "debatable," but the others are all certain of their ground. Certainly the 100 years are not completed until the year 1900 has run its course, and the writer who fell into the error of thinking that the century ended with the close of this year is only too ready to make this amend for his possible error. We hope that it has led no one seriously astray, but blunders of the kind are slips of the mind which are bound to occur in the best regulated brains. The error is a common one and doubtless arises from the habit we are all in of thinking of the century as beginning with the year 1800, instead of 1801.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Twilight.....John Stuart Thomson.....Canadian Magazine

Pale the first stars, and paler the last light;
 And dimmer grow the glories of the field;
 And when the day is fading on my sight,
 I hear the pure-toned, peaceful church bells pealed.
 The world grows still, and evening's orison
 Swells from the bosage and a thousand throats.
 Upon the glittering peaks the sun's last beams
 Signal that day is done,
 And in the hallowed west, a bright cloud floats,
 Touched with the glory of immortal dreams.

On the Floor of the Ocean.....George R. Brill.....Leslie's Monthly

Little we know
 Of the world below,
 Down,
 Down,
 Down,
 In the depths of the green,
 Soft opaline sheen
 Of Neptune's demesne,
 The vast marine.

Within the pale,
 The deluged vale,
 Down,
 Down,
 Down,
 There wallow and creep
 The crabs of the deep;
 In cavernous lairs,
 Its monsters sleep,

Fathoms below
 The turbulent flow,
 Down,
 Down,
 Down;
 Where the octopus feeds
 On the spongy breeds,
 'Midst corals, rank
 With slimy weeds.

There many a ship
 Has ended her trip,
 Down,
 Down,
 Down

The mysterious steep
 Of the glimmering deep,
 And confined her crew
 In a sea-hushed sleep

Still lie the dead
 In their oozy bed,
 Down,
 Down,
 Down
 In that ocean night,
 With phosphorous light,
 In spectral shrouds
 Their forms bedight.

How should we know
 Of that world below?
 Down,
 Down,
 Down,
 Where the mermaid dwells
 In the watery dells,
 Amongst the dead
 And the living shells.

Eternal Me.....Charlotte Perkins Stetson.....The Cosmopolitan

What an exceeding rest 'twill be
 When I can leave off being Me!
 To think of it!—at last be rid
 Of all the things I ever did!

Done with the varying distress
 Of retroactive consciousness!
 Set free to feel the joy unknown
 Of life and love beyond my own!

Why should I long to have John Smith
 Eternally to struggle with?
 I'm John—but somehow cherubim
 Seem quite incongruous with him.

It would not seem so queer to dwell
 Eternally John Smith in Hell.
 To be one man forever seems
 Most fit in purgatorial dreams.

But heaven! Rest and power and peace
 Must surely mean the soul's release
 From this small labeled entity—
 This passing limitation—Me!

*The Sisters.....William Griffith.....The House of Dreams**

Night, in the chambered east,
 Sits with Dawn at the door.
 Dropped from her gol'en feast,
 Star-crumbs scatter the floor.

Mice, from behind the sun,
 Patter along the sky;
 Nibbling the crumbs they run
 Touching with footprints shy.

Echoes of purring sound
 Over the world below;
 Nothing more to be found,
 Scamper—away they go!

Dawn, in the chambered east,
 Sits by an open door.
 Night has gone from the feast;
 Barren of crumbs the floor.

The Lighthouse of Minot's Ledge.....S. C. I. Briggs....Chambers's Magazine

Three leagues from the shore in Boston Bay,
 On a rocky, ragged ledge,
 There rises, grim and gaunt and gray,
 The Lighthouse of Minot's Ledge;
 And the great Atlantic's rolling tide
 Breaks over it, foaming high,
 As it sends a warning far and wide
 O'er sand and sea and sky.

Ere that tower was raised, in the olden days,
 Another lighthouse stood,
 Propped on the rock upon iron stays;
 And the keepers deemed it good.
 Both wanderers they from a distant strand,
 Far over the alien seas;
 A fair-haired son of the Fatherland
 And a dark-eyed Portuguese.

But there came a day when a storm befell
 That baffled human guile,
 And all day long the powers of hell
 Beat on that doomed pile.
 And all day long the folk on the beach
 Gazed on the awful sight,
 And moaned that no mortal help could reach,
 And shuddered to think of night.

*Hudson Kimberly Pub. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Night fell; and the storm raged on apace,
But the lamp was lighted true;
And the winds and the waters ran their race,
As the tide rolled thundering through,
Ah! the shocks were hard and the strain was long.
And the swaying stanchions broke;
But the lamp shone on, now dim, now strong,
For the foam rose up like smoke.

Then the great weird fog bell, struck by the sea
Rang out its own death knell,
And tolled for the souls that escaped and were free,
When their faithless dwelling fell,
Then the lamp went out in that awful rout,
And the bell tolled on through the night;
One corpse was washed on the shore at morn,
One never came to light.

Their alien names are forgotten quite
By an English-speaking race,
But the fame of their gallant watch that night
Still clings to their ancient place;
And they talk in the great strong tower on the strand,
When the storm-wind rides on the seas,
Of that fair-haired son of the Fatherland
And the dark-eyed Portuguese.

The Master of Life.....W. G. Hole.....London Spectator

I am the plough,
Master of Life,
Where my sharp coulter leads
Ceases sterility;
And, by my largesses
Gladdened and satisfied,
Follow the peoples!

I, in the glimmering dawn,
Furrowing circlewise—
Leaving wide gaps where Death
Swung his black gates anon—
Traced the foundations where
Rose the proud battlements,
Bastions and walls round
The City of Life!

To me for charity
Come the worn mendicants,
Footing it painfully
Out from the darkness
Into the silence—
Here are my alms for you
Poured forth abundantly—
Yours while the earth knows
Summer and winter,
Seed-time and harvest—
Eat and be glad!

Egypt and Nineveh,
Rome and Assyria
Were but my pensioners;
I am the permanent,
Still stand my kingdoms—
Still wave the cornfields—
Seeming but slave indeed,
Master of Life am I—
I am the plough!

The American Soldier.....Edwin L. Sabin.....Munsey's

'Tis a far, far cry from the Minute Men
And times of the buff and blue,
To the days of the withering Jorgensen,
The hands that hold it true.
'Tis a far, far cry from Lexington
To the isles of the China Sea,
But ever the same the man and gun—
Ever the same are we.

For the blood of the sires at Bunker Hill,
Through countless fierce campaigns,
Is as red and eager in peril still
In the depths of the children's veins.
And the heart and the eye support the hand
No matter what odds there be—
Ever the same, thy sons, O land,
Ever the same are we.

Not a Valley Forge, nor a Wilderness,
Nor hail of a Cuban steep,
Can take one jot from our fearlessness,
Who daily thy honor keep.
We carry the flag through varying scenes—
From the sign of the old pine tree
To the Stars and Stripes in the Philippines—
Ever the same are we.

And the lad with the fresh, unshaded mouth
Fights as his fathers fought.
And the man from the North and the man from the South
Do as their fathers wrought.
And whether from city or town we come
We answer the call with glee—
We heroes upspring at the beat of the drum—
Ever the same are we.

Glushap's Hound.....Theodore Roberts.....Youth's Companion

They slew a god in a valley
That faces the wooded West;
They held him down, in their anger,
With a mountain across his breast,
And all night through, and all night long,
His hound will take no rest.

From the low woods, black as sorrow,
That marshal along the lake,
A cry breaks out on the stillness,
As if the dead would wake—
The cry of the faithful dog, who runs
No more for the running's sake.

But follows the sides of the valley
And the old familiar trail,
With his nose to the ground, and his eyes
Red lights in the cedar swale;
All night long, and all night through,
Till the heavy East grows pale.

Some say he foreheralds tempest—
Outrunning the wind in the air. . . .
When the willows are blowing yellow
And the alders are wet and bare
He hunts, with no joy in the hunting,
Giving tongue to his mad despair.

Another stick on the campfire,
For the shadows are leaning near,
And something runs in the thicket
That the spruces bend to hear!
The white stars wonder why he runs,
With his grief of a thousand year.

*The Critic.....Henry Coyle.....The Promise of Morning**

The critic stood with scornful eye
Before a picture on the wall;
"You call this art? Now, see that fly,
It is not natural at all.

"It has too many legs, its head
Is far too large—who ever saw
A fly like that, so limp and dead,
And wings that look as if they—pshaw!"

And with a gesture of disgust
He waved his hand, when lo! the fly
Flew from the picture. "Ah! some dust,"
The critic said, "was in my eye."

*Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The Remainder Market for Books.....Chambers's Journal

The reasons for the life of a book are sometimes difficult to understand, and it is quite impossible to point out with certainty the exact reasons which stimulate or give renewed life. The following example will illustrate the career and serve as an example of many books which at one time had almost dropped out of circulation, but by some fortunate occurrence, or by their own intrinsic value, have eventually attained a permanent success. The work I have in mind is Edward FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. The incidents in the growth of the popularity of this book I have heard told by Mr. Quaritch more than once at his trade sale dinners. The translation of this poem had been published some few years, and FitzGerald had a number of copies still remaining unsold. Wishing to get rid of them, he asked Mr. Quaritch to take the entire remainder off his hands; and this was done, more to please FitzGerald than with any expectation of effecting a sale. After a considerable time, finding there was still no demand for the work, he placed some copies outside his shop, and marked them one shilling each. This, however, proving unsuccessful, he then marked them down to sixpence each; and as they did not move at that price, they were offered at fourpence, and finally placed in a box of all sorts at one penny each. At the latter price they found a ready sale, and with the disposal of the last copies FitzGerald's masterpiece appears to have had its start. Mr. Quaritch says that from this period there commenced a steady demand for that book, and these original copies are now worth almost their weight in gold, one having recently been sold for the sum of twenty guineas. FitzGerald and his translations have now acquired a world-wide popularity, with the result that a cult has been formed which yearly sings the praises of the great Persian poet, and with feast and becoming ceremony discourses in graceful eloquence to the memory of his first English translator. Who can possibly say how it was that this masterpiece remained so long without recognition, or what eventually brought about that recognition?

Sometimes books are conveyed to fresh classes of readers, and new life given to them, through a channel which is known as the "remainder market." As is said in the trade, they are "slaughtered"; but that does not necessarily mean that they are killed. I must explain to the uninitiated that the remainder of a book is the balance of copies left after the ordinary sales have practically ceased. These are offered at a very low price, or sold by auction to the highest bidder. By this means the books get into a cheaper market, a new medium is opened for their sale, and occasionally a fresh lease of life is given to them.

Readers Who Are Scorchers.....New York Times

A decade or so ago books were much dearer and scarcer in every way than now, and it is questionable whether the present flood of literature of all sorts is entirely a blessing. In these days of free

circulating libraries and cheap periodical literature the true reading habit seems to be fast disappearing. It has been suggested that one great reason for the decline of the reading habit lies in this very flood of reading matter, and the utter impossibility of attempting to keep up with it. But this can only be considered the poor excuse said to be better than none. Every reader worthy of the name cultivates instinctively what may be called the selecting habit, and only a single glance at a book or at an article is necessary to decide—not whether it is a good book or a well-written paper, but, what is of far more importance, whether it is of real interest to him individually.

"The scorching skimmer," on the contrary, comes to look upon all literature as about the same, and races through the carefully prepared, well-written article and the last light novel at the same high rate of speed. The fatal result of such careless reading is that in time the intellectual scorcher is only able to read the day's news, in so-called popular articles in the cheaper magazines, or, what is far worse, the sensational or, at best, weak novel.

That this is a deplorable condition is as true as the statement is well founded; a condition of things, too, which is growing all the time. In these days, at least in or near the large cities, books and periodicals are within easy reach of every one, and yet how comparatively few avail themselves of their privileges. On all sides one hears people say, "I'm very fond of reading, but get so little time for it," or "I should so like to read such and such a book, but I'm too poor to buy it," or "There's such a lot of books I want, but I can't afford them," all of which, being interpreted, means there are so many other things they would rather do or have that neither time can be found, or, rather, made, for reading, nor money spared to purchase the desired books.

All this is no doubt at least partially due to the intellectual scorching which is truly the curse of the age. The scorching skimmer, like his brother bicyclist, knows no more how to read for pleasure—for the pure love of it—than does the average bicyclist how to ride slowly through the pretty country lanes and wood roads, enjoying as he goes the scenery, the pure air, the ever-changing sky, and the thousand and one little surprises Nature has in keeping for those who can appreciate her bounty. No; the intellectual scorcher skims rapidly over the printed page, killing an idle hour, and really gaining as little true pleasure in so doing as the aforesaid wheelman, who is only anxious to break a record or make a good cyclometer-showing.

It is rather a curious but indisputable fact that the greatest readers are most often found among the busiest people, who, instead of listlessly passing away the hour for which nothing more exciting can be found, carefully plan their time so as to leave as much as possible free for books, actually doing more solid reading, and getting more pleasure from it, in the odd moments at everyone's command than the scorching skimmer manages to do with practically unlimited hours to fill at his own sweet will.

It is also quite as certain that the true book lover always manages to buy books, be he ever so poor, and usually in better and better editions as his collection grows—another illustration of “the appetite growing with what it feeds upon.” It is an equally well-known fact that the man or woman who asserts a willingness to “buy books if only they could afford them” is more often than not to be found among one’s well-to-do friends, conclusively proving that “my poverty but not my will consents” is not the true reason for such lack of books, the money for all sorts of luxuries really wished for being speedily forthcoming without any particular amount of trouble.

The Systematic Epigram.....F. M. Colby.....Bookman

If there are quick and business-like ways of making epigrams, there is no reason why a writer should not use them. The only question is whether the result betrays the process, and even if it does reveal its factory origin as plainly as pressed glass, it will not on that account lose value to many readers or to many writers for the newspapers and reviews. In recent fiction there are signs that epigram-making has sunk from an art to an industry. From *Dodo* and *The Green Carnation* to *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and *The Double Thread* there have been a good many novels and plays in which the epigrammatic manner has been cultivated with what is popularly regarded as success. The writers have very naturally profited by each other’s example. Not that they have actually copied, for that was unnecessary; but they have unconsciously co-operated in developing a uniform method. In seeking their end along the line of least resistance they have hit upon a mechanical device, what you might almost call an epigram mold, by which raw material may be cast in epigrammatic form as readily as melted lead into bullets.

Now, the custom-made epigram is put together by observing a few definite rules, of which the common principle is that the reader must sustain a certain gentle shock. To this end there must be a suggestion of suddenness and unwontedness, an effect which, in the case of the genuine epigram, arises from the novelty of the thought itself as well as from its novel and compact form of expression. But this is not the only means of giving the desired impression. A transitory effect of the same general nature can be produced by merely perverting a truism, or by putting a negative into an axiom, or by transposing a commonplace moral, or by asserting the converse of the generally accepted. Thus:

Accuracy is the one unpardonable defect.

A husband who committed crimes I might love, but a husband who made mistakes I should assuredly loathe.

People with proper pride are as difficult to deal with as people with delicate digestions.

What we want is a muzzling order for all sincere and truth-speaking persons.

Here we have method; we see the pulse of the machine, as Wordsworth said about the young lady. Each is merely the denial of a commonplace with intent to surprise. And does it really surprise? Not in the least. With a soul most hospitable to surprises, and with a really conscientious desire to be startled, you await the next one only to find

yourself guessing the end upon reading the first two words. Therein lies the danger of literary systematization. You grow angry at the identity of the product. The fatal ease with which these “epigrams” are made, their regular monotonous recurrence, above all, the little flaunting challenge to your exhausted admiration, combine to bore you as only those people can bore who have been incited by indiscreet praise to the inhuman repetition of some small trick. Each is the husk of a joke, the formal semblance of a witticism. Little antithetical word-juggles ring in your ears afterward and make you nervous. Of all the stage properties of literature, they are the most annoying, but they will persist, say what you will, for they economize invention. Why go to the expense of deviating when the old patterns are doing so well? That is where economics and literature intersect to the damage of the latter.

The systematic epigram is pernicious, and should be discouraged. It represents a false aim, attained by a monotonous method. It is merely a cultivated mannerism, and has no more to do with the real style of a book than the high hand-shake with a man’s good breeding. It should pass, because it is annoying to the reader and takes up too much of the author’s time. And with it should go the whole accompaniment of industrious blaséness, energetic cynicism and preposterous and literal-minded innocence. The mechanism is too apparent, and the result too uniform. It is demanded that the author’s mind shall work some change in the matter that goes through it. The machinery has become too good; any one can run it.

Speeches and Copyright.....Chicago Evening Post

The copyright law extends to lectures as well as to other forms of literature,*the protection contemplated by the principle of property in literary ideas. That is, a man can write an essay, secure copyright and then proceed to read it to various audiences without fear of piracy. No matter how many times he may read it, the copyright originally obtained makes the lecture his exclusive property. But suppose a man fails to copyright a lecture and delivers it to a public assembly? To whom thereafter does the lecture belong?

In England the other day this question was decided by the High Court of Justice at London in a way which we must be pardoned for characterizing as absurd and inequitable. The facts were given in a brief dispatch. The volume of *Appreciations and Addresses* recently published by John Lane contains the notable public utterances of Lord Rosebery, the ex-Premier and would-be leader of the British Liberals. Five of the speeches were reported verbatim in the *London Times*, and Lord Rosebery himself furnished these reports to the publisher. The *Times* brought suit for an injunction to restrain Mr. Lane from circulating the volume. It claimed exclusive property in the five addresses taken from its columns and denied that Lord Rosebery, who had failed to copyright them, possessed any right whatever to their commercial use. If he had no right, he had nothing to transfer to the publisher.

The *Times*, on the other hand, had copyrighted the speeches, together with everything else in the

issues which contained them. They were reported by an employee of the paper, and it was claimed that the property in them belonged to the reporter, whose rights the paper had acquired. In other words, while the orator, by giving his words to the public without prior copyright, lost all title to ownership, the mere reporter who wrote them down in shorthand and subsequently prepared a report for *The Times* became, in virtue of his purely mechanical labor, the owner of the speeches in a commercial sense! This is so absurd, so violent a perversion of common sense, that we cannot believe that the decision of Justice North, which fully adopted *The Times'* contention, can be sustained on appeal.

It was argued that the reporter obtained an exclusive property right by giving the speeches a certain form, and that the copyright law only protects literary form. As a matter of fact, if the report was accurate and authentic, the form was that of the orator himself. The copyright law certainly assumes that there is something original about the literary form it protects, but what is there original about a reporter's faithful reproduction of a speech? Who supplies the literary form, the orator or the mechanical reporter? Ten, twenty, a hundred reporters might "take down" a speech, and if they were all equally skilled there would be absolutely no difference between the versions. All would have the form provided by the author, the orator. This consideration alone reduces to absurdity the decision of Justice North. The reporter had no right to anything but pay for his mechanical labor. The speeches were public property.

An Editorial Convention... Munsey's Magazine

It is one of the most sacred of the editorial conventions that the public must have midsummer stories in July and snowy ones at Christmas. In the magazines, fiction goes from Jaegers to batistes as regularly as the seasons come around, and a story of storms and icicles must wait over six months rather than conflict with the weather in which it appears.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the poor like to read of riches, a hungry man takes delight in a printed banquet, a quiet life wants to hear of an exciting one. We all incline to idealize the state we are not in. Why, then, would not a story of heaping white snows and stinging winds bring a pleasant illusion of relief to the mortal who is being slowly turned on the spit of August? And surely the dreamy haze of midsummer is never so alluring as when seen through the leaves of a book in the days of the zeros. A tale made up of vital elements can take us into its own atmosphere while it lasts, and of its mercy it should rescue us from the burden of the actual weather around us. Most editorial conventions are built on a patient study of what the great audience wants. But we are inclined to think this one arbitrary, and not founded on the soundest knowledge of how to please.

M. Zola on English Customs... The London Speaker

Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, faithful translator of Zola, has written a prelude to the work on England which his distinguished friend has in view. When M. Zola has disposed of three monumental books

on Truth, Justice and Work he may have time to take us and our institutions in hand. In Mr. Vizetelly's volume we see him taking a preliminary canter through our manners and customs. There is, for instance, the English habit of writing capital "I" for the personal pronoun which other nations are content to leave quite unobtrusive. The Frenchman, as M. Zola points out, writes "je." What a contrast to the blatant egoism of "I"! And how the contrast runs through all the characteristics of the two peoples! The French are always modest and retiring, and the English always presumptuous and grasping. All the egoisms of the military faction in France abase themselves as "je" before the stability of the Republic. Mr. Vizetelly feebly suggested that our "I" was merely a survival of the old lavish use of capital letters; but that really confirmed M. Zola's theory. To say "I am always Virtuous" gives the palm to virtue, whereas "I am always virtuous" makes virtue an appanage of the egoist. This philosophical distinction will be treated at length, no doubt, in M. Zola's great book on the English. He will also consider why the national egoism of "I" is not multiplied in "we" (even editorially), so as to make "WE" the pronoun for the people of England, as distinguished from the blushing coyness of "nous."

The grimy vastness of London, especially toward Lavender Hill (oddly enough he did not ask Mr. Vizetelly, "Why Lavender?") disturbed M. Zola greatly. He looked out of the railway carriage window and saw backyards everywhere littered with waste paper. To a literary man, accustomed to write at least three pages a day, the sight of so much waste paper must have betrayed a national indifference to letters, or, at any rate, a spendthrift opulence. When M. Zola was not tormented by so much waste paper, he moralized over waste hairpins. He counted four dozen of them in half an hour's walk. As the trunk of the elephant picks up a pin with ease, so the eye of the great philosophical observer lights upon the lost hairpins of thoughtless Englishwomen. What is the obvious lesson? That the consumption of hairpins in this extravagant island is "phenomenal." Clearly the Englishwoman uses more hairpins than the Frenchwoman, and M. Zola may persuade his countrywomen that this is a tribute to their superior grace and neatness. He may, however, excite in their minds the jealous suspicion that they have not so much hair as the ladies of perfidious Albion, and so in many hearts which were unmoved by the humiliation of Fashoda the English hairpin may be a quivering arrow of international animosity.

It is a moment for preaching calm, and we hope that Englishwomen who read Mr. Vizetelly's faithful transcript of M. Zola's impressions will not take undying offence at the imputation of recklessness with their hairpins. How far they will be soothed by M. Zola's assurance that they look better in a cycling skirt than in "rationals"—which, it seems, are becoming only to the plump contours of the Frenchwoman—we do not know; but there is risk of trouble in M. Zola's observation of the "ease and frequency" with which English girls toss off glasses of moselle and champagne. This "upset all his ideas of propriety," and even Mr. Vizetelly was

"slightly surprised." M. Zola was still "more astonished" to see men "drinking whisky with their meals," and he remarked that in France "among people with any claim to culture the consumption of alcohol has declined almost to vanishing point." Here Mr. Vizetelly made a stand. "I reminded him that wine was often expensive in England, that beer disagreed with many people, and that some who felt the need of a stimulant were thus driven to whisky and water." Is this plea likely to prevail against M. Zola's belief that "people of culture" do not drink whisky? Would it be any use to assure him that it is not the habit of English girls to toss off moselle and champagne, and that to generalize from the cases he saw in one hotel is as reasonable as it would be to affirm that under the influence of these beverages English girls habitually rush out of doors and improvidently scatter their hairpins on the highway? We fear it is impossible to arrest M. Zola's unfavorable judgment, for he is evidently convinced that these girls eventually become neglectful mothers. He has seen our nursemaids flirting, while their infant charges were abandoned to the vice of gnawing the gutta-percha "soother" which probably begets in them a taste for moselle. No mother was near to murmur "Kitchee—kitchee," and direct their attention to the benevolent glasses of M. Zola. "Of course," said he, "they are visiting or receiving, or reading novels, or bicycling, or playing lawn tennis. Ah! well, that is hardly my conception of a mother's duty toward her infant, whatever be her station in life." Has M. Zola ever remarked the "bonnes" in the Champs Elysées or the Tuileries Gardens, less interested in the small Hélène or Maximilien than in the attentions of the military, and quite free from supervision by the mothers of those precious children? And has he inferred from this that French mothers neglect their offspring, unmindful of the profound truth that, come what may, a mother's place is by her baby's side day and night?

All great observers have their weaknesses. Dickens honestly believed that he could always tell character by physiognomy with unerring judgment. M. Zola is in danger of building his sociology with hairpins, and of finding in the gutta-percha "soother" the evidence of maternal callousness in a whole nation. That he has a passion for truth cannot be questioned, and his discerning instinct in the Dreyfus mystery was the sheer inspiration of genius. He was greatly aided, however, in this case by his knowledge of the cumulative evils of a system. The general staff that made the "débâcle" of 1870 showed itself incurable a quarter of a century later. The same conditions which led to Sedan produced the infamy of the plot against Dreyfus. Dealing with corruption in such a mass, Zola was in his element. He could not exaggerate, for the mischief was already colossal. The habit of judging by systems, however, has its limitations, and we see them in M. Zola's hasty conclusions about English society. No systematic degeneracy is attested by the discovery of forty-eight dropped hairpins in half an hour. The wandering eye of the nursemaid, which ought to be but is not upon the infant in the "bassinet," is no indictment of uncounted mothers. M. Zola's passion

for everything in the mass betrays him in dealing with a people of whose social conditions, root and branch, he is totally ignorant. He wants to turn a searchlight on every detail, and the result is a glare that blinds him to the correlation of one fact with other facts. This is not realism; it is simply the restlessness of a serious but undisciplined imagination.

A Great French Novel.....Edmund Gosse.....Independent

The last year has been a melancholy one for literature in France, harassed and agitated by its ceaseless military disputes. Fewer and fewer books of general importance have come to us from Paris. At length, in the midst of this dolorous time, but quite untouched by its bitterness and squalor, there has been published a novel—"Terre qui Meurt," by M. René Bazin—which has commanded instant respect and which, beyond question, is a noble contribution to thought and feeling.

It has always appeared to me, and of late years many circumstances have confirmed me in the idea, that much more is needed now to give vitality to a novel than mere sensational adventure on the one hand or mere observation of manners on the other. We have seen the romance flourish and grow soft, we have seen the realistic novel flourish and dry up. What is actually of interest to men who have reached the years when the recapitulation of love chatter and the discription of incredible break-neck escapes are no longer invigorating is a story which reveals something of the real, daily life of persons, who have to earn their living in such normal conditions as are completely removed out of the reader's own experience. We want a picture, not strained or overloaded, of a life that is led with tolerable success and decorum by persons who are like ourselves, and yet with whom we never come into contact. We cared nothing for soldiers until Mr. Rudyard Kipling explained that they were just single men in barracks, remarkably like us. We did not take much interest in sailors until M. Pierre Loti assured us that they were men of like passions, encircled by conditions excessively unlike what we experienced. To be told what men and women like ourselves are doing in places and circumstances of which we have no personal knowledge whatever—that appears to be the wholesome desire of the novel reader.

In his new novel M. Bazin has a central idea around which his story forms itself logically and fatally. He touches one of those quiet wounds in the life of Western Europe which are almost imperceptibly sapping the strength of the old countries. Some little time ago M. Maurice Barrès, in his very remarkable though somewhat obscure and confused novel, "Les Déracinés," showed us how the young life of French provincial towns was torn up by the roots, and sent up to Paris to wither. M. Barrès was dealing with the lower professional classes; M. Bazin takes the agricultural, the peasant class, and shows what its sufferings are, how the towns, with their offices, cafés, railway stations and shops, tempt it away from the farms, and how, under the pressure of imported produce, the land itself, the ancient free prerogative of France, the inalienable and faithful soil, is dying of a slow disease.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Oom Paul at Home The following reminiscent article on President Kruger was contributed to the Boston Pilot by a correspondent who has known the Boer leader intimately throughout the past twenty years of his career:

This remarkable man was born on October 10, 1825. His parents were Boer farmers, residing in Cape Colony, too poor to provide Paul with shoes. The future ruler of the South African Republic had to trudge over the African "veldt" in his bare feet. He was christened S. J. Paul Kruger, but the two initials were soon disused, though President Kruger uses them in signing State papers. Fear was unknown to Kruger from boyhood. When he was in his seventeenth year his father asked him to take home his span of oxen and an empty wagon. He was accompanied by his little sister.

"Paul," said his father, "take care of your sister."

"I will," he said simply.

In those days traveling in Cape Colony was anything but a picnic. Wild animals were plentiful, and many a traveler became a prey to these beasts. Everything went well until Paul was within about five miles from home. Here a large panther made his appearance. The oxen took fright and bolted. The jostling of the wagon threw the little girl to the ground, where she was at the mercy of the ferocious animal. Without a moment's hesitation young Kruger jumped from the wagon and ran to his sister's assistance. The panther stood with gleaming eyes over the prostrate child. Kruger was unarmed, but without a moment's hesitation he engaged the panther in a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce battle. Time and again the angry beast clawed Kruger cruelly, but his courage and strength never failed him. Like a bulldog he held his grip upon the panther's throat until he strangled the beast to death. Kruger was badly lacerated. Blood flowed from many wounds, but notwithstanding his injuries he carried his fainting sister home. This exploit made him the hero of the sturdy Boers in that section. It was the first indication of the latent powers that dwelt in the coming ruler of the Transvaal.

From boyhood Kruger hated the English with a hatred which has only increased with years. His boast was that some day he would raise an army to fight the English. When Kruger was young his people moved to the Orange Free State, and later to the Transvaal. The first time I met Paul Kruger was in Pretoria in 1879. Though past fifty years of age, he was a Hercules in physique, standing over six feet in his stockings, and strongly built, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. He and Joubert were then arraying the Boers for the great struggle with England, which came in 1881, securing for the Boers the right of self-government. In those days Kruger was poor compared with his wealth of to-day. He had a large family, to which he was devotedly attached.

When I met him over fifteen years later, although the President of the Republic, he was as unassuming as in earlier days. He asked me to be his guest, and in his parlor in Pretoria we talked of old days.

Kruger had aged considerably in the fifteen years. He stooped somewhat, but the fire of youth gleamed in his eyes, and age seemed unable to dim his ardor. My conversation with him was carried on through his secretary. "Oom" Paul can speak English fluently, but under no circumstances will he carry on a conversation in that language. This procedure when in conference with British officials gives him an opportunity to collect his thoughts before replying. He is an inveterate smoker and coffee drinker, and is hardly ever seen at home without a long pipe in his mouth. At his side is a large cuspidor, which he uses freely.

The motto of President Kruger for years has been Patrick Henry's memorable utterance, "Give me liberty or give me death." This sentence, translated into the Boer language, hangs handsomely framed in his parlor. This heroic Boer ruler is almost devoid of learning. What education he has was hard to secure. Yet he has baffled men of learning by his sagacity. His knowledge of human nature is wonderful. Once in Johannesburg there was an elected Board of Health which was becoming daily more powerful. The members were mostly English, among them being a Mr. Holt, who was ultra English in his views. This board was the only hope of the British element for securing control of Johannesburg. In November, 1894, President Kruger issued an edict that only the Boer language could be used at the meetings of the health board, and only those who could speak the language were qualified to be its members. The English fumed, but there was nothing to do but resign. The Boer language is as hard to learn as the Chinese.

In November, 1894, I was President Kruger's guest when he drove home the last spike in the Delagoa Bay Railway, which connects Pretoria with Delagoa Bay. It was an inspiring scene when the Presidential train arrived at Bronkhorst Spruit. As the old President stepped from his special car he was greeted by hundreds of Boer farmers. In the distance could be seen the three grouped graves of the rearguard of the British Ninety-second Regiment. In a few words Kruger exhorted the Boers to stand by their country; never to give it up to a foreign foe. As he made this appeal he turned his eyes toward the last resting place of the British soldiers.

He is decidedly partial to Americans, and has not forgotten the time when a handful of Americans saved him from a British mob. This took place in 1893 when Sir Henry Loch, then Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of Africa, went to Pretoria to confer with Kruger concerning the command to British subjects to carry arms in the Boer army. The Englishmen in Johannesburg, excited over Loch's visit, went to Pretoria in special trains. When Loch arrived they took the horses out of his carriage and drew him in triumph to the Capitol. Some overexcited ones took the horses out of President Kruger's carriage and started to mob him. In an instant the old President was surrounded by twenty Americans with drawn

revolvers. They threatened to shoot the first man that attempted to lay hands on Kruger. He has never forgotten that kindness.

Before I left Pretoria, President Kruger said to me through his secretary:

"When you go home to the United States tell the people there for me that there is a small nation here, loving their country and their liberty, that idolizes the American flag and the free institutions of the country. May the United States ever prosper and remain true to the principles of her forefathers is my earnest wish. It would please me very much if a treaty could be made between the United States and the Transvaal. Could I favor American commerce I would do so, and I shall try all in my power to grant some concessions."

The voice of the aged President quivered as he spoke, and his eyes were moist. He was certainly deeply moved.

It is no wonder that the old Boers love their President. His character is pure; he is gentle as a babe, but firm as a rock, and a very lion when his country is in danger.

Munsey's Magazine thus describes Brigadier-General Funston "the little hero from Kansas," Brigadier-General Fred Funston:

"A little man with a slight limp; a little man who weighs less than a hundred pounds, and is under five feet four; a little man with a Vandyke beard and a sense of humor that bubbles in him like the effervescence of wine"—such is a personal description of the Kansas volunteer officer whose name has figured most often and most prominently in the brief dispatches that have given us our news of the hard fought campaign in the Philippines. So little has been printed about Brigadier-General Funston—promoted to a generalship for conspicuous gallantry in action—that a few facts may be of interest. He is thirty-three years old, the son of a farmer in Allen County, Kansas. He worked his way through the State University, but his bent has always been toward adventure rather than culture. And of adventure, if one quarter of the tales told of him are true, he has seen enough for a dozen ordinary men. Besides brief experiences of rail-roading and journalism in the West—of course, in the wildest accessible parts of the West—he has endured hardships as a Government surveyor in the snows of Alaska and the burning deserts of Southern California. He has gone into the Arctic ice to carry aid to imprisoned whaling ships, and has tried coffee raising in Central America. Three years ago, when the Cuban rebellion was in full swing, he joined a filibustering party, and for a time he commanded a dynamite gun for the late General Garcia. He was shot once through the arm and once through the lungs, besides breaking his thigh in a fall from his horse. His experiences in Cuba left him with a lame leg and a dislike for Spaniards, and when war with Spain came he volunteered at once. Governor Leedy appointed him a colonel, and while the Twentieth Kansas was waiting for orders to go abroad he worked hard to fit himself for his command. In the field he has adopted Sheridan's plan of "fighting in the front rank," with the result that his men idolize him. He limps ahead

of them when they charge, and he says that he has hard work to prevent them from running over him. He was one of the very first men to get into Calocan and Malolos, and was the first officer to cross the river at Calumpit. Kansas will have nothing too good for him when he comes home.

Harper's Weekly prints this concerning the noted German chemist, the late Professor Bunsen:

Only here and there in the long list of men of science of this century may we find a name to place beside that of the famous old professor whose death occurred at Heidelberg, Germany, on August 16. It was not merely to his brilliant discoveries in the domains of chemistry and physics that his great reputation is due, for he had the good fortune to serve his fellow-laborers and the public generally by inventing useful things as well. His discoveries gave life to theories and to new branches of science; his inventions lightened work and shortened the road to attainment—quite wonderfully, in some instances. An indefatigable investigator through long years (for he was eighty-eight at the time of his death), he was a sympathetic teacher at the same time, doing double work with a high degree of success, which the German method and a German constitution made possible.

Robert Wilhelm Eberhard von Bunsen was born in the university town of Göttingen on March 13, 1811. He inherited from his father, a well-known professor of theology, his taste for scholarly pursuits, but his genius inclined him toward the study of chemistry and mathematics even when he was an undergraduate. In 1833 he received an appointment as professor in the Polytechnic School of Cassel, and began his researches in connection with a most unpromising subject—"alkarsin"—an incidental result of these studies being the discovery of a perfect antidote for arsenical poisoning, while the important outcome was that the substance under investigation was the oxide of a true organic metal. From Cassel Bunsen went to the University of Marburg, in a region of iron mines; and here it was that his inventions of the appliances of the hot blast were made—to utilize that portion of the heat of the furnaces which formerly was wasted. Here also his method of gas analysis was developed. In 1840 he took a prominent part at the meeting of the British Association held at Glasgow; in the following year he invented the Bunsen battery-cell; three years later he investigated volcanic phenomena in Italy, and in 1847 gave his attention to the geysers of Iceland. The University of Breslau called him in 1851, but Heidelberg secured him in 1852. He remained as an honored officer of the university in the beautiful Neckar Valley until the last, an ideal situation both for his work and for that unflinching enjoyment of life which, beyond all question, vitalized his studies. In collaboration with Kirchhoff, professor of physics at Heidelberg, he carried to a triumphant conclusion his earlier experiments in chemical analysis by means of the spectra. Spectrum analysis was a discovery which shed a new and unexpected light on the composition of terrestrial matter and has enabled us to obtain a distinct knowledge of the chemical composi-

tion of sun and stars. The contributions which Bunsen made in the application of chemistry and physics to the arts and manufactures were of the utmost value, and their importance may be measured by two out of many instances. The Bunsen battery was—until the introduction of the dynamo—the cheapest source of electricity; The Bunsen gas burner, by which a non-luminous, smokeless but highly heated flame is obtained, is now not only indispensable in all laboratory work, but is used for heating purposes in thousands of houses and manufactories, and for illumination, by the incandescent system, in millions of lamps. Beyond these Bunsen's contributions to the sciences of chemistry and physics have been of the greatest importance. He was made associate of the French Academy of Sciences in 1883; his name was known and honored throughout the world; but his greatest happiness was found in the appreciation of the student body and teaching body, who made the anniversaries of events in his career the occasion for enthusiastic demonstrations of affection.

The Marquis de Gallifet

The St. James's Gazette gives the following sketch of the Marquis de Gallifet, the most interesting figure of the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, who, as head of the French War Department, will be most directly concerned in the final settlement of the Dreyfus affair:

Gaston-Alexandre-Auguste, Marquis de Gallifet, was born in Paris on January 23, 1830, and is consequently sixty-nine years of age. His family came from Italy over three hundred years ago, and adopted on their naturalization the name of Gallifet, or "Gallus factus." The first to receive noble rank was Alexandre de Gallifet, President of Committees to the Parliament of Aix in 1615. The present Marquis de Gallifet always had military ambition, but was forbidden by his father to enter the College of St. Cyr, as the old Royalist hated the idea of his son serving Louis Philippe, whom he regarded as a traitor to the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty. Once, however, the citizen king had been dethroned and the Republic proclaimed, the stern Loyalist withdrew his veto. It was, however, too late. The military ardor and enthusiasm of the son could not brook the delay required to prepare for and pass the necessary examinations, and he consequently enlisted as a private in 1848. He may therefore be said to know every rank and every position in the army, and to have conquered each successive step at the point of his sword. He received his commission as a sub-lieutenant on December 30, 1853, and has since then taken part in almost every campaign of the last half century. He was attached to the staff of General Bosquet in the Crimea, and distinguished himself so much at the taking of Sebastopol that he was honorably mentioned in dispatches, and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor on June 25, 1856. His promotion to a company was largely due to the services which he rendered in the African and Italian campaigns that followed. He was then raised to the personal staff of the Emperor himself, and in 1862 found himself transferred to that of the General who commanded the Mexican expedition. He was again honorably mentioned in dispatches for the gal-

lantry displayed by him at the siege of the Convent of Guadaloupe, and became an officer of the Legion of Honor on April 17, 1863. He was severely wounded at the siege of Puebla by the explosion of a shell which carried away a portion of his stomach. His experience as a sportsman stood him in good stead. He had often noticed how when a hound was gored at a boar hunt, he was not sacrificed or shot; but his intestines were replaced and the skin stitched up. When, therefore, he recovered consciousness, he himself describes how he collected all he could and made his own way by himself to the ambulance as rapidly as his shattered trunk would allow him to do. His wound was the object of universal sympathy; his comrades fetched snow from the mountains so as to keep him at the proper temperature, the Empress herself ordered him to recover, and he then maintained he could not, as a man of gallantry, refuse to obey the orders of such a lady. He had to replace what had been lost by a silver substitute, and used often to express his sympathy with his creditors when the metal depreciated in value. Many other stories are told of his daring, how to win a wager he jumped into the Rhone on horseback. So well did he establish his reputation that Nalopeon III. once said: "Drouot represents virtue, but Gallifet represents bravery. I believe that he, like Bayard, could easily defend a bridge by himself as against all comers."

He was sent home with the flags taken from the enemy, but would barely give his wound time to heal. He insisted on going to Algiers, and then on returning to Mexico, where he went on winning fresh laurels for himself, and was again honorably mentioned in dispatches for having given a strong and able guidance to all the operations conducted against the local guerillas, and more especially for his gallantry at Medellin, where his rapidity of execution won the day. He was again in Algiers from 1868 to 1870, and only returned to France on the eve of the declaration of war against Germany. It was again General de Gallifet who, at Sedan, took the place of General Marguerite, who had been mortally wounded, and led the celebrated but ineffective cavalry charge which won for him the ungrudging admiration of the King of Prussia. He was, unfortunately for his country, one of those who had to lay down their arms in accordance with the terms of the capitulation of Sedan. He was forced to spend the remainder of the war as a prisoner at Coblenz, otherwise it is possible that his powers of organization and rapidity of execution might have enabled his fellow-countrymen to have prolonged still further their gallant resistance to the enemy. He returned home on the conclusion of peace and was entrusted by Thiers with the suppression of the Commune. . . .

General de Gallifet has not had much opportunity of proving his gallantry since then. . . . In 1888, he still further enhanced his reputation during the cavalry manœuvres at Chalons, and so impressed the foreign visitors that many of them dubbed him the greatest cavalry officer of the age. It might be possible to dwell at much greater length on General de Gallifet's subsequent history, but space is limited. Suffice it to say that in 1894 he was compelled by the age limit to retire from the

service, and in bidding farewell promised, if ever he were required to do so, to return to the army as a simple veteran.

Tall, thin and robust, General de Galliffet is the ideal of a cavalry officer. He always looks as if he had only just dismounted and was going to get into the saddle immediately. He is a strange mixture of a gentleman and a Paris gamin, of a brigadier of the nineteenth and a musketeer of the seventeenth century. The same contradiction is to be found in his personal appearance, where youth and age vie with one another for the mastery. His pointed military mustache, barely turning gray, contrasts as much with his white hair as his youthful figure, his bright eyes and high complexion relieve the wrinkles on his forehead and the crow's feet that have gathered under his eyes. His voice, that is generally clear and sympathetic, shows at moments an occasional harshness and even roughness due to constant exposure and frequent use in the open air. He married while still young the beautiful daughter of the banker Lafitte, one of the most renowned ladies of the Court of Napoleon III. He is as well known in the Paris drawing-rooms as upon the field of battle, and it is difficult to say where his conquests have been most complete. In short, the Marquis de Galliffet's introduction into the essentially "bourgeois" ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is one of the most extraordinary results of the weakness of the third Republic.

Helen Keller's College Examinations—This interesting account of the almost miraculous intellectual achievement of the deaf, dumb and blind girl, Helen Keller, is given in the Boston Transcript:

Miss Helen Keller, having completed, under the tutorship of Mr. Merton S. Keith, her preparation for college in three years instead of in the four which had been assigned by some of her friends for the purpose, went to Cambridge in June last to take the regular entrance examinations for Radcliffe. She had successfully given the usual subjects at the preliminary examination, two years ago, and these remained for this entrance examination: Geometry, algebra, elementary Greek, advanced Greek and advanced Latin.

It is quite certain that no person ever took a college examination with so heavy a handicap—we may say with so many kinds of a handicap—as Helen Keller's on this occasion. As all the world knows, she could not see the examination papers nor hear the voice of an examiner. The natural method of communicating the questions to her would have been to make use of the fingers of her old-time "teacher" and interpreter, Miss Sullivan. Miss Sullivan does not know Greek or Latin or the higher mathematics, and while she is able to serve Helen by communicating to her printed Greek and Latin letter by letter, she could not, even if she had been so disposed, have given her the slightest assistance in answering the examination questions. But it was deemed best by all concerned to avoid even the remotest suggestion or possibility of assistance. A gentleman was found—Mr. Vining of the Perkins Institution, who had never met Helen Keller and who was quite unknown to her and unable to speak to her—who could take the examina-

tion papers as fast as they were presented and write them out in Braille characters, the system of writing in punctured points now much used by the blind. The questions, thus transcribed by him, were put into Helen's hands in the examination room, in the presence of a proctor who could not communicate with her, and she wrote out her answers on the typewriter.

Here, however, came in one of the additional points of Helen's handicap. There are two systems of Braille writing—the English and the American. There are marked differences between them—very much such differences as those between the two principal systems of shorthand writing. Helen Keller has been accustomed to the English system, in which nearly all the books which have been put into Braille are printed. As the arrangement with Mr. Vining was completed but a day or two before, and as it was not known to her that he did not write the English Braille, it was impossible to make any other arrangement. She had to puzzle out the unfamiliar method of writing, much as a writer of the Pitman stenography might use his sense of logic and general intelligence by a "tour de force," to enable him to read the Graham shorthand; and this labor was added to the other labor of Helen Keller's examination. To add to her difficulties, her Swiss watch, made for the blind, had been forgotten at home, and there was no one at hand, on either of the days of the examination, to give her the time. She worked in the dark with regard to the time which remained to her as she went along from question to question.

But she passed the examination triumphantly in every study. In advanced Latin she passed "with credit." In advanced Greek, which her tutor regarded as her "star" study, she received a "B," which is a very high mark. Yet here, the time and the Braille difficulty worked most heavily against her. What her marking was in the other studies is not known; it is only known that she passed them.

Helen Keller is now ready for matriculation as a student of Radcliffe College. Her passing of the examinations, especially under such circumstances, is in itself a wonderful achievement. No particle of its severity was abated for her because she is deaf, dumb and blind, and no precautions were remitted because she is known to be incapable of deceit. She sat in total darkness and alone, without the touch of any friendly hand. A slip pricked with unfamiliar characters was put before her, and her typewriter clicked out its quick and true response to the hard questions. That was all. Will any other human being, living in such a world of silence and darkness, ever do as much?

The question may well be asked, will Helen Keller now take the regular college course? Who will interpret to her the lectures in foreign languages which she cannot hear? No one can do this. No lecture, even in English, can be translated to her in the manual alphabet as rapidly as it is spoken. Her usual interpreter knows no foreign tongue. Who will read to her all the required matter of the courses of reading, none of which has been put into raised print? It is beyond mechanical possibility to give her all this through her fingers. The obstacles appear insurmountable.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: MRS. M. E. SANGSTER

Few American authors are more widely known or have more friends than Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. She was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., February 22, 1838. She was educated chiefly at home, and began literary work early in life. She has held editorial positions on the *Hearth and Home*, *Christian at Work*, the *Christian Intelligencer*, and for the last seventeen years has been in the employment of Harper & Bros., first as editor of Harper's *Young People* and later of Harper's *Bazar*.

Notwithstanding her continuous and exacting editorial duties, Mrs. Sangster has been a prolific writer of verse. Her collections of poetry—*On the Road Home*, *Easter Bells*, *Poems of the Household*, *Home Fairies* and *Heart Flowers*—have followed one another at regular intervals. Her poetry is simple, sweet, melodious and unpretentious. Her domestic poems display sentiment that rings true every time. The selections which follow this note are taken from *Poems of the Household*, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by the permission of the publisher and poet, and are fairly representative of her work, although her most popular poems are not included.

KNIGHT AND LADY.

He lifted his hand to his plumed chapeau,
He bowed to her beauty and rode away,
He through the glorious world to go,
She in the lone little home to stay.

Swift as a vision he passed the fields
Where the wild rose blushed amid golden grain;
She took up the weapons which woman wields
When fain from herself she would hide her pain.

Out in the thickest of noble strife
He felt the rapture of conflict brave;
And she, shut into her quiet life,
Half deemed its narrowness like the grave.

Yet, strange to say, when the war was past,
And the knight came back wearing valor's stars,
'Twas the lady who, wan and pale, at last
Gave token of wounds which had left their scars.

THE ACADEMY BELL.

The rich air is sweet with the breath of September,
The sumach is staining the hedges with red;
Soft rests on the hill-slopes the light we remember,
The glory of days which so long ago fled,
When, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
Blithe-hearted and free,
The summons to study
We answered with glee.
Listen, oh! listen once more to the swell
Of the masterful, merry Academy bell!

It sounds not in vain over mountain and valley,
That tocsin which gathers the far-scattered clans;
From playtime and leisure fleet-footed they rally,
Brave lads and bright lasses, o'erflowing with plans;
From croquet and cricket
To blackboard and map,
Is but shooting a wicket;
No fear of mishap.

Oh hark! how it echoes through dingle and dell,
The jocund, the earnest Academy bell!

They fly, at its call, from soft mother caresses;
The boy will not tarry, the girl cannot wait;
So the round head close-clipped and the loose flowing
tresses

Together flash out from the vine-trellised gate;
And the house that was holden
By revel supreme,
Is wrapped in the golden
Fair peace of a dream.
To sisters and mothers how silvern the swell
Of the rest-bringing, easeful Academy bell.

The path by the river, where willows are drooping,
Is radiant with children. The long city street,
All busy with traffic, makes room for their trooping,
And rings to the rush of their beautiful feet.

For the poet and preacher,
The man of affairs,
And the gentle home-teacher,
O'er-burdened with cares,

Alike spare a moment to wishing them well,
Who speed when they hear the Academy bell.

God bless them, our darlings! God give them full measure
Of joy at the fountains of wisdom and truth;
We tenderly view the enchantment of pleasure
Which royally lies on the days of their youth;

For, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
When children at home,
That summons to study
Once called us to come;

And voices departed we hear in the swell
Of the never-forgotten Academy bell.

THE EDELWEISS.

Far up on sternest Alpine crests,
Where winds of tempest blow,
They say that, all unfearing, rests
A flower upon the snow—
A tiny flower, pale and sweet,
That blooms o'er breath of ice;
And glad are they, on any day,
Who find the Edelweiss.

Ah! far on heights of sorrows cold,
Where tears are dropping slow,
Some hearts have found, and, finding, told
How fair a flower may grow.
With petals pale, but perfume rare,
It garlands days of ice;
And blessed are thy who, weeping, pray,
And find Faith's Edelweiss.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

When the last red leaves are shining in the rich October
sun,
When the twilight, early falling, melts in dreamy dusk
away,
Ere the sweet cicada's chirping in the aftermath is done,
Comes my favorite flower of autumn, to illumine the pen-
sive day.

Pensive, though in stately splendor, sits the Year, her
toiling o'er—
Pensive still, though on her forehead gleam the jewels
of a queen;
For her roses and her lilies bloom around her feet no
more,
And her waving fields have bent them to the sickle
bright and keen.

With a fragrance aromatic, with a wild and careless grace,
As if somehow to the garden came the freedom of the
woods,
Lifts each fair chrysanthemum her dear, captivating face,
Filled with sympathy for us, in our fluctuating moods.

White as bridal robe of beauty, flushed with crimson,
 blushing deep,
 Flaming high with gold, which, torch-like, flings a glory
 on the air—
 Through all changes, seems this flower vestal purity to
 keep,
 And its breath hath less of passion than of soft, en-
 treating prayer.

Most, I deem, like woman's courage, strongest when the
 skies are drear,
 Is this fearless loveliness, lighting bravely all the way,
 Through the autumn weeks, till winter with its storms
 shall close the year,
 And the fury of the tempest whirl athwart the darken-
 ing day.

BEFORE THE FROST.

There's a little pause of waiting, in the time that falls
 between
 Nature's waking and her sleeping, ere the white hath hid
 the green,
 Which of all the glad year's gladness hath the most of
 rare and fine,
 Which of all the sad year's sadness pours elixir most
 divine.

For so blend our lights and shadows, like the crossing
 warp and woof,
 That our bliss is edged with sorrow, and full oft our joy
 is proof
 Only of some pain that, passing, leaves our spirit's life
 possessed
 Of a sense of tranquil pleasure or the dear delight of rest.

In these days of quiet beauty, when the silver haze of morn
 Like a mystic veil uplifteth and afar to space is borne,
 Come the hours like radiant angels bringing gifts from
 One we love,
 And the rapture of thanksgiving rises to His throne
 above.

Yet the tears o'erbrim the eyelids as we look from height
 to height,
 Flooded with a wondrous splendor, bathed in waves of
 liquid light;
 As we gaze o'er field and forest, where, unrolling rich
 and wide,
 Glory still excelleth glory in a vast triumphal tide.

Not the sweet, shy charm of April, not the roseate grace
 of June,
 Nor the lilled later summer sleeping in the August noon,
 Have such power to stir our longings, have such mem-
 ories dear and deep,
 As this time when earth is hushing, like a child before
 its sleep.

Voices once that made our music, fill no more the lonely
 days;
 Faces once that made our sunshine, beam no longer on
 our ways;
 Hands which clasped our own so warmly, folded lie be-
 neath the sod,
 And above their strange quiescence, blooms and fades
 the golden rod.

Still our souls go forth undaunted, victors amid loss and
 strife;
 And we gather consolation, in whatever stress of life,
 From the thought that over yonder, where the immortal
 anthems swell,
 There is utmost peace and safety, and with Christ the
 ransomed dwell.

In the morning-glories' twining, with their fragile trumpet
 shapes,
 In the ecstatic thrill of color flushing o'er the ripened
 grapes,
 Through the grand year's coronation, beats the loving
 heart of God;
 Let us raise our psalms majestic, let us tell His praise
 abroad!

THE FIRST FIRE OF THE SEASON.

How it leaps, in dance excited,
 How it sleeps, in trance delighted,
 How it looms in liquid shining,
 How it glooms in wan declining,—
 While around the hearth we gather,
 One and all,
 In the bleak and windy weather
 Of the fall!

Hark! Without the storm is raging,
 Fierce the rout the day engaging;
 Tramp the rains in steady column,
 Timed to strains of music solemn,
 But within, the house is cheery,
 There belong
 Accents gentle, laughter merry,
 Book and song.

Whence art thou, O rare magician,
 Weaving now in swift transition
 Spells of peaceful incantation
 O'er our equal sequestration
 Here at home? The world behind us,
 Cares forgot,
 Closer while the moments bind us,—
 Blest our lot.

Friendly flame! Remote Chaldean
 Seers of name effaced, Sabean
 Shepherds in the elder ages,
 Persian bards in mystic pages,
 Thee adored, for so divinely
 Streamed thy light;
 Half we follow, and enshrine thee,
 Spirit bright!

For thy genial incandescence
 Owns no menial-mingled essence;
 Thou wert born of happy seasons,
 Child of morn and dew. The reasons
 Of our love go back to summers
 Long ago,
 And our thoughts, like festive comers,
 Round thee flow.

Dear the friends each heart remembers,
 As in cheer we stir the embers,
 Bid the ash renew its beauty,
 Sparkle, flash, and glow, till duty,
 Through the comfort of the hour,
 Woos our soul,
 And we deem its sternest dower
 Life's best goal.

So we dream not, visionary,
 When we think thee missionary,
 Household fire, once more relighted,
 Blazing higher—the while united
 Round the hearth of home we gather,
 One and all,
 In the bleak and windy weather
 Of the fall.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

John Burroughs
"en Retraite"

Theodore Dreiser, in the New Voice, gives the following account of an interview with John Burroughs at his mountain hut in Ulster County, New York:

The visitor to John Burroughs' mountain cabin will, twice out of three times, find that distinguished naturalist and lover of out-of-door life absent. He leaves his little cottage open or closed as the mood pleases. A hospitable rocker or two awaits the casual visitor in the shade of the little porch. The door of the spring-house is open, where there is cool, sweet water. For greeting there is the mournful coo of a wood-dove and the silence of a mountain of trees. Mr. Burroughs is as distinguished for his mode of living as for his writings and critical opinions. His little cabin, which lies back of West Park on the Hudson, is representative of his idea of simplicity and seclusion. He has builded it of quarter-sawed logs and bark-covered strips, and has left it bare of ornamentation. Inside it is without plaster or grooved flooring, but clean. Save for the tables and wooden chairs, the few books and papers, the pictures and little oddities of gift and discovery, it is bare. He has indulged himself the luxury and delight of plain living, to say nothing of high thinking. The occasion of the writer's visit found the cabin door closed. Sitting in the large wooden rocker, it seemed as if all the countryside had lain down for an afternoon nap. The chair, creaking, sounded unnaturally loud. Even the tinkle and flow of a spring a score of yards away grew distinct as time passed. Latterly the flight of a bird in the bush broke noisily on the ear. Then the faintest breeze wafted a trill of laughter. Other peals of laughter followed, growing more and more clear, and at last a bevy of young women appeared surrounding the genial naturalist. They were Vassar maidens whom he had been giving the benefit of his keen eyes. He talked and laughed as he bade them good-by.

"Vassar girls," he announced apologetically. "Persons often come to have me show them round, and I like to. I don't mind using my eyes for them, you know."

"You spend all of your time here alone?"

"Nearly all. As you see, visitors will come; but not every day."

After some moments of conversation upon his mode of living Mr. Burroughs left his chair. "I must be getting our supper," he said. Going into the house, he lighted a fire in the great fireplace built by his own hands. As he cleared a table and set it with a few plain dishes the conversation was continued.

"Many persons," I said, "think your way of living is ideal."

"There is nothing remarkable in that. A great many people are very weary of the way they think themselves compelled to live. Following convention, they do the disagreeable things that come up in their daily life. These may be trying and distasteful, but they would rather suffer somewhat than step out of the conventional. Consequently any independent form of existence appeals to them

as ideal. Thoreau set an example which has influenced many. His secluded life at Walden Pond appealed to Stevenson. It appealed to me. Stevenson's life was colored by it and made more independent. Others are now being influenced by him, and so the gospel spreads. Walt Whitman affects his admirers much the same way. It is not likely that many men will ever content themselves with a hut by the waterside. I believe that something of the freedom and independence of men like Stevenson and Thoreau will come into the lives of all those who admire them. You will find their influence modifying the crowded conditions of cities in time. Men will lead simpler, cleaner, more contented lives for their having set an example."

His table was now spread. He had put on some slices of cold meat, a platter of baked potatoes, a pitcher of milk, a pot of tea, and some white bread. There were sweet cakes and berries, a platter of cracked nuts and a small pail of cold spring water. Mr. Burroughs ate sparingly, but with a relish. He lightened the hour with nimble conversation compounded of opinion and experiences. Finally I asked him again about his own life.

"Students of nature do not, as a rule, have eventful lives," he said. "Mine was plain enough. I am now sixty-three, and there is not much to speak of. My father was a farmer at Roxbury, N. Y., and I was raised among the woods and fields. I won't say that my early surroundings were calculated to awaken the literary faculty. I came from an uncultivated and unreading class, and grew up amid surroundings the least calculated to awaken the literary faculty. Yet I have no doubt that daily contact with the woods and fields awakened my interest in the wonders of nature, and gave me my bent toward investigating them."

"When did you begin to write upon nature?"

"Not before I was sixteen or seventeen. They were mere notes, however. It was years before I wrote an intelligent paper. Earlier than that the art of composition had anything but charms for me. I remember that while at school, at the age of fourteen, I was required, like other students, to write compositions at stated times, but I usually evaded the duty one way or another. On one occasion I copied something from a comic almanac and unblushingly handed it in as my own; but the teacher detected the fraud, and ordered me to produce a twelve-line composition before I left school. I remember I racked my brain in vain, and the short winter day was almost closing when Jay Gould, who sat in the seat behind me, wrote twelve lines of doggerel on his slate and passed it slyly over to me. I had so little taste for writing that I coolly copied that and handed it in as my own."

"You were friendly with Gould, then?"

"Yes—'chummy,' they call it now. His father's farm was only a little way from ours, and we were fast friends, going home together every evening."

"His view of life must have been somewhat different from yours."

"It was. I always looked upon achievement in life as being more of a mental than a material mat-

ter. That is, it was not wealth with me, but intellect. My ideals were literary men. Jay wanted the material appearances. He frankly set forth his objects, and I liked him. He was shrewd, but not a bad fellow at all. I remember that once we had a wrestling match. As we were about even in strength, we agreed to abide by certain rules—taking what we called 'holts' in the beginning, and not breaking them until one or the other was thrown. I kept to this when we began wrestling; but when Jay realized that he was in danger of losing he broke 'holts' and threw me. When I said he had broken his agreement, he only laughed, and said: 'I threw you, didn't I?' That irritated me, and I kept arguing the original point; but he only laughed the more, and covered my taunts with the same answer. He had won, and it pleased him, though I often wondered how he could take any satisfaction in it."

"Did you ever talk over success in life with him?"

"Yes; often. He was, as I have said, looking forward to material success. Even then he was immensely clever and shrewd at a bargain. He did considerable trading among us schoolboys, and once sold me some of his old books. Even at that time I felt distinctly that I could never interest myself in the things he sought. I had a leaning toward the more quiet side of life. After I had left the country school I attended the seminary at Ashland and at Cooperstown. I stood only about average in general scholarship, but in composition I was always first. I taught six months, and 'boarded round,' before I went to the seminary. That put fifty dollars into my pocket and paid my way. Working on the farm, studying and teaching filled up the years until 1863, when I went to Washington and found employment for nine years in the Treasury Department. I left the Department in 1872 to become receiver of a bank, and subsequently for several years performed the work of a bank examiner. I considered it only as an opportunity to earn and save up a little money on which I could retire. I worked that into a paying condition, and have since given all my time to the study of nature. . . . I confess the realm of power has no fascination for me. I would rather have just this that I have. This log hut is sufficient. I am set down among the beauties of nature, and am in no danger of losing them. No one will take my walks and brook from me. I have enough to eat and to wear, and time to see how beautiful the world is. For the rest—well, others may have it."

"Do you still investigate the smaller forms of life much?"

"To a certain extent. I still climb an occasional tree to study the birds. My work is more often lying by the waterside to watch the fishes, sitting still in the grass for hours to study the insects, and tramping here and there—always to observe and study whatever is common to the woods and fields."

"In short, you live to broaden and enjoy your own life?"

"That would seem a selfish end, and it is not so. I should rather say I live as I do because of an innate tendency—a physical call to this sort of life. Men who, like myself, are deficient in self-assertion, or whose personalities are flexible and yield-

ing, make a poor show in business. In certain other fields, however, the defects become advantages. Certainly it is so in my case. I can succeed with bird or beast, for I have cultivated my ability in that direction. I can look in the eye of an ugly dog and subdue or win; but with an ugly man I have less success."

"Your success, then, has come by your living close to plants and animals and coming to understand them?"

"Yes; and yet I must add that if I ran after birds only to write about them I should never have written anything that any one else would have cared to read. I must write from sympathy and love—that is, from enjoyment—or not at all. I must come gradually to have a feeling that I want to write upon a given theme. Whenever the subject recurs to me it must awaken a warm, personal response. My confidence that I ought to write comes from the attraction which some subjects exercise over me. The work is pleasure and the result gives pleasure."

Here we closed. The shadows of the night had descended, and the trees about his isolated cabin ranged like a huge black wall. There was no light anywhere, save from the clear stars overhead and the yellow flame in the fireplace inside. Light winds moved the trees to murmuring, and the spring trickled audibly. When I went away the gentle, light-hearted recluse came down the long hillside path with me to "put me right." His many years and white hair seemed to sit as nothing upon him. He was merry. When safe in the open road I watched him retrace his steps up the steep, dark path, lantern in hand, singing. Long after the light melody had died away I saw the serene glimmer of the lantern bobbing up and down, disappearing and then reappearing. Finally it was gone altogether. The lone philosopher had repaired to his cabin and couch of content.

Georg Maurice Cohen
Brandes

Writing to In Lantern-Land
of the distinguished European
man of letters, Dr. Georg Brandes, W. N. Carlton
says:

In France they call Dr. Brandes "la critique internationale," and the title is not inappropriate. His literary interests are most cosmopolitan, and he has an intimate acquaintance with half the literatures of Europe. He goes everywhere, and studies everything. Recent bibliographical lists credit him with some twenty-eight published volumes of literary criticism, biography, scientific and theological controversy, and bright descriptive travel notes. In this country and England, however, he is still chiefly known only by his brilliant monograph on Lord Beaconsfield and his *Life of Shakespeare*, which appeared two years ago.

Georg Maurice Cohen Brandes was born in Copenhagen February 4, 1842, of Jewish parents. His career at the University was most successful, and marked by several striking theses, especially one on *Destiny in Classic Tragedy*. After finishing his studies he made a long visit to Paris in 1866-67. There he became indoctrinated with the philosophical and literary ideas of Renan and Taine, which from that day to this he has never ceased to expound, practice and extol in all his writings. Re-

turning to Denmark filled with enthusiasm and on fire with the new ideas then agitating intellectual Europe, the young author introduced into Danish criticism the realistic methods of Sainte-Beuve and Taine, and proclaimed a philosophy largely based upon the systems of Comte and John Stuart Mill. With almost fanatic zeal he began the conversion of his countrymen to the new doctrines. The great struggle of the eighteenth century for intellectual freedom which enriched the other literatures of Europe with so many new ideas and ideals had left the Scandinavian countries almost untouched. Brandes swept like a whirlwind into this sluggish atmosphere. . . . The result of this iconoclasm was what might have been expected; every section of the press and pulpit bitterly assailed the man and his position. The strength of the opposition became apparent when Brandes offered himself as a candidate for the Chair of *Æsthetics* in the University, which the death of his old teacher Hauch had left vacant. In the winter of 1871-72 he opened a course of trial lectures to which he gave the title *Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century*. They caused an unprecedented sensation. Nothing else was talked of during the intervals between their delivery. Strodtmann says that the students stood for hours in the snow and rain in order to be sure of a place in the lecture hall. M. Thorel pointedly remarks that it was the radical politician in Brandes they applauded, not the literary critic, but all who listened were astounded at the novelty of the ideas presented and the hardihood of the man who so ruthlessly exposed the narrowness and prejudice of the hitherto idolized native literature. All the forces of conservatism immediately broke loose upon him. The clergy, press and university authorities fought him without cessation and prevented his election to the coveted Chair. They accused him of undermining the bases of society, of the family and of morals. "Your ideas are as oil," said one. "Go to socialism, that is your right place." He defended himself from these charges and turned his attention exclusively to foreign literature as a compromise, but was at once accused of a lack of patriotism.

Despairing of making his ideas triumph in Denmark, perhaps, too, yearning for a larger stage and audience, Brandes in October, 1877, took up his residence in Berlin. There he accomplished in a remarkably short time the "tour de force" of so familiarizing himself with the German language as to write it like a master. He kept up an intense literary activity and contributed to the best critical journals. His studies of Bishop Tegner, Kjerkegaard and Lasalle, and the Russian writers of the present century, are notable for the brilliance of their literary style, keenness of insight into character, and general sanity of judgment. His *Impressions of Russia* displays a rare faculty for entering into sympathy with an alien civilization, seizing upon its salient features and penetrating to the heart of its most intimate secrets. His great weakness, however, lies in an intense partisanship. It is this quality which will prevent the bulk of his work from being very long lived. As a partisan and fiercely polemical writer he is continually defending some fact or theory, literary, scientific or

moral, and very often betrays a certain narrow-mindedness and misunderstanding of fundamental social conceptions.

Brandes' title to lasting fame and his place in literary history must rest upon the merits of the work that first made him known beyond the borders of his native land, the *Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century*. During his residence abroad he never lost sight of it. He subjected it to constant revision, and undertook to entirely rewrite it in German. The object was to give it more and more the character of a vast critical inquiry into what he considered the dominant literatures of Europe; the English, French and German. "My intention," he says, "is this: by the study of certain principal groups, of certain great movements in European literature, to give a sketch of the psychology of the first half of the century." . . .

The author of this ambitious plan has worked it out with consummate learning, art, wit and sympathy. No work of contemporary criticism is more luminous in its statements, more striking in its judgments, or more replete with interesting information, and it is distinctly to be ranked as one of the great critical efforts of the century. It is, too, a decisive answer to the frequent charge that critics are incapable of a work of great and sustained power, and it will take its place alongside the monuments of other critics, such as Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal* and Taine's *History of English Literature*. As a critic, Brandes has shown himself to be a sympathetic interpreter of the great poets of all times and countries; he is a man who knows the charm and capacity of his own language and handles it like an artist, and is a writer of fervent and fertile genius. It is greatly to be regretted that his "*chef d'œuvre*," so important and valuable a contribution to the comparative study of literature, still awaits an English translation. In 1883 his friends induced him to return to Copenhagen, guaranteeing an annual pension of one thousand dollars, on condition that he give a yearly course of public lectures during that period, and he has since resided there, save for occasional intervals of foreign travel.

Tolstoy's Home Life

The Literary Digest prints this recent account of Tolstoy's

domestic relations:

The actual "*modus vivendi*" of Count Tolstoy and his wife has puzzled a good many people. They live in great apparent amity, and yet we are constantly told that Countess Tolstoy shares scarcely one of her husband's cherished views. If the illustrious reformer cannot sit in his wife's drawing-room and see her pour tea from the samovar for her guests without feeling that she is violating what he believes is an important law against the use of stimulants, it would seem as if such primary and all-pervading disharmony of views would result in much bickering. However, we must bear in mind that Tolstoy is a man of perhaps as nearly perfect self-mastery as the world has seen, and that his wife, too, is good, sensible and true, with the Slavonic, semi-Oriental spirit of exalted respect for the head of the house. No doubt, also, she esteems him for his genius and works. A rather different picture of their domestic relations from that usually given

was lately drawn in an English periodical, *The Young Man*, by Count Tolstoy's late private secretary and present business manager. He writes: "You must bear in mind that Tolstoy was married before he formed his present opinions. His wife is rich, and she by no means shares his views. She has, in fact, not the slightest sympathy with them. The Countess figures in the society of Moscow, and lives as ostentatiously as she pleases, quite regardless of what people may think. She has with her, too, nearly all the children—only two out of the eight, both daughters, having any sympathy with their father. Soon after his marriage, Tolstoy made over to his wife the sole rights of certain books, which were then, and still are, of considerable value. Since changing his views, however, Tolstoy has renounced some of his earlier works, with which he does not now fully agree; and he has, of course, refused to receive any payment for his literary work. Once his books are published, they are common property, and anybody can print them. After his 'conversion' he applied this rule to all his old books over which he had control. His wife, however, declined to relinquish the interest in the works which he had given her, and she still receives money from these books, though she knows it is strongly against her husband's wishes. That is the kind of treatment Tolstoy endures in his own home. It can hardly be called a home, in fact; Tolstoy is simply a guest in his wife's house. But he is devotedly attached to his wife, and he is always so perfectly contented that he forgets the little ironies of home life and the petty persecution to which he is subjected, and is quite happy. As wealth goes in Russia, the family are very well-to-do. They derive a large income from several estates in the possession of the Tolstoy family, and years ago Tolstoy made over all his property to his wife and children, each child receiving five hundred pounds a year, save one daughter, who refused it. She shares her father's views, which forbid the holding of unnecessary property and indulgence in luxury. Tolstoy himself has neither money nor property."

Home Life of George W. Cable

"Did ever any one have such a father as ours?" says one of his children, and the question is constantly echoed, but less as a question than as an unanswerable assertion, by each one of his large family." This sentence, occurring in the last chapter of *The Cable Story Book* (Scribner's), entitled *The Story of the Author's Life*, is easily understood, even by those personally unacquainted with the source of its inspiration, after reading the following letter written by Mr. Cable to his eldest children. The letter also is quoted from the book mentioned above:

NEW ORLEANS, September 2, 1875.

MISSES LOUISE AND MARY AND

MASTER GEORGE B. CABLE.

Dear Ladies and Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to write to you, and I make haste to thank Miss Louise and Miss Mary for their gracefully written and really eloquent letters to me. When I hear that you are enjoying the pleasures of the sea-side, I am so delighted that I open my sleeve slyly and laugh right into it till it is as full of laugh as a bath-house. I have a hole in the elbow for this very purpose. A man named *Pauvreté* (Poverty), a

Frenchman, made it for me for nothing. Some of these days I hope to come and take tea with you in your tea-set; that is if it lasts long enough. But if not I suppose we can have a new tea-set made; they make them in Germany. I'll try and have the money to pay for them.

I must tell you that I have bought a big doll for myself. It is only a head, to be sure, but it is as big as a water-melon and is named Cicero. You'll see it when we all get home. God speed the day. Your loving father,

G. W. CABLE.

Originals of George Eliot's Characters A New York Sun correspondent furnishes these reminiscences of George Eliot:

In one of Paterson's queer, winding, narrow, hill-side streets lives an elderly retired silk weaver, Bernard Taylor, among his books. By hard work, first in England, where he was born, and afterward in this country, he has accumulated enough money to assure his comfort for the rest of his life, and he is taking that comfort largely in reading, and chiefly in reading the books of George Eliot and all that pertains to her and her work. For Mr. Taylor as a boy knew the great authoress in Chilvers Coton, the Shepperton of her stories, where his father was a ribbon weaver, and the characters in her books are many of them real persons in his memory. His remembrance of her is merely that of a boy who used to carry notes—sometimes of a clandestine character—to the young ladies' school which she was then attending in Nuneaton, near Chilvers Coton.

Getting Mr. Taylor to talk about his knowledge of George Eliot is a matter of time and patience. He is inclined to guard with some jealousy his treasures of erudition. At the end of a half-hour he pulled down from a bookshelf, at which he had been casting loving looks, a map of that part of Warwickshire around Chilvers Coton, and, setting his finger on a spot, said:

"That's where George Eliot lived, at Griff. Her father was agent for the Newdigate family. They're the family she calls the 'Oldinports' in her stories of the locality. Old-in-port, New-di-gate; it don't take a very keen man to make out the connection. Sir Edward Newdigate is the present head of the family, and a fine man he is. He was Governor of the Bermudas at one time.

"George Eliot's father was the homeliest man in the county, but he was a good man, too. His name was Robert Evans, and she was the only daughter he had. Her name was Mary Ann. Don't you believe it was Marian, for all folks say. Afterward she may have liked to have people think it was Marian, but she wasn't called so at the school. When I was eight or nine years old I'd make a few pennies now and again carrying notes for the young men over to the young ladies at the school at Nuneaton, where she went. She walked it from her house every day in fine weather, and that was a matter of three miles. From what I remember of her looks she wasn't what you'd call pretty, being masculine in her appearance, but she'd fine, dark, splendid eyes. I don't remember that I ever carried any notes to her. She wasn't much for the young men; too clever for them, I suppose. At that time she wasn't writing any, though I'm told her English compositions were the wonder of the

school; but she was all the time getting to know people. That's the great secret of her stories; they're right out of real life.

"Take the Scenes from Clerical Life. I don't know where she got the name of Shepperton for Chilvers Coton, but Shepperton Church is the church where I went as a boy, and no mistake, and the Rev. Amos Barton is the Rev. John Gwynther, dead and gone these many years. The Rev. Mr. Gwynther was a good man, and a plain one, with a wife so beautiful and gentle that she was a sort of fairy to all us boys. To read *The Sad Fortune* of the Rev. Amos Barton is like having that couple brought before one's eyes. The Farquhars were Squire Harper and his wife, and a nice bit of property they had, too. In the next story of the Scenes from Clerical Life, the Rev. Maynard Gilfil came before my time. He's the hunting parson and a common type enough. George Eliot got that character from the Rev. Gilpin Ebdell, the man who married my father and mother. My mother has often told me how as he stood up to marry them she could see the red of his hunting coat underneath his surplice. It was high noon, and he was going out to ride to hounds as soon as the wedding was off his hands. From what I heard of him he was a good man, not overreligious, maybe, but with a plenty of feeling for his fellow-men, and a warm heart, just the kind of a man George Eliot drew when she put together his two names and changed the sound and called him Gilfil.

"The Sir Christopher Cheverel of Mr. Gilfil's *Love Story*," continued Mr. Taylor, "whom she describes as 'that splendid old man,' was one of the Newdigate family, the one that was the head of the family before Sir Edward, I think. Older people than me from Chilvers Coton could recognize every character in the clerical life stories. Now, there was her own father she took as a model for the yeoman, Caleb Garth, in her finest work, *Middlemarch*. Some think he was the basis for the character of Adam Bede, but that doesn't look so plain.

"One of her people that is very plain to me, though, is Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss*. He's Tom Hollick through and through. Tom Hollick was a combination—miller, farmer and ribbon manufacturer all at the same time. Mary Ann Evans used to pass his mill every day on her way to school, and often the miller would be there beside the dam and give her good morning, for Mr. Evans was well thought of in those parts and most folks had a pleasant word for his daughter. But Hollick was a curious man, a sanguine, open-faced fellow, with a temper of his own if he thought he was being put upon. I remember one spring there was a freshet in the brook—Pingle Brook, it was called—and his hay got washed down onto the land of some of his neighbors. When the water went down Tom went chasing his hay, but all cut hay looks pretty much alike and nobody was going to take his say—so that the hay on their land belonged to Tom Hollick, so he went to law, and for all I know the courts may still be trying to decide which was his hay and which was his neighbors'. Joshua Rann was the parish clerk of the church. Old Ballard—I don't remember so much about him, except he was very proud of himself Sundays, and I

suppose all other days as well, but it was more evident on Sundays. Outside of Chilvers Coton I don't follow her works with any appreciation of who she is writing about, though I am sure all the time they're real people, but they're people I don't know except in one case. That's Felix Holt. I knew him well. He was a labor agitator named John Farn, a ribbon weaver of leonine appearance and bearing, and a natural gift of oratory. Felix Holt is the living character of John Farn, and done as the master of portrait painting paints a picture. She's caught the very soul of the man. Ah, she was a wonderful woman!"

Mr. Taylor paused and sighed.

"There's a great lot of nonsense written about George Eliot," he said, as the reporter rose to go, "and people that might be in better business are always trying to make out that she was this or the other without knowing anything about her. It's no place of mine to add to the sum total of ignorance on the subject. I can tell you nothing, as I told you at first. Go and read her books."

A writer in *The Verdict* gives this passing glimpse of the Orientalized American author, Lafcadio Hearn:

Just a month ago to-day I was strolling along the Bund in Tokyo, Japan, watching the strange huddle of humanity passing through that fascinating thoroughfare. . . . Among the throng I observed a tiny figure of a man in a curious mixture of Japanese and American dress. He was scarcely more than five feet tall, and his clothing hung over his shrunken figure with the grace of a blanket on a horse rack. Huge spectacles straddled his nose, and under his arm he carried half a dozen books. As the natives passed him they bowed most respectfully. I asked my 'rickshaw man who the little chap was. He told me he was an American, "Mis'r Hearn." That night at the hotel the manager told me that the American was Lafcadio Hearn, the most distinguished man of letters in Japan. He is professor of foreign literature in the university, and the only foreigner left in any educational institution in the whole empire. The university and all the noted schools ten years ago had full staffs of European and American teachers, but since the war with China the Japanese have become so chauvinistic that they have turned out all the foreign teachers from their schools and all the foreign officers from their army. Hearn was the only American or European who survived the ax of reform in the university. He is, however, as much a Japanese as the Marquis Ito himself, and is so steeped in Orientalism that he has almost forgotten his English-speaking friends. It was rather interesting to see this man so revered by the Japanese, and to know that he was an American. Hearn has done more in a literary way to give Occidental readers a glimpse of the real intellectual life of modern Japan than any other living writer, native Japanese, or visiting student. He is the only writer of English who has pierced the veil of mysticism that has for so many decades separated Japan from the eyes of the Occident. Hearn, indeed, is no longer American save in his command of English.

THE FRENCH ARMY

[Mr. Leon Decle, a Frenchman by birth, a naturalized British citizen and a well-known African explorer, tells in his book, *Trooper 3809* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25), what befell him as a French soldier twenty years ago. Mr. Alden writes in the *New York Times* that, "People have wondered, since the Dreyfus exposures, how it ever became possible for the General Staff to consist of men who are either fools or knaves. Mr. Decle unconsciously, or rather unintentionally, solves the mystery. The General Staff simply represents the average French officer." We give here some extracts from the book which show how a French soldier is expected to obey instantly, without question and without appeal, any order however stupid or unjust given by his ranking superior.]

MEASURING A RECRUIT.

The gendarme who measured us was a Sergeant, and he dictated to a private the result of his measurements. When my turn came he placed me under the apparatus and then asked for my name.

"Decle," I said.

"And your Christian name?"

"Lionel."

"Lionel," he replied; "that's not a Christian name."

I assured him that it was my Christian name, and, what was more, the only one I possessed.

"Well, it's a queer Christian name, and I don't know where your people fished it out," he remarked. After a glance at the scale he dictated "1.78 metre in his socks," to his subordinate. He then ordered me to remove my socks, and, measuring me once more, pronounced the verdict "1.79 metre without socks."

"But, Sergeant," I asked, "how can I be taller without my socks than with them on?"

"You will perhaps teach me my business!" he angrily replied, and seeing that the private was hesitating to write down the figures, "D—you!" he shouted, "are you going to take that down or not?"

The private silently obeyed, doubtless accustomed for years to passive obedience.

TYRANNY OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

"Hullo! what do you want, you there?"

"Sir," I replied, "I am a 'Volontaire,*' and I want to go and see a friend of mine, Sergeant de Lanoy.

"Oh, you're a 'Volontaire,' are you? Well, you can wait where you are!"

"But, sir," I asked again, "can't I be allowed to go and see Sergeant de Lanoy?"

"What! Answers, eh? You'll have to be put through your paces at once, my fine fellow, or else you will make the acquaintance of the 'boite' (cells) sooner than you care for. Wait there and shut up!"

I went to the Sergeant of the Guard and asked him to direct me to my Sergeant-Major's office.

"Do you take me for a sign-post?" he answered.

"No, sir," I replied; "but I wanted your leave before asking a trooper to show me the way."

"You long-nosed chap, you're a soldier now, re-

member that; so do me the honor of calling me 'Sergeant,' and not 'sir.'"

"Yes, Sergeant," I replied. He then ordered a trooper who stood in the guard-room to take me to the office of my Sergeant-Major. "By the way," he said, as I was going off, "what squadron do you belong to?"

"To the 3d squadron, Sergeant."

"It's a pity you don't belong to mine," he answered. "I should like to have had you under my orders; it would have been a real pleasure to lick you into shape. But God help you if you ever cross my path. I don't like your face. When I don't like a man's face it's a poor chance he stands with me. Now go; clear out of this!"

Before leaving barracks every trooper must present himself before the Sergeant of the Guard, who has to examine him, and see that he is properly groomed; if anything is amiss in his uniform the Sergeant sends him back to put himself straight.

This often leads to considerable abuse of their power by certain Sergeants, for when one of them has a grudge against a man he will send him back five or six times to his room without telling him what he considers wrong in his attire—the regulations in no way compelling the Sergeant to explain to the trooper where he considers that the fault lies. I have seen a trooper sent back in this way to his room no less than eight times running.

It was a pouring wet day, and when for the ninth time the Sergeant ordered him to return the trooper implored him to tell him what was wrong.

"You dirty pig," replied the Sergeant, "look at your boots, they are covered with mud." The trooper, it must be mentioned, had to walk over a hundred yards from his room across the courtyard before reaching the gate, and irritated beyond measure by the injustice of the Sergeant, he asked, in a sarcastic tone, whether he was expected to carry an umbrella.

"If you like," added the man, "I'll go and fetch my brushes and brush my boots here, and then perhaps you will be satisfied."

For that answer the Sergeant gave the man four days' "Salle de Police," stating in his report as a reason for that punishment that "the trooper, after presenting himself nine times before the Sergeant of the Guard in a disgraceful state of filth, had grossly insulted the Sergeant who had remonstrated with him." The trooper had often been punished before, and held a bad record, so, upon reading the Sergeant's report, the Colonel altered the punishment into thirty days' prison.

TO THE "SALLE DE POLICE."

So far none of the "Volontaires" had been punished, and it fell to my lot to be the first to become acquainted with the "Salle de Police." I had been ordered to ride that evening a kicking mare. A more vicious beast I never came across; not only did she try to bite me, but she also tried to stamp on my foot; then she kicked me with her near hind leg, and while I was tying her head up she gave me a forward kick with her foreleg; and

*One who having passed certain examination is obliged by law to serve but one year in the army.

when I brought the saddle to put it on her back, she lashed out so furiously that she broke the rope by which I had tied her head high up and bit me viciously. She was Trooper Titi's charger, and he alone was able to manage her, so I sent a trooper to call him to help me. Titi came, and I was holding the mare's head while he was putting the saddle on her back when the Sergeant-Major suddenly appeared.

"What are you doing there?" he asked Titi.

"Sergeant-Major," I replied, "I could not manage to saddle the beast, and as I have to ride her to-night, I asked Titi to help me."

"Very well," answered the Sergeant-Major, "you will both have eight days' 'Salle de Police,' and if I catch you another time," he went on, addressing Titi, "it's eight days' prison you will get." So saying he walked away well pleased with himself.

"Well, old chap," said Titi to me, "so you've got it at last."

I felt very crestfallen, but I had no time to think much about the matter, as I was already late and had to rush to riding-school. The drill over, I hastened to de Lanoy's room and asked him to intercede for me with the Sergeant-Major. He promised to do so at once, and I anxiously awaited the result of his interview. At the end of a few minutes I was called into the Sergeant-Major's room.

"I am very sorry for you, Decle," said the latter; "de Lanoy has spoken to me on your behalf, and if he had done so sooner I might have overlooked the matter this time, on account of the special circumstances, but your punishment has already been put down on the report, so the best thing you can do is to go through it with good grace."

COMPLAINING TO THE COLONEL.

One Sunday morning at six o'clock a Corporal, who was on weekly duty, came to me and asked me to let him have five francs, adding that if I gave him the money he would not send me down to clean the stables. I gave him the money, but half an hour later he came and asked me for more. He had no time to press me hard, as he was called away by the Sergeant, but as soon as the latter had done with him, he came back just as I was going down to stables. He was already drunk, and said he wanted another five francs. I absolutely declined to give him the money, pointing out that as he was on duty that day he would be severely punished for getting drunk, and I might also get punished for having supplied him with money. This put him in a frightful rage, and he asked me if I took him for a fool. I told him that it didn't matter whether I took him for a fool or not, but that he knew perfectly well that he made a fool of himself when he was drunk.

"All right," he said; "you will have two days 'Salle de Police' for having called me a fool. By the way," he added, "Lemaire is sick, and you will have to take the guard for him."

I remonstrated, explaining that I had taken the guard the previous week, and that it could not therefore be my turn to take the guard, even to replace a sick man.

"You refuse to obey the orders of the Corporals?"

"Of course, I don't refuse," I said, knowing well that in his state of mind he might, upon the least provocation, report me as having refused to obey orders, and this would have meant a court-martial, and most likely a sentence of several years' hard labor.

"Well, get ready then," said the Corporal.

"I want to go and talk to the Sergeant-Major first," I replied.

"No, you don't," he said, standing in front of me.

Of course I could not lay hands on him, for, as I have already explained, the slightest assault on any man holding a rank superior to one's own was invariably punished with death. I therefore proceeded to get my things ready, well knowing, however, that it was physically impossible for me to get my kit into proper order for parade upon so short a notice. Soon after, the Corporal having reeled away, I went to the Sergeant-Major's room, but there I found only his orderly, who told me, to my utter dismay, that the Sergeant-Major had gone the previous evening on twenty-four hours' leave. I therefore walked down to the stables in order to find the Sergeant of the Week. On my way, however, I fell foul of the Corporal, who asked me where I was going.

"I am going to speak to the Sergeant of the Week," I said.

"No you don't," he replied. "You just walk back with me."

"I am going to the Sergeant of the Week," I repeated.

"You refuse to obey orders, then?" asked the Corporal.

"No; but I am going to the Sergeant of the Week."

"By God!" he said, "if you don't follow me to the room at once I will go straight to the Captain of the Week and report you for having refused to obey orders."

Of course I had no alternative but to follow the Corporal, and I had to dress anyhow in order to be ready in time for the parade of the guard. The leather tops of my trousers were not properly polished, my sword and carbine were not spick and span as they ought to have been for parade, and the brass work of my helmet was a trifle tarnished, for it had not been cleaned since the previous afternoon. As it was, I had to run to join the other troopers on parade, and when I got there the command, "Attention!" had already been given. Captain des Tourelles was Captain of the Week, and the moment he caught sight of me he ordered me to come to him.

"You are late," he said.

"Captain," I replied, "the reason of it is——"

"Shut up!" he interrupted; "don't answer me—you are filthy, you dirty beast!" He then began to examine my buttons, my sword, my helmet, my carbine, muttering the whole time, "Swine, swine. You are a 'Volontaire,' I think, and you come here late, and as filthy as a pig! You shall have four days' 'Salle de Police.'"

"But, sir——" I ejaculated.

"You dare answer me! You shall have four days more. Step back into the ranks!"

After we had been paraded and dismissed to the

guardroom I went to the Sergeant of the Guard to explain my case. This man was a peasant who had been promoted to the rank of Sergeant merely on account of his undoubted severity. (He had once sent a man before the court-martial for refusing to obey him, and the poor trooper was sentenced to two years' hard labor.) This would seem to constitute a poor qualification for promotion, but, in many French regiments, it is notorious that a Corporal who sends a man before a court-martial is almost certain to be rewarded for his harshness. The Sergeant took very little interest in what I told him, and said it was no business of his, and that I had better speak to the Sergeant-Major about it. The following day, when I left the guard, I went to see my Sergeant-Major, but, unfortunately for me, he had obtained a two days' extension of leave, and the Sergeant "fourrier," who was acting in his stead, told me that my punishment had already appeared on the report, and had been forwarded to the Colonel.

"Very well, then," I said, losing my temper, "I shall go and complain to the Colonel," and I asked him to transmit my application to see that officer. He strongly urged me not to do so, assuring me that I should get no redress, but I was obstinate, and my demand was duly forwarded through the usual channels.

At noon the Sergeant "fourrier" showed me a copy of the Colonel's orders for the day. "You have got it pretty hot," he said, and he showed me the passage of the Colonel's decision referring to my case. To my dismay I read the following:

"The punishments inflicted on Trooper Declé by Corporal Armand and by Captain des Tourelles are altered to twenty days' 'Salle de Police.'"

I had, therefore, to sleep in the cells that night, and the Sergeant told me that the answer to my application to see the Colonel would probably appear in the following day's regimental orders. I did not see Sergeant Legros until the following day, for troopers who have taken the guard are exempt from duty for four and twenty hours. The next morning, however, when we went to schoolroom, Legros called me.

"So you have been at your tricks once more, eh Declé?" he said.

I told him exactly what had occurred, but he only shrugged his shoulders.

"Serves you right!" he said. "You 'Volontaires' get into the habit of throwing your money right and left, and if you hadn't begun by tipping the Corporal all this wouldn't have happened."

In the regimental orders of the day the Colonel stated that the application of Trooper Declé to see him was granted, and that the said Trooper Declé would have to be at his house at 1 p. m. the next day. I therefore got Titi and my other orderly to clean my clothes and my equipment with the utmost care, and at one o'clock sharp I proceeded to the Colonel's house. I was received by one of his orderlies, who took me to the kitchen. He went to inform the Colonel that I was there, and returned, saying that the Colonel had sent word that I must wait. The cook very graciously offered me a cup of coffee, and during the good three-quarters of an hour that I had to wait she related to me the details

of her family history, telling me that she had already saved £20, which would make a nice little dowry when she got married, and also suggesting that I should take her out for a walk next Sunday. (I could only politely express my regret at being unable to do this, as I was undergoing punishment.) She further told me that she did not care much for her place, as "la Colonelle" was too close-fisted, and there was not enough "grattage" (perquisites) in the place.

At the end of three-quarters of an hour the Colonel's orderly told me to walk upstairs, and showed me into a study where the Colonel was writing at a desk, in regimental trousers, a pair of slippers and a black alpaca coat. He did not turn round, and I stood, helmet in hand, near the door. I had quite forgotten the regulations, and, finding myself in polite society, I had instinctively uncovered. Just as I remembered that I ought to keep my helmet on, and was replacing it, the Colonel, hearing me move, turned his head round.

"What are you fiddling about with your helmet for?" he asked. "Stand still, will you?" and he went on writing.

Ten minutes later he ordered me to come forward. I saluted and stood at attention.

"Take off your helmet," said the Colonel.

I took it off.

"Your hair is too long, you will have to get it cut; and you will soon get a court-martial if you go on like that. Put on your helmet. What do you want?"

"Sir," I began, "I have been punished——"

"Punished!" he exclaimed. "Yes, you are always punished. You are the worst trooper in my regiment. We don't want men like you in the French Army. What do you want?"

"Sir," I once more began, "I have been punished by Corporal——"

"I know it," he replied, waxing quite angry. "I told you so before, you are always punished—always punished. If it is to tell me that that you have come here, you might have stopped at the barracks. Why the deuce don't you tell me what you want? Do you think I am standing here at your orders?"

"If you will allow me to explain, sir," I replied, "I will tell you why and how I have been punished."

"I don't want to know anything about it," said the Colonel in an angry voice. "Let me see, how many days have you got?"

"Twenty days, sir," I said.

"Have you finished your punishment?"

"No sir; I have only done two days so far."

"And you dare to come and complain to me! But I ought not to be astonished—for cool cheek and impudence you haven't your equal. Go back to barracks and tell the Adjutant to put you down ten days more for having made an unjustified complaint. That's all—look sharp!"

I saluted, and as I was walking toward the door the Colonel added: "I will teach you not to come and bother me in future." On my way to barracks I thought of the advice the Sergeant "fourrier" had given me, and I felt distinctly sorry that I had not followed it.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Pinhole Photography.....A. Anderson.....Pearson's Magazine

What has come to be known in this country as "Pinhole Photography" is very far indeed from being a modern discovery, though the results hitherto attained by those who have practised it have seldom proved at all satisfactory. A very natural prejudice has, in consequence, arisen against this simplified method of taking sun-pictures, and the greater number of photographers, both amateur and professional, do not hesitate to pooh-pooh it and to describe it as a delusion and a snare.

All those who have made any study of the scientific aspect of photography are, of course, ready to admit that the lens, which, to the tyro, seems to be the principal part of the camera, is merely an accessory—an accessory, too, which, at least theoretically, is by no means indispensable—but they refuse to admit that it can ever be advantageously replaced by a mere pinhole in actual practice.

This, however, is what M. Combe, an enthusiastic French amateur, who has been studying the question for some years, strenuously maintains, and he supports his assertions by exhibiting numerous photographs he has obtained, most of which are admirable and, in some artistic respects, superior to anything that could have been taken in the ordinary way.

"Pinhole Photography," its detractors assert, is subject to no definite rules, and therefore is not to be depended upon.

M. Combe entirely denies this. His success he attributes to the fact that he has carefully worked out and tabulated the exact ratio that must exist between the size of the pinhole and the focal distance at which the dry plate has to be placed from the hole, in order that the picture may have the maximum of definition.

The theory of the photographic camera may be dismissed in a few words. Go into a dark-room, make a small, round hole in the shutter and observe the opposite wall. You will see there a reversed reproduction of the scene that is taking place in the street. Fix a sensitive plate on the wall and you will have a photograph. Such a dark-room is simply a large-sized camera; you need only imitate it on a smaller scale to possess a pin hole camera by which you will be able to take photographs.

The photographer, when he puts his head under the black cloth at the back of the apparatus, is observing the image reflected on the plate of dull glass which temporarily takes the place of the sensitive plate on which the picture is to be taken, and he shortens or lengthens the expanding chamber until the image appears to him to be in perfect focus. When he is at last satisfied, he puts in the sensitive plate, uncovers the lens, and the photograph is taken.

In pinhole photography this course is impossible. The image projected through such a minute hole as is made by a pin, or rather by a needle, is so feeble as to be indistinguishable by the human eye, so that some other means has to be devised of finding the correct focus. It is, in fact, entirely a matter of calculation and measurement. The smaller

the hole the shorter the focus, and vice versa. To take photographs successfully without a lens certain calculations are, unfortunately, necessary, and you will find it infinitely more convenient to employ the metrical system of measurement.

All the materials for making a camera you will probably be able to find in the lumber-room. Some stout cardboard, a few pieces of wood, a small strip of the very thin brass sheeting that may be taken from almost any old discarded toy, a little black stain, a rule, some glue and a packet of needles. If you have not got everything at hand, a very small outlay will put you in possession of all that is missing.

The first thing to settle upon is the size you wish to make your camera, and this naturally depends upon the size of the plates you intend using. Not to be too ambitious at the first attempt, suppose you determine on employing plates that measure only 12 centimetres by 9 centimetres. In this case the camera will have somewhat the dimensions of an ordinary cigar-box. It is advisable to make it just a trifle larger each way than the size of the plate, so that the latter may have a little play. Decide then to make it $12\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres wide by $9\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres high inside. The third dimension, the length of the box, depends upon the size of the hole that is to correspond to the hole of the shutter in the dark-room; the larger the hole, the longer the box.

Without going deeper into the theory of the subject, it may be at once stated that M. Combe has found from practical experience that for a camera of the size you are making, the most suitable hole is one that measures exactly 33-100 of a millimetre in diameter.

Difficult as it may appear at first sight to make such a minute hole, or rather to make it and to be sure that it measures no more and no less than just 33-100 of a millimetre, there is, in reality, thanks to the system described by M. Combe, nothing simpler. All you have to do is to employ for boring the hole a needle of the French standard size No. 12!

To find out the exact diameter of a hole that will be made by a needle of any other calibre, it is only necessary to take a hundred needles, all the same size, lay them close together, side by side, and carefully measure their united diameters in millimetres. The hundred needles, let us say, measure 30, or 33, or 35, or 40 millimetres; one needle of each lot then would measure 30-100, 33-100, 35-100, or 40-100 of a millimetre, respectively, and the hole that each of them would make would have a corresponding diameter.

The length of the camera depends, as has been said, on the size of the needle hole. To obtain the maximum of clearness in the picture, it is indispensable that the plate be fixed at the proper distance from the hole; in other words, it must be in correct focus. The complicated formula for finding this correct focus M. Combe has reduced to a simple arithmetical calculation. Here it is:

Multiply the diameter of the hole in hundredths of a millimetre considered as a whole number by itself; multiply the result by 100, and divide the

total by 808. The quotient will give you in millimetres the correct focus in each case.

Example.—Find the correct focus in the case of a needle hole measuring 33-100 of a millimetre in diameter.

$$\begin{aligned} 33 \times 33 &= 1089 \\ 1089 \times 100 &= 108,900 \\ 108,900 \div 808 &= 135 \end{aligned}$$

(The remainder may be neglected.)

The result, then, in the case of a hole measuring 33-100 of a millimetre, is 135, which represents the distance in millimetres at which the sensitive plate must be fixed from the needle hole in order to take a normal photograph.

You now know that your camera must be at least 135 millimetres in length. Make it 200 millimetres, or 20 centimetres, to be able to provide for contingencies. You now have the three dimensions, 12½ cm. by 9½ cm. by 20 cm. Cut the four sides and the top and bottom of the box out of the stout cardboard. Two sides are required, each 9½ cm. high by 20 cm. long; two ends 9½ cm. high by 12½ cm. wide; two pieces, to form the top and bottom, each 12½ cm. wide by 20 cm. long.

In one of the end pieces, exactly in the centre cut a small round hole about 1 centimetre (slightly less than half an inch) in diameter, and over this glue your little strip of thin brass in which you have previously pierced the hole. Needless to say, you should assure yourself with compasses that the hole is exactly in the middle of the side of the camera.

The next operation requires a little more ingenuity. You wish to be able to cover and uncover the hole at will. For this purpose the best plan is to arrange a sort of shutter out of a small piece of cardboard, that will slide backwards and forwards over the hole.

The interior of the box must now receive your attention. You may wish, in certain circumstances, to put the dry plates at varying distances from the hole. Cut a number of square strips of wood about 3 millimetres by 3 millimetres by 9 millimetres long, and glue them across each of the two sides, starting from the middle, parallel to one another, and about three millimetres apart. Now blacken the interior sides of the cardboard, and glue the two sides, the bottom, and the two ends securely together.

If you were to put on the top your camera would now be complete, but as cardboard is not very strong it is advisable to consolidate it by constructing a sort of outer skeleton case into which it will fit, made of some light wood laths. The sides of the framework should be made just a trifle lower than the sides of the cardboard, which will thus stick up a little all round, and will form, when the lid shuts down over them, a perfectly light-tight box.

To make assurance doubly sure, a narrow strip of black velvet may be glued round the edge where the lid shuts down, and the fastening may be completed by a piece of elastic secured to the lid and attached by a ring and button to the lower part of the camera.

When the camera is put together the use of the strips of wood glued on the sides becomes evident. They form grooves in which the dry plates slide.

In inserting the plates in such a camera as this, and also in developing, special precautions must be taken, even the red light of the dark-room being attenuated as much as possible; but, with a reasonable amount of prudence, there is no reason why results as astonishing as those obtained by M. Combe should not reward everyone.

Patents for Coolness.....Rene Bache.....Boston Transcript

Devices for producing cold artificially have multiplied enormously within the last few years, and some of the new ideas in this line have gained fortunes for their originators. One of the most novel suggestions, though not as yet applied practically, is to deliver cold brine to dwellings like gas, measuring the supply by suitable metres, and permitting each householder to utilize as much or as little of it as he may happen to require for the family refrigerator and for the cooling of rooms through the medium of pipe-coils.

Beyond question, the next few years will witness the passing of the iceman and his fugitive daily lump, and before long people will wonder how they ever could have got along with such an inconvenient and primitive method of supplying themselves with cold. Already large business concerns have almost wholly abandoned the use of ice for refrigeration, substituting for it ammonia gas in pipes or other chemical devices for cooling, and there is no reason why similar processes should not be applied in the household. However, the obviously economical way to accomplish this is to furnish the cold from central stations by pipe-lines, whether through the medium of brine, or ammonia gas, or what not. The ammonia freeze is even now being delivered in this way, though on no very extensive scale as yet, in three or four of our cities.

Early in the twentieth century the householder of moderate means will think it as much a matter of course to turn on the cold in his house in summer as to turn on the heat in winter, and by the help of means which as yet are in the experimental stage, city dwellings generally will be kept comfortable in the hottest weather. Just as the furnace or steam-heat is controlled during the cold season, so the refrigerating apparatus will be regulated in the dog days, and any undue elevation shown by the mercury in the thermometer will be rectified by the mere turning of a key between thumb and finger. Meanwhile, the domestic "ice-box," erstwhile so termed, will do duty without a scrap of actual ice, being supplied by the same agency with an automatically governed chill.

By actual trial, it has been proved practicable to keep various compartments of a large refrigerator at different temperatures by such artificial means, according to the kinds of foods that are to be preserved, and thus the system described is specially applicable to markets, where, in one big box, fish may be held at 33 degrees, meat at 37 degrees, butter and milk at 42 degrees, and fruit at 44 degrees—each perishable product, in short, at the point required for it. Just as gas and electricity are cheapened greatly nowadays by being supplied from central stations, so artificial cold can be furnished in the same way for much less than the citizen now pays for an equivalent in the shape of ice. Conse-

quently it cannot be long before the new method replaces the old, though probably ice will always be used for cooling drinks and for other purposes where the fancies of appetite are involved.

One of the oddest employments for artificial cold is in the treatment of lard for shipment. It has to be melted in order to pour it into tank-cars, and then, to harden it again after it is put aboard in this way, it is cooled with ammonia gas, the latter being circulated through pipes surrounding the interior of the tank-cars. Nowadays the ice in skating rinks is produced, and its surface renewed nightly in winter, by means of ammonia piping beneath the water. The manufacture of ice for city consumption is already so familiar as scarcely to need description, the water contained in a series of tanks being frozen in solid blocks upon the iron sides of those receptacles, which are chilled to low temperature by ammonia gas flowing through coils of pipes behind the metal. Unfortunately, through economy of cold by the producers, this artificial ice is apt to lack density and to run away in water at an alarming rate.

In the line of refrigeration on the rail, the newest and cleverest invention is a car that by the motion of its own wheels, compresses ammonia gas to a liquid, which, in expanding again through pipes, produces the cold required to preserve the perishable products transported in the vehicle. What the newly-discovered liquid air may accomplish in the branch of enterprise here discussed no man can say, though astonishing things are predicted for it, but already cold in this intensely concentrated form is on the market and may be bought by the gallon. Very possibly, in the near future carts may go from door to door in cities with cans of cold—i.e., liquid air put up in suitable tins—depositing full receptacles each morning for the day's supply and taking away the "empties." A little of the stuff in the family refrigerator will keep the provisions sweet, while what remains may be utilized for cooling the air of the house, a spoonful being deposited here and there in a saucer.

A recent inventor has devised a scheme for sprinkling a town with the help of balloons, which carry up into the air long hosepipes connected with fire-plugs on the ground. This is for the purpose of engendering coolness, and the same object is sought by another genius who proposes to erect in various parts of the city very tall skeleton towers, to the tops of which large bombs filled with carbonic acid will be run up for explosion by an electric spark. Of course, the carbonic acid, expanding in the form of vapor, will chill the surrounding atmosphere, thus giving relief to the heat-oppressed community below. An idea that is even now used in many factories, to cool the air in the buildings, is to throw a spray of cold water into a room until the air is supersaturated, and then to force the air thus cooled through the other rooms.

Draining the Zuyder Zee.....New York Tribune

The brave fight which has been waged for centuries with an invading sea by the people of the Netherlands has been the subject of no end of tale and verse. But while man has finally got the better of the ocean, in safeguarding the territory that re-

mains to him, there is still a great expanse of water now where once there was dry land. The coast line of the Netherlands is very different to-day from what it was in the days of Roman domination. A chain of islands still indicates the ancient front of the continent, but inside that broken bulwark one now finds a vast, shallow inland sea. Part of this is an old lake, between which and the ocean a barrier once existed, thirty or forty miles wide, which was gradually worn away until, in 1282, the lake became an arm of the sea.

For many years, however, projects for redeeming this watery waste have been under consideration, and at last a scheme has been undertaken with every promise of completion and success. The whole of what is known as the Zuyder Zee will not be drained. Its shape is such that very extensive dykes would be required. But after seeking, with the spirit of the typical civil engineer, to get the largest results with the smallest expenditure of money and labor, it has been decided that the most practicable plan to pursue is to recover only a part of the lost area. This will amount to something like 787 square miles, or over 500,000 acres. Even this task is a formidable one, and its performance is expected to consume thirty-three years in time and \$48,000,000 in money.

Of course, the first step in the business is to construct a big dyke across the Zee, at a point where the best combination of shallow depths and intervening islands can be found. Considerations of length alone have not been permitted to dominate in the enterprise. The proposed dyke will extend from Ewyksluis, in North Holland, to the village of Piaam, in the southern part of Friesland. An island, Wirtengen, will be incorporated into the dam. It is estimated that this important preliminary will cost \$17,000,000, and nine years must elapse before its completion.

It will then be necessary to begin pumping. Thousands of windmills, familiar institutions in Holland, will be established around the Zuyder Zee and set at work. Drainage operations will prove slow; but from the outset, of course, there will be some return in land. It will not be necessary to wait for the remaining twenty-four years to recover the investment.

The land that is drained will be particularly fruitful, and it is estimated that it will sell for at least \$300 an acre. There are plenty of farms in Holland that will bring \$800 an acre. At the minimum price about \$150,000,000 would be realized; and this would be something like three times as much as was put into the enterprise. The venture would pay for itself within a short time after the monster dyke is built.

The work has been undertaken by a corporation or association of prominent Dutch capitalists, who are proceeding with the sanction of the Government. It does not clearly appear from the accounts at hand whether they or the Government will derive the greater pecuniary reward from their operations. Both Queen Wilhelmina and the legislative authorities have approved the plans of the Zuyder Zee Company, and already 3,000 men—engineers, carpenters, masons, divers, sailors and common laborers—are employed.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

A Curious Development of Hypnosis.....Brooklyn Eagle

The Psychical Society of London has pursued the study of phenomena indicated by its title for a good many years, and along with men who have been deluded out of their wits and their property, like Luther R. Marsh, a few men of distinction in the intellectual world have declared their belief in some of the indications of occult powers outside the previous range of human knowledge. The most conspicuous recent examples are Dr. Minot J. Savage, the well-known Unitarian preacher, who used to be a materialist of the materialists, and Professor James Hyslop, of Columbia College. Dr. Savage bases his belief of immortality not upon the revelation of the Bible, but upon the fact, as he believes, that persons who have died have communicated from another world with him in person. He said in a sermon once that he believed that Jesus returned to earth because he knew that the dead had returned to him, and if that were possible now he did not see why it might not have been possible 1,900 years ago. Dr. Hyslop has expressed absolute faith in the communications made to him from another world through a medium in Boston, who uses her powers solely for the Psychical Society of that city and whose seances are not commercial. Dr. Savage also has declared his belief that we are upon the verge of a large accession to our knowledge of the powers called clairvoyance and clairaudience, and he is to publish a book, which we await with interest, recounting his investigations along those lines.

Both these men will be keenly interested in the experiments said to have been made in Boston and South Braintree, Mass., upon a "sensitive" boy of eleven years. The case is outside of the usual category because the boy is the son of a physician in good standing, Dr. Frank Brett, chief of the medical clinic of physicians and surgeons in Boston. Dr. Brett hypnotizes his son and in that state the boy is said to be able to see the condition of bones just as the X-ray discloses them, except that he sees more clearly, and where the fluoroscope gives only outline the boy sees colors also. The father has used the boy's alleged powers to locate the fracture in a broken hip before setting, and a more remarkable experiment is reported by Leslie J. Meacham, a noted hypnotist. Mr. Meacham has a defective elbow, the exact condition of which was recently revealed through the use of X-rays. He went to South Braintree unknown, and says that the boy, who had never seen or heard of him, described, while looking at his clothed arm and with the aid of the bones of a skeleton arm given him to help him place what he saw, after he had described the inside of the arm as "funny," the exact defects and excrescences upon the bones of the elbow which the X-rays had found and which no surgeon had been able to diagnose before. The boy is also said to see brain flashes which agree with the latest theories of the action of the brain. He is described as an ordinarily healthy and active boy, with no peculiarities when not under hypnosis, and the most hopeful thing about the case is the statement that

his father does not propose to make a freak of him, but to allow him to mature to manhood before any extended use is made of these supposed powers. So far the experiments have been conducted only for the Harvard Medical School and at home at long intervals. The boy's younger brother is said to be even more highly sensitive to hypnotism than this lad, but to have no peculiar powers of vision when under hypnosis.

Whether anything ever comes from the gift, if it be a gift, of this little Brett, hypnosis is being more and more studied. Of course, it will be ignorantly used by mercenary quacks, and in that way will do harm among the credulous. But its scientific use may do something to reveal the workings of those vague and uncertain mental powers of which most men are occasionally conscious and which, in the case of a few persons, give an intuition which seems like supernatural revelation.

Operating Cost of Horse and Electric Delivery Wagons...Scientific American

A paper of very timely interest was recently presented at the general meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, on the subject of the comparative operating costs of horse and electric delivery wagons in New York City. The investigation, which was carried on during the past year in the city of New York, formed part of a graduation thesis in the Electrical Engineering Department of Columbia University, and the authors, G. C. Sever and R. A. Fliess, are to be congratulated on the careful method adopted and the practical value of the results obtained.

The method pursued was to gather together carefully recorded data of the hours of service, loads carried and cost of operation, of both the horse-drawn delivery wagons and those electrically driven, which are now in service at some of the large department stores in New York City. The paper contains some very interesting information regarding the elaborate delivery service which is maintained by all of these large institutions. The nature of this delivery service necessitates a highly organized system of delivery by means of small units capable of carrying from 700 to 800 pounds over short distances, and at considerable speed. Some of the wagons make two and some three deliveries a day, and the average load the year around is not over 800 pounds. As the return journey is seldom made entirely empty, the average load carried throughout the trip is about 500 pounds. The mileage per wagon per day is remarkably constant as determined by means of an odometer placed on the axle of one of the wagons. To determine the average speed, one of the authors of the paper spent a number of days on his wheel following delivery wagons of many different kinds. His wheel carried an accurately tested cyclometer and also a carefully tested tachometer. The drawbar pull of the wagon was determined by the use of a traction dynamometer. It was found that the average pull per ton was sixty pounds on cobblestones at a speed of seven miles per hour, and at the same speed

the drawbar pull on asphalt was forty pounds per ton. The average weight of the wagon, with its load and the driver and boy, was 2,075 pounds. The tabulation of the data shows that the average speed, while in motion, was 6.7 miles per hour, and the actual time that the horse was working from the time he left the stable until he returned to it, was one hour and thirty-eight minutes. The horse was at rest for nearly two-thirds of the time occupied by each trip. Taking the drawbar pull at fifty pounds per ton, it was found that the horse exerted 0.89 of a theoretical horse-power for one hour and thirty-eight minutes. This was all the work done by this particular horse on this day. On the following day two trips were made over the same ground, and the average work per day, the year round, may be taken as not over sixteen and one-half miles at fifty pounds pull per ton, at a speed of seven miles an hour. The length of the working life of a horse in this service is very seldom over five years, and at the end of this time he has depreciated in value certainly fifty per cent.

For comparative purposes the authors assume that the horse covers twenty-one miles a day in place of sixteen and one-half miles, and on this basis, taking into consideration the interest on the cost of horse and wagon, the stable rent for the same, the cost of driver and helper, etc., it was found that the cost of hauling one ton one mile was 17.373 cents. Taking another case where two horses are used to a delivery wagon, and three deliveries are made each day, the total distance covered being forty-two miles, it was found that the cost under these highly favorable conditions per ton mile is 10.2 cents, the load in each case being taken to include the weight of wagon, driver, boy and the freight carried.

The tests of electric delivery wagons were made over some sixty miles of the streets of New York, and included all conditions of weather and some of the heaviest grades in the city. The method of making the tests consisted in measuring the watt-hours of energy supplied by the storage batteries during the run and of taking the distance and speeds by tested cyclometers and tachometers. The first tests were made upon a vehicle intended for the delivery of light goods from a large drygoods store in New York City. A curious fact brought out in these tests is that the power consumption is not greatly affected by change of pavement, as from cobblestones to asphalt. The average of ten readings taken during a run of thirteen miles in very bad weather gives the power consumed on asphalt pavement as, volts 85.3, amperes 23.1. In a run of 6.25 miles over a continually ascending route in which the total weight of wagon, passenger, etc., was 4,200 pounds, the following results were shown: Average speed, 8.44 miles per hour; watt-hours per car mile, 218.28; watt-hours per ton mile, 103.95. Running in the opposite direction and with the grade the speed was 8.08 miles, the watt-hours per car mile 171.74, and per ton mile 81.08. From these and other tests it is deduced that 105 watt-hours per ton mile is quite within the reach of actual practice under service conditions to-day, and under ordinary conditions a well designed electric

delivery wagon should certainly not consume over 120 watt-hours per ton per mile.

On the above basis it is deduced that at a rate for power of five cents per kilowatt hour, the total cost for forty-two miles of one wagon, one driver and one boy, including interest on wagon, interest on stable rent, etc., is 387.77 cents as against 428.54 cents for the horse-drawn vehicle with two horses as mentioned above. Hence the cost per pound of delivery is 0.017 cent less than the figures for the horse.

But in connection with these figures it must be remembered that while the horse averages twenty-one miles per day at seven miles per hour, the automobile covers forty-two miles at the rate of nine miles per hour. Hence the automobile can do the work of two horses in 1.34 hours less time with a saving of 40.75 cents per day on each 2,400 pounds of goods delivered.

In the Ocean's Depths.....Nineteenth Century

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about a ton to the square inch in every thousand fathoms, which is 160 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is 30 times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoölogist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming bladders. If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it, in spite of its efforts, still higher in its course; in fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state. Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than 500 fathoms, expire before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families generally inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as the ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to 900 fathoms their eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there. After 1,000 fathoms these organs are still further enlarged, or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear altogether, and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes

to be of any service is the phosphorescence of deep-sea animals.

We know that at the surface this light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that lights and shadows were thrown on the sails, and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea bottom may be as brilliantly illuminated by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark waters of the profound abysses they must look like model mail ships with rows of shining portholes.

The Value of Archæology.....London Spectator

Mr. Hogarth, director of the British School at Athens, defines his study in *Authority and Archæology*, a collection of essays by specialists which he has edited, as "the science of the treatment of the material remains of the human past." Now, as such, must we take archæology as providing us with the primary materials for reconstructing the past? The essayists seem to be agreed that the literary remains of antiquity must take first rank, and that what are called the material remains must only supplement these. "If all the material documents of antiquity," writes Mr. Hogarth, "had vanished off the earth, we could still construct a living and just, though imperfect, picture of antiquity. But were it, on the other hand, literature that had perished utterly, while the material remains of all past civilizations survived everywhere in soils as fecund and as preservative as the sands of Egypt, nothing of that picture could be drawn beyond the most nebulous outline. As things stand at this day, material monuments take a place, important or unimportant, in the historian's reconstruction of the past according as they can be interpreted well or ill by comparison with the monuments of letters." Doubtless this general dictum must be applied somewhat more loosely in some cases than in others. We have no such literary documents in the case of Egyptian history as we have in the case of Greek or Roman, and consequently the material remains of Egypt have been relatively more important than even the great discoveries in Hellas and Italy, save those of the primitive Greek life. But in general the law must be taken to hold good, that the material remains rank lower than the literary documents for the purpose of the historian. The advantage of the former is that they present to us a more vivid picture of ancient life than we could otherwise obtain. We know no more of Roman history when we walk along the ruined streets of Pompeii or Ostia than we did before they were opened up by the pick of the explorer, but we have a far more real sense of that buried life. The function of archæology, in short, seems to be that of enabling us to realize more truly and distinctly the life of the past.

Archæology certainly proves, the more it is pursued, the great antiquity of man. If this is clear in regard to the monuments of Mesopotamia, it is

even more manifest when we seek to penetrate Egyptian and Greek monumental secrets. This is well known in the case of Egypt, but few persons realize what are the inferences which have been derived from an investigation of prehistoric Greece. Mr. Hogarth tells us what has been done, thanks mainly to the discoveries of Schliemann and the impulse given by him to the French, American, German and British schools at Athens. Schliemann was first doubted and scoffed at, but in the main scholars have come round to his view. Vast remains have been yielded by all Hellas, which testify to a more or less homogeneous prehistoric civilization covering Greek lands. The remarkable result of these discoveries is thus summarized by Mr. Hogarth: "Man in Hellas was more highly civilized before history than when history begins to record his state; and there existed human society in the Hellenic area, organized and productive, to a period so remote, that its origins were more distant from the age of Pericles than that age is from our own. We have probably to deal with a total period of civilization in the Ægean not much shorter than in the Nile Valley." Here is a new vista opened of more than 5,000 years of civilized life, a life of art, of agriculture, of towns, in those wonderful lands to which the world owes such priceless blessings! Is this not a revolution in human thought? The question naturally arises, Whence originated this great prehistoric civilization and what became of it? It has been supposed that the Orient imported the Mycenaean culture to Hellas, either directly or through the intermediary of Phœnicia. But the further investigation is pursued, says Mr. Hogarth, the more hopeless becomes the case of these Semites, though it is clear that Phœnicia and Hellas had intercourse in early times.

Mr. Evans, one of the essayists, even goes so far as to say that historic Tyrian civilization was little more than a deposit of decadent Mycenaean art. On the whole, we cannot assert positively. The utmost our author can say is that there were probably at different times different racial elements in the Ægean composition which had come to share in a common civilization, and which had been fused in countless ages even before the prehistoric Ægean period; in fact, the already immense vista is prolonged into a dim past which we can scarcely realize. And how did it happen that the Greeks burst forth in so wonderful a way in art and philosophy? This is a question which has puzzled many a mind. Mr. Hogarth's solution of the problem is that "Hellenic civilization developed in the direction of art with such marvelous celerity simply because the tradition of an earlier and high culture was still existent among a considerable element of the population in both European and Asiatic Greece. The ground was prepared from of old, the plant was alive but dormant, models already existed, methods of fabric and principles of decoration were there to be learned from others, and had not to be evolved anew by long and painful experience." This is an interesting view, and is doubtless true, but it does not account by any means for the amazing total product of the Greek intellect.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

The Song of the Old Mother.....W. B. Yeats.....London Academy

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow,
And then I must scrub and bake and sweep
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
And the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbon for bosom and head,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift a tress;
While I must work because I am old,
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

Endurance.....Elizabeth Akers.....Chicago Standard

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die—
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own,
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired and faint, and worn—
Lo, all things can be borne.

From Dreamland.....A. M.....London Speaker

Come back to me, come back to me, across the fields of
death!

Come very near! I, trembling, dear, will hush and hold
my breath.

Come sweetest rose of womanhood, my heart, my life,
my own!

Come back to me—come back to me! I have been long
alone.

Then let me gaze a moment, sweet, ere yet 'gainst my
breast

I hide your face. Oh, grant me grace, so resting, to have
rest!

Your spirit communes with my own through many a
bitter day;

Come once, as you were long ago, before you went away!

Come back from heaven to me on earth—come back, dear
Dream of mine,

Though I, who weep, even in my sleep, the cruel truth
divine;

With Love's own presence help and heal the lonely jar
and fret;

Come back and, for a little while, remember and forget!

An Out-Door Litany.....Louise Imogen Guiney.....Baltimore Sun

The spur is red upon the briar,
The sea-kelp whips the waves ashore;
The wind shakes out the colored fire
From lamps a-row on the sycamore;
The tanager, with flitting note,
Shows to wild heaven his wedding coat;
The mink is busy; herds again
Go hillward in honeyed rain;
The midges meet. I cry to Thee
Whose heart
Remembers each of these; Thou art
My God who has forgotten me.

Bright from the mast, a scarf unwound,
The lined gulls in the offing ride;
Along an edge of marshy ground
The shad bush enters like a bride.
Yon little clouds are washed of care
That climb the blue New England air,
And almost merrily withal
The tree frog plays at evenfall
His oboe in a mossy tree.
So, too,
Am I not Thine? Arise, undo
This fear Thou hast forgotten me.

Happy the vernal rout that come
To their due offices to-day,
And strange, if in Thy mercy's sum,
Excluded man alone decay.
I ask no triumph, ask no joy,
Save only life in law's employ,
As to a weed, to me but give
Thy sap! lest aye inoperative
Here in the pit my strength shall be;
And still
Help me endure the Pit, until
Thou wilt not have forgotten me.

The Father Confessor.....A. Boyd Scott.....Black and White

"Oh father, intercede,"

She whispered, "with sweet Mary! Sin indeed
Is all my waking day; and all my dreams
Make jest of Christ's pure pilgrimage, meseems!

I love (O, holy father, be
God's hollow ear and nothing more to me!)
I love, O God, I love a holy priest
Of Holy Church, my father!"—In hot shame she ceased!

He granted her God's peace
So wistfully, she lingered on her knees,
Hoping 'gainst God and shame that he might say
What pardon God gives love—then fled away!
But in the eve, unfrocked he went,
And told her that he loved her, and she bent
That he might bless her!—"Nay, my love!" he said.
And then—"My love!" she answered, and the past fell dead!

The Pilgrim.....Rosamund Marriott Watson.....Scribner's

Where is the haunt of Peace,
The place of all release—
Tell me, O Wind—the House of sweet repose?

"Night's dusky tent is spread
For tired heart and head,
And very fragrant is Night's orchard-close."

What of the soundless deep,
Those shining plains of Sleep
Whence the adventurer returns no more?

"Sleep is a golden sea,
With billows great and free,
But still they bear the swimmer back to shore."

Nay, tell me farther yet,
Where no swift waters fret,
Where rose and violet
Engarland not, nor ever blooms the May—
Tell me, O Wind, for you must know the way.

"Death's black pavilion stands
In the Unshapen Lands,
And in Death's garden all the flowers are gray."

The World and INelly M. Hutchinson.....*New Orleans Picayune*

Whether my heart be glad or no,
The summers come, the summers go,
The lanes grow dark with dying leaves,
Icicles hang beneath the eaves,
The asters wither to the snow;
Thus doth the summer end and go,
Whether my life be glad or no.

Whether my life be sad or no,
The winters come, the winters go,
The sunshine plays with baby leaves,
Swallows build about the eaves,
The lovely wild flowers bend and blow;
Thus doth the winter end and go,
Whether my life be sad or no.

Yet Mother Nature gives to me
A fond and patient sympathy;
In my own heart I find the charm
To make her tender, near and warm;
Through summer sunshine, winter snow,
She clasps me, sad or glad or no.

The Trysting Spring.....L. M. Montgomery.....*Portland Transcript*

I pause upon its placid brink
As oft in days of yore,
I lingered here at eventide
For one who comes no more.
The shadows quiver o'er its breast,
The shy, sweet wood birds sing,
The ferns are drooping still above
The dear old trysting spring.

But other footsteps stray beside
Its sunset-mellowed stream
And other hearts beat happy time
In love's old, tender dream.
And newer vows are whispered low
Beneath the twilight dim,
And other clinging hands are clasped
Above its mossy rim.

The same tall spruces o'er it still
Their palm-like branches weave,
The murmuring pines a-down the slope
As then lament and grieve.
The sunshine through their lacing boughs
Falls just as calm and clear,
No outward change has marked the spot
Since last I wandered here.

But something from the old-time tryst
Has vanished with the past—
The nameless charm of long ago
Was far too sweet to last.
And as once more I pause beneath
The old name-carven trees
A saddened memory fills my heart
Of fairer days than these.

When tender voices echoed through
The woodland arches dim,
And sweetest vows were murmured o'er
The fountain's magic rim,

One haunting presence comes not now
And ne'er again for me
The rapturous visions of the past
Can of the future be.

The evening sunlight o'er the waves
Of dancing silver shines,
The faint blue vapor slowly drifts
Athwart the tasselled pines.
And still about its charmed calm
The old sweet fancies cling,
And fondest memories linger yet
Around the trysting spring.

The Past.....Jeannette Bliss Gillespie.....*Columbia Literary Monthly*

I said, "The Past it is dead,
I will bury it deep and still
With a tablet over its head—
'Of the dead one may speak no ill.'"

I dug deep down in the loam,
I sealed up the grave with prayer;
But the Past was the first one home,
And waited to greet me there.

Childless.....Jennie B. Hartsulch.....*Leslie's Monthly*

A little figure moves from room to room.
I meet it now and then upon the stair;
It flits before me through the twilight gloom,
And when I wake at morning it is there.

It wears a little frock of quaint design—
My fancy fashioned it with loving care—
Although no needle wrought its stitches fine,
Although its fabric is but empty air.

Sometimes at dusk there falls upon my ear
A trill of baby laughter clear and sweet;
Sometimes through all the silent house I hear
The hurried coming of its tiny feet.

And oft I used to plead with it to stay,
To tarry in my lonely life awhile.
I know not if its eyes are blue or gray,
I only know—in angel-wise they smile.

But I have learned my fate—no more I call
On the wee stranger to abide with me,
For well I know that flitting figure small
Is but the ghost of what will never be.

Counting the Cost.....Theodosia Pickering Garrison.....*Munsey's*

What can we do for those who did so much,
What can we give to those who gave us all,
And giving, passed from human word and touch
In death's recession?

For us they spoke with actions—not with lips;
For us they gave their manhood to the sword.
These men who went down to the sea in ships
Or fell upon the sword.

From war's red grip they snatched for us the prize
Of victory. But oh, beloved dead,
Counting the cost, the heart like Rachel cries
Nor will be comforted.

With the Tide.....*Harper's Bazar*

He is going out with the tide to-night,
Out, far out, on the moaning sea;
The dawn will kindle in roseate light,
But the dusk and the chill will stay with me.
For of him who drifts on that cold ebb-tide
They will say to-morrow, "Last night he died."

He is going away as the tide goes forth;
We have had the flood; we shall know no more
Its affluent joy; not South or North
Shall joy be ours on any shore.
For of him, my love, drifting out with the tide,
They will say to-morrow, "Last night he died."

A DEPARTMENT OF FRENCH LETTERS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY MRS. W. D. CABELL.

A Spanish Statesman: Emilio Castelar

The following extracts are from a continued article by M. E. Varagnac, now appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*:

"Gentlemen: From this tribune I have many times represented the conscience of the Nation!" So spoke Castelar that day toward the close of his career when he advanced this proud claim from the tribune in the Cortes, whence his words had so often resounded like the voice of new Spain. Yes; many times during the half-century in which he ceaselessly spoke and struggled for the ideal of his whole life, liberty, he was truly the voice and the conscience of new Spain—an uneasy conscience, vibrating fiercely to the strong inspirations from beyond the mountains. A Spaniard in blood, in passionate devotion to his country, in the magical Castilian eloquence that flowed from his lips and his pen, he was also a true son of France, of the France of the Revolution, the educator and inspirer of his mind, as he admitted in saying that he loved her as his second country. . . .

Emilio Castelar was born in Cadiz, September 8, 1831. His father, Dom Manuel, a fiery Republican and agitator, died early, leaving to his wife, Donna Maria-Antonia, the care of their brilliant son. The boy grew up in the picturesque environment of Southern Spain, in poverty, and amid the strongest religious influences. The intense and glowing Catholicism of his people impressed itself upon his ardent young spirit never to be completely obliterated by the experiences of his stirring life.

Despite the poverty of Madame Castelar, she was able to send her son, when fifteen years old, to the University of Madrid, where, although destined to the law, he gave himself enthusiastically to literature and rhetoric, history, language and philosophy. His first books were novels—curious works, weak in invention, filled with the ecstatic religious zeal distinguishing his youth, and showing a superlative purity of thought, but with love of liberty breathing in every line.

The career of Castelar begins at a democratic gathering in Madrid, organized in response to a manifesto of the great party created by O'Donnell. The meeting came together to find itself without leaders. Some had proved faithless, some were in exile; there were no orators; the gathering began to disperse, when a young man, almost a child, ascended the tribune. His stature is small, his voice weak, he is quite unknown, but his voice gradually overpowers the noise; the stranger dominates; they sit down, they listen; soon applause resounds on every side. The orator, carried away by this enthusiasm, pours forth the flood of ideas, images, feelings that are stirring within him. He wishes to stop, with wild acclamations the crowd implores him to continue. When he finally leaves the tribune there is an ovation that penetrates the entire city. When Castelar entered the theatre of Oriente he was an unknown student. He left it famous, having achieved renown in an hour. . . .

Young men advance rapidly along revolutionary

lines. The student of twenty-two, too young to be eligible, was invited to represent the democracy. The democratic papers supported his candidacy, and opened their columns to his pen. Castelar was quickly made editor-in-chief of the "Tribuno." He became one of the great journalists of his day. He declared himself a republican, but was never a Jacobin, repudiating tyranny, whether of the prince or of the people. The chimeras of the Socialists never seduced his reason. What is peculiar to him is that he assimilated his political ideas with his religious beliefs, and preached democracy in the name of Christ. . . .

In 1856 Castelar accepted the chair of National History in the University of Madrid, and the 1st of January, 1857, he opened his course, destined to continue through eight years, with amazing success. The public contended with the students for place to hear him. It was a series of ovations! Whether his instruction was very solid or not, to this great agitator it was less important to teach the generation just entering life than to win it to liberty; to him to teach was to preach, to combat. This young apostle of liberty made his chair in the Athenæum of Madrid a tribune for the promulgation of his doctrines.

"Civilization in the first five centuries of Christianity," was the theme of these lectures. His favorite method was demonstration by vast historical syntheses, embracing a long series of events, and following in rapid flight the progress of ideas through the ages. In one of his last lectures he retraced the progress of liberty since Christ, and passing the centuries in review, marking the distinguishing characteristics of each, showing them all to be ephemeral artists of an immortal work, he resumed the colossal enumeration in these words:

"Thus it is, gentlemen, that these two poles of history, Christianity and the Revolution, the first century of our era and the nineteenth, have come together. There is but one God, Christ tells us; there is but one humanity, says the Revolution. All men are equal before God, Christ says; all men are equal before the law, says the Revolution. All men are free, Christ said, and He broke the yoke of fatalism; all men are free said the Revolution, and she shivered the sceptre of absolute kings. You are all brothers, Christ said; you are all brothers, said the Revolution. Before God, there are neither nobles nor slaves, Christ declared; before me, said the Revolution, there is no slavery! The conscience is free, exclaimed the first Christians on the gibbet or in fetters; liberty of conscience is inviolable, said the Revolution. And here it is that Christianity and liberty meet. If the first century wrote the gospel of religion, ours has written the gospel of social law. You are sons of God, Christ said; you are men, says the Revolution, and this is the meeting of the first and last century of our history. Gentlemen, in this review of the centuries, we concede the existence of that superior being that we call Humanity, and whose life is called history. The individual questions, humanity affirms; the individ-

ual has his weaknesses, humanity is without stain; the individual wanders, humanity always reaches the goal; the individual totters and falls, humanity stands erect and firm; the individual recoils, humanity progresses; the individual is often irreligious, humanity has not ceased for one moment, in one form or other, to communicate with God; finally, the individual dies, but humanity is immortal. Thus it is that from each of the centuries, through which it has passed, there arises an infinite hymn which, like the harmony of organs under the Gothic vaults of the Cathedral, penetrates our soul with a sentiment of divinity; and, as in the great laboratory of Nature, our body is composed of all earthly substances, so in the vast laboratory of history, our mind is formed of the ideas of all the ages."

At twenty-six Castelar was at the height of prosperity, but the death of his mother plunged him into despair. When he rallied from this blow he abandoned his peaceful labors and threw himself into the *mélée* of his times. This man of fine culture, this idealist piled the paving stones of insurrection, and came to be condemned to death as an assassin. Some years later, when his comrade, Cristno Martas had become one of the principal personages in the State, and Sagasta one of the chief ministers of the restored monarchy, Castelar recalled these incidents in the Cortes, remarking one day to Sagasta with his fine ironical smile: "M. le Président du Conseil and I have known each other long; I made my first barricade beside his."

Paris and the Parisians in 1817.....Victor Hugo

... The Champs Elysées, sunny and crowded, were all light and dust, the elements of which glory is composed. Those neighing marbles, the horses of Marly, were prancing in a golden haze. Carriages came and went. A squadron of magnificent bodyguard, clarion in front, was descending the Avenue de Neuilly; the white flag, faintly roseate in the setting sunlight, floated from the dome of the Tuileries. The Place de la Concorde, again called Place Louis XVI., overflowed with gay promenaders, many wearing the silver fleur-de-lis attached to a white ribband which, in 1817, had not entirely disappeared from men's buttonholes. ... A mass of "faubouriens" in Sunday clothes, some wearing the fleur-de-lis like the bourgeois, were playing games and riding wooden horses; some were drinking, some printers' apprentices wore paper caps and shouted with laughter. All was radiant. It was a time of unbroken peace and profound royalist security. It was the time when the report of the Prefect of Police Anglès to the King upon the "faubourgs" of Paris closed with these words:

"Everything considered, Sire, there is nothing to fear from these people. They are as careless and indolent as cats. The common people of the provinces are restless; those of Paris are not so. The men are all small. Sire, it would take two of them to make one of your grenadiers. There is nothing to fear from the populace of the capital. It is noteworthy that the standard of height has diminished in this population during the last fifty years, and that the people of the 'faubourgs' are smaller than

before the Revolution. They are not dangerous; in short, it is a good-humored rabble."

That a cat may be transformed into a lion, is what a prefect of police cannot grasp; nevertheless, such is the miracle of the people of Paris. Moreover, the cat so despised by Count Anglès, was esteemed by the republics of antiquity; it was in their eyes the incarnation of liberty, and as a sort of pendant to the wingless Minerva of the Piræus, there was in the public square of Corinth a colossal cat in bronze. The guileless police of the Restoration looked too favorably on the masses of Paris, which are not such good-humored rabble as they have been thought. The Parisian is to France what the Athenian was to the Greek. No one sleeps more calmly than he; no one is more frankly frivolous and lazy; no one seems more oblivious; but do not trust him! He is given to the utmost nonchalance, but set glory beyond and he is prone to perfect frenzy. Give him a pike and he will give you the 10th of August; give him a gun, and you have Austerlitz. He is the fulcrum of Napoleon, the last resource of Danton. Is the country in danger? He volunteers. Is liberty at stake? He tears up the paving stones! Beware! His very looks bespeak an epic fury; his blouse drapes into a chlamys. Take care! Of the first Rue Grenétat he reaches he will make the Caudine Forks. When the hour strikes, this "faubourien" grows large, this little man rises up and becomes terrible to look upon and his breath will be a tempest, and from his frail, thin chest will burst a storm to disarrange the foldings of the Alps. It was by the Parisian "faubourien" that the Revolution conquered Europe with her arms. He sings because it is his delight. Adapt his song to his nature and you will see. So long as his chorus is but the "Carmagnole" he overthrows only Louis XVI. Let him sing the "Marseillaise" and he will deliver the world!

The Modern Woman and Motherhood.

These excerpts from the writings of Madame Laura Marholm are cited by M. Ernest Seillières in an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for August 15, entitled: The Reaction Against the Woman Movement in Germany.

"Female writers have sprung up like mushrooms after an autumnal shower; beside them we see vegetating a few female physicians and a cloud of teachers and telephonists. They claim the right to study, to practice law, to administer affairs and even to vote! The only right they pass over in silence is the right to love. Woman thus becomes a neuter being, capable of thinking and doing, but incapable of accomplishing her real mission. All possible attenuations of a sex engaged in gradually suppressing itself are boldly exhibited, offering to the observer a choice of admirable specimens of deformity, temperaments, victims of premature development; others stifled in the germ; overstimulation and atrophy of the senses; the abuse of theory side by side with the silence of instinct." The highways of the moral world according to Madame Marholm, says M. Seillières, are literally strewn with the corpses of these intrepid champions. Three of the most brilliant ended their lives by suicide. Others found late their road to Damascus and returned in time to the ways of love and maternity. Such was

Madame Edgren-Leffler, who had been the standard-bearer of female emancipation, as Bjoernsen was its prophet. "She disdained the artifices of the past," said Laura Marholm, "and renouncing to win hearts as a loving woman, she wished to convince them as a reasoning woman. She denounced the old aspiration of her sex to rule by means of charm and imposed upon it the mission to win respect by performance. Her mind was formed in the school of Mill and Spencer."

The two contemporary sociologists and socialists, Mill and Bebel, are, in Madame Marholm's eyes, the authors most responsible for the feminine excesses she stigmatizes. "Two equally celebrated books," she says, "have been written upon the rights of woman—"Le Servage de la Femme," by Stuart Mill, and "La Femme et le Socialisme," by Bebel. Both books show certain and profound science, and courageous good will; but what are we women to do with these writings? God alone knows all that women have done with them. They have modeled themselves upon these writings; with their unlimited power of adaptation they have endeavored to realize what was there said about them. I have seen and talked and associated with these women infatuated with their rights, who had taken Stuart Mill and Bebel to their tender hearts, so confiding and often so innocently childish. Conscientiously, and with all their might, they had unsexed themselves. For the two celebrated and courageous writers have made but one omission in their celebrated and courageous writings, and this mission, unfortunately, is woman. In her inherent susceptibility woman submits by instinct to all classes of men, theorists, agitators, pedants. She molds herself in accordance with their wishes, feminine or unfeminine, to please them. Dear guides and masters, do not so deceive yourself and us! Your books are excellent, instructive and progressive works; it is only a pity that you know nothing about us. There is everything in your writings; nothing is wanting except the spark revealing man to woman and woman to man. You have the power to make of women what you please, mistresses or amazons, reasoners or devotees, students or idiots, mothers or young girls, for we obey the least pressure of your finger, and our nature is simply to follow you in all ways. But whatever you may see fit to impose on us, we shall be neither so happy nor so unfortunate as you imagine, for what you consider our happiness is not our happiness, and what you consider our misfortune does not make us unhappy. And if man has almost always oppressed woman, woman has almost always reigned over man. . . . All the judicial relations established between man and woman are palliatives for failure in real fusion; and they are fruitless, because in these things the instinct of selection is the heart of the matter and should decide. Where it has not spoken, the code has nothing to do. . . . Men are not made of wood, as Stuart Mill seems to think, whose ideal of the relations between the two sexes consists in maintaining elevated conversations with a woman."

To Madame Marholm the mission of woman is evidently maternity, based upon marriage. This is the wholesome side of her work, the general tint

covering its hardihood of tone and its glaring colors. On this subject she writes:

"If the mother does not rise like the sun upon her offspring, so warming them that each little member expands with pleasure under the glowing glance and the smile like the pure morning rays arousing and developing all things good, strong, cheerful and sound in him; if the mother is not this, she may have many good qualities as well as her child, but the latter will never be wholly fitted for life. It will be badly guided and must guide itself badly in small things as in great; it will be dissatisfied and inadequate; coarse or insignificant, and even if it have later strength to eliminate all the evil and unwholesome tendencies of childhood, a thorn will ever remain in the flesh and the man will retain a sort of inherent awkwardness because he could not gorge himself in time with vigorous blood and beneficent sunshine."

Voix Maudite.....*Les Lettres et Les Arts*

. . . The only music to my mind is that of Wagner! As for Glück and Handel and Mozart, "the divine," all those cooing rondeaux, tapping minuets; all that infamous music of the infamous eighteenth century, I will have none of it! . . .

Oh, accursed, accursed human voice, violin of flesh and bone fabricated by one before whom the Stradivarius and the Amati grow pale, the devil himself! Execrable art of song, what evil hast thou not wrought in the past, corrupting the purest genius, debasing the noblest of arts! . . . Hast thou not filled a century with the foolish and infamous worship of that most wicked and debased of God's creatures, the singer, and must thy malign influence attack us musicians of to-day?

. . . I remember it well, that stifling evening under the implacable moonlight of Venice, which more than the heavy splendor of noon seems to reveal the city crouched like a great nenuphar amid its waters and exhaling its strange and dangerous effluvia, intoxicating the brain and enervating the heart. . . . I still see my comrades of the artists' club hanging over the engraving purchased for a few sous in some hovel of the San Polo, and representing a singer of the accursed century.

I see the engraving, the central figure a great effeminate creature with curling locks, and evil, woman's face, a sword in his embroidered dress, an arch of triumph over his head. . . . Then Count Alvise, an old Venetian aristocrat and roué, began to relate to an American lady whose rich, pretty daughter he was courting for his son, the story of this Balthasar Cesari, surnamed Zaffirino because of a great sapphire graven with cabalistic signs given him by that chief amateur of human voices, the devil.

"He was a great singer, madame, a famous singer in the days of my ancestors; yes, of my ancestors, madame. And this Zaffirino boasted that no woman had ever resisted his voice; that with an air he called 'aria dei mariti' he could make any woman expire of love before his eyes.

"My great-aunt, Pisana Renier, wife of the procurator Vendramin, was a patrician of the old school, quite inaccessible in her virtue and pride. She ridiculed the talk of this Zaffirino, treated him

like a lackey, and declared that with sorceries and evil practices he might kill a lady, but make her love him—never! The words were reported to Zaffirino, who never forgave a slight to his song. While apparently avoiding the Lady Vendramin, he took occasion one evening at an assembly to let her hear him sing. Soon after Donna Pisana fell suddenly ill. The most skilful physicians failed to discover the mysterious malady which rapidly wasted the beautiful young woman, and Vendramin vainly gave his splendid offerings to Madonnas and saints most famed for their miracles of healing. At last the brother-in-law of the lady, Monseigneur Almoro Vendramin, Patriarch of Apulia, a holy man, was advised by Sainte-Justine in a vision that the only relief for his sister's mysterious sufferings was the singing of Zaffirino. It should be noted that Donna Pisana had never stooped to such an admission.

"The procurator was ravished, the Patriarch went in person to fetch Zaffirino in his carriage to Mistra, where Donna Pisana was sojourning. At the news the poor lady went into a violent rage, soon transmuted into extravagant joy. But she did not forget her high rank. She had herself arranged with the utmost pomp and adorned with diamonds; she seemed to wish to assert her dignity in the presence of this singer. She received Zaffirino lying on a couch in the great hall of Mistra, and under the princely canopy, for the Vendramins, allied with the house of Mantua, possessed imperial fiefs and were princes of the Holy Empire. Zaffirino saluted her with profound respect, but no words passed between them. The singer asked the procurator if the august invalid had received the sacraments of the Church, and on the reply of the procurator that his wife had that morning taken extreme unction from the hands of her brother-in-law, Zaffirino declared himself ready to obey the orders of his excellency and sat down to the harpsichord.

"Never had he been heard to sing so exquisitely. At the close of the first air the Lady Vendramin had rallied marvelously; at the close of the second she seemed cured and sparkled with beauty and joy, but at the third air—"L'aria dei mariti"—she began to change frightfully in face, and with the last cadence she uttered a terrible cry and fell in the agonies of death. In a quarter of an hour she was no more!" . . .

The story oppressed me. That magical, cruel voice continued to haunt me. My art deserted me. I grew ill. My friends were alarmed. Count Alvise himself insisted that I should interrupt my opera and go for a rest to his ancestral home, Mistra. And to Mistra I went, assured that there I should probe my strange malady to its core. . . . At night I could not sleep. The silence seemed deadly. Suddenly it was broken by the first faint sound that had so often startled me, a dry metallic sound, this time seeming very near me. I groped my way to my door, passed it and followed the corridor to an opening, a low doorway, through which I tottered into a little box or gallery, overhanging a vast saloon faintly illumined by a single hanging lamp. At one extremity of this apartment I could distinguish persons grouped about a couch of yellow satin, whereon lay a woman resplendent with jew-

els. Beneath the lamp, seated at an old harpsichord, was a man with bowed head as though reflecting before singing.

He struck two or three chords, he sang . . . yes, it was the voice, the voice that had persecuted me so long! I recognized that strange, exquisite tone, very soft, barely a breath, which swelled until the whole hall was filled with the single note, vibrating, exotic, divinely sweet, but without freshness or brilliancy, a passion veiled in tears. And I admitted that this voice so loathed—I loved it!

It developed in long, langorous phrases, in voluptuous graces, exquisite trillings; it paused, swayed as though drunk with delicious languor—and I felt my soul, my body melting like wax in the sun, as though I must blend with those sounds like the moonbeams with the dew.

Suddenly I heard a faint groan in the dim corner of the saloon, then another blending dully with the voice. During one prolonged flourish, with abrupt, metallic notes, like those of a mandolin, the singer turned his head toward the canopy. Again there came thence a plaintive groan; but instead of pausing he struck a chord and passed softly into a long cadence. At the same moment he threw back his head; the light fell full upon the beautiful effeminate face with palled tint and heavy black eyebrows, of the singer Zaffirino. . . . At sight of his smile, that evil and mocking smile of a wicked woman, I realized instinctively that he must be stopped, that he must not be allowed to finish that accursed phrase. I realized that he was an assassin, that he was killing this woman and killing me, too, with his song.

I ran down the narrow staircase from the lodge, followed by the magical, heavenly voice. I threw myself against the door leading into the saloon, and while I struggled with the lock, I could hear that voice swelling, swelling, tearing the soft down that seemed to veil it, then flashing clear and resplendent as the sharp blade of a knife entering my bosom. . . . The door yielded to my efforts, it opened, I entered. A flood of blue light blinded me. The tender blue of lunar fog was flowing in soft and mild through four great casements and transformed the vast apartment into a sort of submarine grotto paved with rays and great sheets of moonlight. It was as light as midday, but with a light cold, blue, vaporous, supernatural. The place was quite empty like a vast hay barn, only from the ceiling hung the chain that had formerly held a lamp, and in the corner, among heaps of corn and fodder emitting a breath of mold and dampness, stood a long harpsichord with slender legs and cover split from end to end.

I felt suddenly quite calm. I could think of nothing but the unfinished phrase I had just heard, and which still echoed in my brain. I raised the cover and struck boldly on the keys. A clatter of horrible, broken, ridiculous chords responded to my touch. . . . Then terror seized me. I climbed into one of the windows, precipitated myself into the garden and wandered until dawn superseded the moonlight, but could not drive and have never since been able to drive the hideous broken chords, the ravishing, accursed voice from my despairing brain. . . .

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

Boys and Girls and Books.....The Dial

The curse (we use the word deliberately) which at present rests upon the teaching of English literature in our elementary and secondary schools is the imposition upon young people of "a priori" programmes. We try to inculcate a love of literature by making boys and girls read books must they do not like, simply because in our Olympian opinion, and from our superior point of view, they ought to like them. The result is the natural one that a large proportion of our grammar and high-school children learn to hate the very name of literature, and by our injudicious treatment are cut off (many of them for good) from one of the chief joys of life. And yet nearly all of them have their literary interests, have somewhere in their mental make-up the germs of good taste. Any intelligent teacher, free to deal with the problem presented by a particular individual or even a particular class of students, can get at these interests and develop these germs. But this necessary freedom of diagnosis and treatment is denied to most teachers by the stupidity of the authorities placed over them, and they are condemned to the hopeless task of working within the rigid limits of prescribed texts and courses. The colleges, for example, announce that they will examine candidates in certain texts, and the consequence of this announcement is that thousands of hapless young students (to take two peculiarly flagrant cases of recent years) are set to studying Defoe's *History of the Plague* and Burke's speech on Conciliation. Small wonder if, under these circumstances, the study of literature itself becomes a plague, because absolutely devoid of the sort of conciliation that is really needed. And if undue deference is not paid to the requirements of the colleges, there is never any lack of doctrinaires among superintendents and committeemen to devise programmes that are equally well calculated to destroy the nascent liking for literature that is the normal possession of healthy young minds.

This way of dealing with the most sacred interests of children is educational quackery and nothing else, whether it proceed from autocratic individuals or from bodies of educators in solemn conclave. It is the proprietary medicine principle applied to the treatment of the mind. The fatuousness of prescribing certain texts to be studied by children in certain stages of their education is so amazing that words are inadequate to deal with it. That one man's meat is another man's poison is a statement as true in psychology as it is in physiology. Imagine a body of representative physicians meeting for the purpose of preparing a course of drugs to be administered uniformly to young people of certain ages. At fifteen, let us say, they should take calomel for so many months, quinine for so many others, and thus throughout the whole period of development. The illustration is grotesque, no doubt, yet it offers a fair parallel to the methods of many educators when dealing with this delicate question of literary instruction. Mr. Ruskin once described himself as "a violent Tory," and the contemplation of such methods as these should

be enough to make "a violent Individualist" of every one having a proper appreciation of the aims to be kept in view by the teacher of literature. "Chaos is come again" would doubtless be the cry of the partisans of routine should their precious schemes be roughly set aside in the interests of the individual student. But in pedagogy, at least, there is one thing worse than chaos, and that thing is the sort of regimentation toward which so much of our modern education tends.

Plea for Corporal Punishment.....London Daily News

Professor Earl Barnes delivered an interesting address which he called *A Study on Children's Attitudes Toward Punishment*. In this address he gave the fruits of an inquiry he has been making during the past ten years in California, Chicago and London. The inquiry has taken the form of an ingenious probing of the minds of some 3,000 children. His method, it seemed, was to get this or a kindred subject for composition set in schools: "Describe a punishment that you have received unjustly." The common offense among his 3,000 children was disorder or restlessness. One quarter of the offenses were purely negative—things not done. Of the active offenses, three-fourths were cases of misdirected energy, the hissing of escaped steam, the rattling of loose machinery. That fact indicated the difficulty of finding proper outlets for the energy of children. The punishments were whippings, slappings, confinement and scoldings. A test case was put to the children: "Two burglars broke into a house, and when they were disturbed one got away with the booty and the other was caught. The punishment for such an offense is five years in prison. If you had been judge, what would you have done with the man who was caught?" The significant thing in the replies was that at seven, eight and nine years old scarcely a child would apply the law. Every kind of punishment was specified except the one imposed by law. At ten and eleven three or four per cent. of the children sentenced the man to five years' imprisonment. At twelve and thirteen over fifty per cent. took that course. At fifteen and sixteen some such remark as this was made: "As the law says five years' imprisonment is the punishment for his offense, I should pass sentence of five years' imprisonment." Another test was set. It was stated that "two boys were playing in the school ground, when one got angry with the other and hit him, which led to a fight. The 'boy who began it' ran home; the one who had been attacked entered the schoolroom. The teacher had made a regulation that for fighting a boy should lose his outings. If you had been the teacher, what would you have done to this boy?" Again it was shown that, whereas the younger children would not impose the appointed punishment, there was a growing tendency later on to act according to the rule. Boys grew into a recognition of the law more readily than girls. There was another test. A four-year-old child received a box of colors as a birthday present, and when her parents chanced to be upstairs she painted

the drawing-room chairs, calling to her mother, at the completion of the task: "Mummy, come and see how beautiful I have made the chairs look." The problem set to the scholars was: "If you had been the mother, what would you have done to that child?" The lecturer read typical answers at different ages. At eight almost the universal verdict was, "If I had been that child's mother I would have smacked her." At nine this view prevailed, "I would have given her a good beating and then forgiven her." At ten, "I should have taken the paints away, slapped the child, sent her to bed, and not let her go out the next day." At eleven, "When her next birthday came I wouldn't let her have anything, and I would not let her have any toys at all until she knew better. When she grew old enough I would make her pay for the chairs she had spoiled." At twelve: "I should have scolded her very much and taken away the paints till she knew how to use them." Here the lecturer paused to point out that at that age the need for guidance was beginning to be recognized. At thirteen came wisdom: "If I had been the child's mother I would not have bought her the paints. I think if the chairs are thoroughly scrubbed the paint will come off all right. As for the child, I would fetch her a smack; but she wasn't hardly old enough to know better, anyway." At fourteen: "To punish the child would be very hard and very improper. Explain to the child why she ought not to do such things." Thus at seven and eight, sixty or seventy per cent. of the children would have offered physical violence to a little child who was perfectly innocent of offense, and who, after painting the chairs, to please her mother, had actually summoned that lady to admire the work. This readiness to prescribe physical chastisement was not confined to poor children, it was equally noticeable among the children brought up in nice families. At sixteen, only one or two would maltreat the little thing.

Coming to general conclusions, the lecturer said if, as he supposed was always the case, children were punished to make them better, they must be punished on lines they understood. The young child understood and responded to strong, vigorous physical reaction. As he grew older, enlightenment and subjective treatment might be gradually substituted for physical reaction. Certainly there was a time when the child had to rest in an absolute controlling physical force. From that time until the time when an absolutely self-directing individual had grown up, the problem was to diminish gradually, inch by inch, physical control and substitute for it, inch by inch, subjective control. He knew of no more God-forsaken and helpless thing than the child who had not learned the intense calm, rest and peace of a strong controlling adult hand. In grappling with the problem they must remember that a child of eight might, in mental habits, have reached the age of twenty.

Moreover, he had known eight-year-old boys who were still in the nine-months-old stage. In view of the foregoing conclusions, he regretted exceedingly the fact that "no corporal punishment" was the hard and fast rule in some schools, services and prisons.

An Arab University.....Pall Mall Gazette

Sir Harry Johnston devotes a section of his new report on Tunis to an account of the measures taken there for educating the native population. In the course of this he gives a very interesting account of the Mosque of the Olive Tree (Jama-ez-Zituna) at Tunis, one of the three great centres of Mahommetan learning in North Africa, the others being El Azhar, in Cairo, and the Great Mosque at Fez, in Morocco. This Zituna still remains a great centre of teaching. It is an immense building, with 161 porphyry columns, lit only by many open doors. Outside the main building is a vast square, surrounded by a colonnade, at one end of which is an immense minaret. Within the main building, where the porphyry columns are, is the sacred shrine, and in this main building the professors teach and the students learn. The institution has a valuable library of Arab books and manuscripts, some of which are said to have come from the famous library of Alexandria, destroyed by the first Mahommetan invader of Egypt. Sir Harry Johnston, however, asked a student at the mosque whether this was the case, but the student asserted that every document in the library was in Arabic, and either in Cufic or modern Arabic characters. But a search in the library by a competent scholar would probably result in discoveries of interest. There is such a large proportion of old works inscribed in Cufic characters that there are one or more professors of Cufic who teach students to master this style of writing and enable them to read the old works.

Over 400 students are usually taught at this university, while there are about a hundred professors. The lectures begin at sunrise and continue until sunset, fifteen different lectures usually going on at the same time. Each professor sits cross-legged, with his back against one of the many columns of the mosque, his students grouped about him. The latter vary in age from sixteen to thirty; but occasionally are men of advanced middle age. They can choose their own professors, but are constrained to some extent as to the course of teaching it is considered best for them to follow. They live near the mosque in "medressahs," or lodgings, of which there are twenty-two, each presided over by a sheik or elder. The instruction is chiefly in theology, rhetoric, logic, grammar, law and medicine, and much obsolete and useless teaching is given under these heads. Until recently there was but little method in the instruction, each professor rambled on in his discourse, ranging over any topic on which he cared to impart information, and the students listened or not, as they chose. To encourage a more practical education, the State offered the students exemption from military service and from certain taxes if they passed an elementary outside examination, but only four of sixty-six recently succeeded in doing this. In future it is intended to impress on the management of the mosque that each professor should keep to one subject; that the students should be obliged to take notes and pass periodical examinations. Outside lectures on scientific subjects and on matters of present-day interest have also been established, and about 100 students from the mosque attend these, so that now

"Tunisians tell each other in Arabic, and without any interference from either French official or Arab theologian, the news of the world, and the nature of the great discoveries which are being made in Europe and America."

American Education at the Paris Exposition.....Rogers.....Outlook

The French authorities, in their Exposition classification, have given education the place of honor, recognizing it—in the language of the French Commissioner-General—as the source of all progress, since through it man enters into the work of life. In the arrangement of the United States exhibit, States, or any parts thereof, will not be recognized as units—simply as contributors. Quite unlike the Chicago Exposition in 1893, we are not placing one State in comparison with another, but our nation with other nations. Our work as a nation will be judged with the work of France, Germany and England, and its arrangement must necessarily be made with this fact in view. It is a matter of absolutely no moment to a foreigner whether one of our States has a better or a worse educational system than another. What is the best work which the schools of the United States can produce in any department? will be the question to be satisfactorily answered. At the same time, any piece of work or system of work contributed by any city, village or institution will be credited thereto, and catalogued and judged for an award as coming from it. About fifty per cent. of the total area of 3,000 square feet granted to education will be devoted to elementary and secondary schools, and fifty per cent. to higher education and special forms of education. To one who has in mind the tremendous areas given to educational exhibits at the Chicago Exposition, this would seem a totally inadequate space. It certainly is inadequate; and it is a very difficult problem to devise exhibit appliances which will enable us to show those things which must find a place in order properly to represent the development of our system. At the same time, it must be said that the limitation of space is not without certain compensations, as it absolutely forbids the padding out of an exhibit by useless repetitions, and strictly limits the exhibit to the legitimate development of work of the public schools, colleges and universities, leaving no room for fads and doubtful experiments.

In that space which is devoted to the work of the public schools the division will be made into kindergarten, primary, grammar and high schools. The work will be exhibited grade by grade, carefully classified and designed to illustrate the most advanced courses of study.

A similar radical departure from the accepted traditions has been made in the case of colleges and universities. There is not sufficient space to grant to the institutions which in equity could demand consideration for any one of them to satisfactorily portray its resources and equipment. The exhibit of higher education will, therefore, be divided into departments, as follows: Philosophy, language and literature, pure science, fine arts, education, law, medicine, theology, engineering, architecture, agriculture. By this arrangement we shall have, in series, illustrations of the working processes

in all the great faculties or departments of our universities. A foreigner who is interested in pure science, or in medicine, can find grouped in one space a concise statement of the extent to which this work is developed in our American universities, with as much illustrative work in addition as the space assigned us will permit.

*The School Programme.....Stuart H. Rowe**

An investigation of the school curriculum and its effect upon the child's physical condition has led to a number of interesting, if not thoroughly conclusive, results. The longest period which a child of five or seven years should be expected to have for a given exercise should not exceed fifteen minutes. For a child of seven to ten years it should not exceed twenty minutes; for a child from ten to twelve, not over twenty-five; and from twelve to sixteen, not more than thirty. These figures have been approved both by experiment and experience. They are maxima for all confining exercises. With regard to the exercises which are the most fatiguing, arithmetic and language, as may be generally supposed, have proved most so. But rather to the surprise of most teachers, careful experiments have ranked physical culture exercises with these subjects. In justice to physical culture, it should, however, be remembered that this is the case where it is continued for the same length of time as the other exercises, which rarely happens in this country. Still, the experiments show that gymnastics is not as restful as has been thought. One investigator, Kemsies, found the order, beginning with the most fatiguing, to be: Gymnastics, mathematics, foreign languages, religion, mother tongue, natural history, geography, history, singing and drawing. All of these investigations are tentative and liable to error from numerous sources. The relative difficulty of subjects is best known to the teacher and the pupil, and varies much with individual teachers and students, depending upon the tastes and aptitudes of both. The interchange of the more and the less difficult studies is desirable. The fatiguing nature of physical culture is also a strong argument which should forbid the supplanting of a recess by such an exercise. Aside from the time for recess (and this should be under as little felt supervision as possible), there should be, when the hours are at all long, a lunch period, especially for the younger children.

As for the relative merits of a one-session, or two-session plan, much may be said on both sides. The consensus of opinion and recent experiments concerning the time of greatest fatigue, have seemed to indicate that the morning work should be given over rather to the more difficult subjects, while the afternoon may be devoted to one hard subject and recreation or study work. There is little doubt that as much may be accomplished during the first school year in a three-hour session as in one of five hours. Data where it has been tried would seem to indicate that second and third year pupils will progress at a normal rate with no more than three hours and a half.

*From *Physical Nature of the Child*. Stuart H. Rowe, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, \$1.00.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN *

—One small girl in a suburban town is a member of a large family. Not only has she several older brothers and sisters but she has uncles and aunts galore. It's a pleasant enough state of affairs on most occasions, but there are times when it might be convenient to be an only child and these times are when, sleepy and tired, she begins the long petition in which all these near relatives figure by name, and which stands between her and her downy couch. The other night she attempted a reform. After getting through the "Bless papa and mamma," she paused only to add, sleepily, "and the whole business, you know it."

—Little three-year-old Bessie ran flying down the front steps with an agonizing cry of "Papa! Papa!" Her father had started downtown, but he stopped and waited. "What is it, Bessie?" he asked. "I want to kiss you good-by," she said. "Well, I'm waiting for the kiss," he said. "I'll give it to you," she replied, with trembling lips and quivering chin, "just as soon as I can make the pucker."

—Tommy (after looking very hard at his mother's guest)—Why, you drink all right, after all. Astonished Guest—And why not? Tommy—Oh, I don't know. Only mother said you drank like a fish.

—"You have only had half of the poodle clipped, mamma," said little Tommy. "Yes, Tommy." Tommy thought a moment and asked: "Is it so that the warm end of the dog can enjoy the coolness of the other end all the more?"

—"Oh, George, who opened the canary's cage?" "I did. As you told me a little bird was a-whispering to you when I was naughty, I knew it must be him, as there was no other little bird about, so I opened the cage, and the cat's eaten him. That's wot he's got for telling on me!"

—A child, on being asked to illustrate a certain hymn, drew a woman carefully nursing a little bear; under it he wrote:

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child She-bear?

—"Mamma, do you want to hear a fife-and-drum corps play?" "Yes, deary." "Then rock 'way back in your chair. The cat's tail is under the rocker. He'll be the fife."

—Infant School Teacher (giving an object lesson on sugar)—Now tell me some of the things that sugar is used for. First Young Idea—To put in rice puddings. Second Y. I.—To put in tea. I. S. Teacher—That's right; but sugar is used for other things. Third Y. I. (knowledge radiating from every pore)—Teacher! I know—to put into sugar-basins.

—If one of these small boys doesn't turn out to be a diplomat it will be once when the natural bent has nothing to do with the case. As to the other small boy, he may be too honest to succeed. They are in the country and one day when they were hungry "between meals," with the simplest belief that they wouldn't know the difference, two very dry pieces of cake were given to them to enjoy

which they promptly proceeded not to do. They waited till they were alone or thought they were when the following conversation took place: "I don't like this." "Nor me, neither." "I don't dast throw it away, for they might ask us. I tell you, you just shut your eyes and I'll throw yours away, and then I'll shut mine and you throw this one away." At the first opportunity the honest boy tried to make matters still better. "My cake's all gone," he said, "I didn't throw it away, and"—well pleased with the cleverness of their scheme—"I didn't see Willie when he done it."

—Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally her lectures are very well received. Now and then there are exceptions. One one occasion a bright-eyed little boy, who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, was asked how he liked it. "I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody." At another lecture a youngster criticised her as follows: "It's all very well to talk of weighing and measuring stars. There are some people, of course, who believe that sort of thing, but if she thinks she can fool us boys with such fairy tales she's very much mistaken."

—Tommy—It was a dreadful day the last time I went to grandma's. It blowed and it—Mother—"It blowed" is not proper. Say "it blew." Tommy—It blew and it snowed awful.

—"George, George, mind; your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the window!" exclaimed a fond father to his little son, who was traveling with him in a railway carriage. Quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, papa hid it behind his back. "There, now, the hat has gone!" he cried, pretending to be angry. And George immediately set up a howl. After a time the father remarked: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Then he whistled and replaced the hat on the boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see." Afterward, while papa was talking to mamma, a small, shrill voice was heard saying: "Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat out of the window! Whistle again, will you?"

—Freddy (age six) was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Like father's, with a round hole at the top."

—"We tried to keep the railway carriage to ourselves from Liverpool to London," wrote an American bride. "At Busby, the guard opened the door, and, in spite of Fred's scowls, lifted a small girl into our compartment, making a lot of apologies about having no place else to put her. She was a real little tow-headed English girl of about seven, and she sat down on the edge of the seat and stared about her. 'What is the matter, Miss Victoria?' asked Fred. 'I don't see the birds,' said the small girl, plaintively. 'Birds? What birds?' asked Fred. 'When I came from my other train, your guard said to my guard, 'Shove her in along wif the love-birds.' Where are they?'"

*Compiled from Contemporaries.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Plans for the Next Census.....Harper's Weekly

The twelfth census will differ in several particulars from any of the preceding ones. It will be conducted on a larger scale, as there are of course more people to be enumerated. It will embrace a greater area; for the first time the inhabitants of Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico are to be included in the count. Moreover, the coming census will be the first in which all the work of recording and computing statistics is to be done by mechanical means. Electric tabulating machines were introduced for this purpose toward the close of the eleventh census, but in the coming enumeration they will be relied upon entirely.

The thorough organization necessary in order successfully to carry through such an undertaking as this may be appreciated when one reflects upon the labor involved in counting 75,000,000 of anything—a task that would require one man's undivided energies for twelve hours a day during more than a year and a half. In the case of the census the labor is multiplied by the consideration that the 75,000,000 units are human beings, concerning each of whom a dozen facts must be recorded, and that they are scattered over some 4,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface.

The task of taking the census will require altogether the services of more than 40,000 persons. They will be separated into two main divisions—the field forces, and the headquarters staff in Washington. The former will include by far the greater number—nearly 40,000, all told. These will be the enumerators, who will gather the required information from all parts of the country, and the superintendents in charge of this branch of the work. The data thus collected will be compiled and prepared for publication by a staff of 3,000 clerks in the central office. Roughly speaking, there will be one enumerator for each township throughout the country, or, in the cities, one for each ward. The enumerators will be local residents appointed by the Director of the Census, on the recommendation of some influential person, usually the Congressman from the district. The superintendents will have charge of divisions generally the same in limits as the Congressional districts. In the case of the larger cities, however, there will be but one superintendent to each city, although his territory may include several Congressional districts. In Massachusetts, where an efficient census bureau exists under the direction of the State authorities, there will be a single superintendent.

The enumerators are expected to start on their rounds on June 1, 1900. They will be supplied beforehand with portfolios containing blank schedules on which to enter the name of each person in their districts, together with the information provided for by law. Most of them can complete their tasks within a few days, and will receive from \$50 to \$150 for their services, according to the amount of work involved. As soon as the schedules are completed and revised, under the direction of the district superintendents, they will be forwarded to Washington.

Here is where the work of putting the census data into intelligible and valuable form will be done, and here is where the tabulating machinery will come into play. These machines, by the way, are the invention of a former census employee, Mr. Herman Hollerith. They were designed with a special view to use in the census, although they have proved valuable for other statistical work.

By this system the statistics concerning each person will appear on a separate punched card. About 75,000,000 of these cards will be required, therefore, to contain all the data collected for the census.

The cards are numbered to correspond with the numbers opposite the names in the schedules. They contain 288 symbols, each of which is an abbreviation representing some fact within the range of the census enumeration. They are punched by means of a machine something like a typewriter in appearance, which has on its key-board a reproduction of all of the symbols on the cards.

In recording the statistics a clerk reads from the schedules the information entered opposite a certain name to an operator seated at the key-board of the punching machine. With a little practice this punching machine can be operated as fast as an ordinary typewriter. Experience has shown that the average number of records that one clerk can transfer from the schedules to the cards is 700 per day. It is the intention of the Census Bureau to put 1,000 clerks at work with these machines as soon as the returns are in, so that this branch of the work should be completed in about one hundred days.

From the punching machine the record cards go to the electric tabulating machine, which is even more ingenious. In form it is something like an upright piano. In the face of the upper part of the box are set a number of indicator dials, each one devoted to some one set of facts comprehended in the census. Inside the machine is a complicated system of electric wiring connecting these indicators with the operating apparatus.

It is the mission of this machine to total the various facts recorded on the punched cards. To do this the punched cards are slipped into the machine beneath a set of electric needles, mounted on spiral springs. The operator presses these needles down upon the card. Wherever there are punch-holes the needles pass through and dip into a cup of mercury placed beneath. An electric circuit is thus completed, which moves up the indicators on the connected dials one point and records the particular fact indicated by each punch-hole. The totals are always in view on the indicators, and are copied off on slips at the end of each run.

The Rumored Abdication of the Czar.....London Spectator

To any but a very resolute or a very resigned man the weight of the Russian crown must be almost insupportable. Alexander III. supported it, though keenly sensible of his own inadequacy, because he had a firm belief, which turned out well founded, that as God had placed him there, God would enable him to do his duty; but faith of that

kind is given only to a few. The mere work, which increases every day as the Empire grows larger and more civilized, and therefore more conscious of wants, would try any ordinary man, and it is all made so heavy by its importance either to the world, or to Russia, or to individuals. The Czar must issue hundreds of orders a week, each one of which may have momentous consequences. He is not only premier as well as sovereign, but he is supreme legislator, commander-in-chief of the largest of armies—in itself a task for more than one man—chief, and to an enormous extent supreme, judge of the civil service, and possessed of the initiative, as well as of the final power of decision, in all foreign affairs. No doubt he has much assistance, and can “devolute” much work, but devolution often fails in a monarchy, as it fails in our own House of Commons. The necessity of a final decision comes back in a different form. It is the strength and the curse of autocracy that ministers, unless exceptionally strong men, will not act for themselves; that they seek constantly the shelter of a “supreme order” which relieves them of responsibility; that they are always wanting to be approved by the ultimate master for their conduct of their work. That approval is their guarantee of favor, and the favor of the throne is in a true autocracy more necessary, not only to the authority, but to the happiness, of the great agents of the Empire than even the confidence of the people is in a democracy. Affairs will go on as regularly under a despot as under free institutions, but it is only on condition that the despotism shall be fairly energetic. Under a “fainéant” autocrat everything goes to pieces with almost unintelligible rapidity, as you may see in the history of every Asiatic State. The only alternative is a great Vizier, and something in the history of circumstances of Russia, or it may be something in the very separate and peculiar character of its reigning house, has always prevented a great Vizier from growing up. No one can name in the last five centuries any one, except possibly, for a brief period, Potemkin, who has fully occupied that position—who has, in fact, been great enough to dwarf the Czar. The sovereign in Russia actually does the ruling, and it is easy to understand how, if the sovereign is weak, or nervous, or in feeble health, or conscious of a frequent collision between his circumstances and his aspirations, he wearies of his burden.

The burden of empire, real empire, on the mind must be terribly severe. It maddened most of the early Cæsars, whose conduct, if truly reported by their chroniclers, is inconsistent with full possession of ordinary reason. It has driven at least two emperors of Russia, Ivan and Paul, into the lunacy which justifies confinement. It killed Nicholas I., a really strong man, even if it did not, as is persistently rumored, induce him to commit suicide. It plunged Alexander II. into a melancholy only distinguishable from melancholia because his reason remained clear and he could compel himself to work. It shattered the splendid constitution of Alexander III. so that disease found him without power of recuperation, and unless all stories from St. Petersburg are incorrect, it afflicts Nicholas II. with spasms of doubt and mental pain which occa-

sionally seem to take all happiness out of his life and convert his magnificent position into a source of torment. It seems to Englishmen that it must be easy to lighten the burden, but we fancy the difficulties are enormously great.

The Driblette of the Tower.....London Daily Graphic

The building of a new guard-room in the inner bailey of the Tower of London has led to a strange and interesting discovery, and enhanced the mystery and romance which have gathered for centuries around its gray walls and battlements. The new guard-room occupies the space between the Bloody Tower and the White Tower upon the right as you enter the inner ward, and in preparing its foundations a subterranean passage was discovered (or, to be accurate, re-discovered, for its existence was known before), extending from the moat, near the Traitors' Gate beneath St. Thomas' Tower, in the direction of the southwest angle of the White Tower. The passage is lined throughout with Norman masonry and has a level floor; it was evident at once, therefore, that it was not a drain or culvert, for in that case it would have had a rounded bottom, and it became a matter of interest to follow it both ways, towards the moat and towards the White Tower, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it communicated directly with the interior of the White Tower, forming thus an outlet to the moat from the lower portion of the keep where the dungeons are situated. It seemed most likely that this should be the case, but expectation has been disappointed. The passage does, indeed, lead to a dungeon, and a most horrible one, but there is no communication with the White Tower. It runs straight from the moat into the dungeon, but the dungeon is completely isolated from all parts of the fortress, and its communication with the upper air is by a shaft which descends into the passage.

By permission of the Office of Works a representative of the Daily Graphic was allowed to descend the shaft and inspect the passage and the dungeon under the guidance of Mr. May, the clerk of the works. Arriving at the Tower and presenting his pass at the office of Mr. May, that gentleman first exhibited to his visitor in the little yard behind his office the objects discovered in clearing out the shaft and passage. These consist mainly of masses of potsherds, amid which are fragments of green-glazed ware such as was common throughout the Middle Ages; several broken brown jugs, known as bellarmine, and pieces of colored delft and Fulham ware—all, no doubt, fragments of the broken utensils of the garrison, thrown down the shaft after the dungeon had ceased to be used, in Elizabethan times and later. More interesting than these relics are numbers of cannon balls, of stone and of iron, which were found in the excavation. Some of the iron balls have marks on them. One has been found marked with the letter “R.” To others pieces of bone and timber are still adhering. It is believed, with great probability, that some at least of these round-shot were fired at the Tower by the Protestant rebels under Sir Thomas Wyatt. The “R” mark on one of the balls may be that of the arsenal at Rochester, to which the rebels had access before advancing on London.

Wyatt, as is well known, headed a rebellion of Kentish men when the fear spread that the Spaniards were coming to conquer the realm after the queen had set her heart on the marriage with Philip of Spain. The stirring tale is briefly told by Green: "The ships in the Thames submitted to be seized by the insurgents. A party of the trainbands of London, who marched under the Duke of Norfolk against them, deserted to the rebels in a mass, with shouts of 'A Wyatt! a Wyatt! We are all Englishmen.' Had the insurgents moved quickly on the capital its gates would have been flung open and success would have been assured. But in the critical moment Mary was saved by her queenly courage. Riding boldly to the Guildhall, she appealed 'with a man's voice' to the loyalty of the citizens, and when Wyatt appeared on the Southwark bank the bridge was secured." Wyatt pushed on up the river, crossed at Kingston, turned back on London and was finally defeated and made prisoner at Temple Bar. "I have kept touch," he cried at the gate, but his adherents within were unable to make the promised diversion in his favor, and Wyatt was sent to the Tower and beheaded. It seems probable that the cannon balls now discovered were fired either by the ships in the river, or from the other side by the artillery which Wyatt had with him on his march. But the Tower, even on its most vulnerable side, the river front, was impregnable to any force of foot or artillery which Wyatt could bring against it. The bones which adhere to some of the cannon shot seem to tell of some execution done—ghastly relics, maybe, of some of the garrison who fell in the bombardment.

One of the most interesting finds was a mass of Roman cement, in which are embedded three of the well-known tiles with which the Roman architects banded their walls. The cement is, as usual, of extreme hardness. With this were portions of the flues of a hypocaust and a broken vessel of Roman earthenware. There never was any real doubt that a Roman fortress existed on the site of the Tower; tradition has been constant to that effect. The Roman Wall of London touched the river at the point where the Tower stands, and Roman masonry undoubtedly lies at the base of some of the existing mediæval walls. The discovery of these Roman remains close to the White Tower is interesting, as showing that it was there, probably, that one of the principal dwellings of the Roman garrison stood. Another interesting object is the wooden handle of a dagger of the fifteenth century, of the type which has a lobe on each side of the guard.

These relics inspected, the passage and dungeon were next visited. Mr. May's workmen having lighted the interior with candles, some idea could be formed of its size and aspect. The bottom of the subterranean passage is seventeen feet beneath the level of the ground, and the shaft by which access to it is gained, and by which no doubt the prisoner who was doomed to suffer in it was lowered, descends straight into it. Towards the moat the passage was closed by a strong iron grille firmly embedded in the masonry; at its other end is the dungeon, a horrible black cell, oval in shape, originally vaulted, and measuring about seven feet across.

When the opening of the shaft above was closed no ray of light could penetrate into this terrible prison save that which came—if indeed, even that could come—from the opening far away in the moat. The exploration of the passage has revealed the fact that another subterranean passage leads into it at right angles from the Traitors' Gate, so that it is probable that a prisoner brought into the Tower by water through that gate could have been put into the passage without setting foot on the ground. However this may be, it is certain that no man condemned to the "oubliette" of the Tower—for such this dungeon was—could have lived long. The damp, darkness, and the rats must have made short work of him.

Poison and Sorcery.....New York Evening Post

The seventeenth century remains in our imagination as the culminating point of all the elegance and greatness of France. We call it "le grand siècle," and Louis XIV. is "le grand roi." If we would form a better opinion of our own time, in contrast with past ages, and see the shadows behind the glaring light of the seventeenth century, we can do no better than to read a work just published on the Drama of the Poisons, by M. Funck-Brentano. This elaborate work is very fully documented, if I may be allowed to use a modern expression applied to all historical works which are considered worth reading. M. Funck-Brentano has plunged into the Archives of the Bastille in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, where all the papers concerning the "affaire" of the poisons are preserved; he has found in the Library of Rouen the papers concerning Le Voisin, one of the women who made a trade of furnishing poison. The trial of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who was one of the chief poisoners, is still remembered. Her rank has given her an historic notoriety; but she was only one among a number of men and women who used to poison freely in the seventeenth century. There were regular associations of alchemists, magicians, sorcerers, poisoners. When the Lieutenant of Police, La Reynie, first penetrated this world of crime, he was so moved that he wrote: "Human life has become a matter of trade; poisoning is the great remedy in all family embarrassments; impiety, sacrilege, abominations are common practices in Paris, in the country, in the provinces."

The belief in sorcery was still popular in the seventeenth century. Jean Bodin, the illustrious author of *Six Books on the Republic*, wrote a treatise called *Demonomania*, or a *Treatise on Sorcerers*. His definition of the sorcerer is this: A person who, by diabolical and forbidden means, attempts to obtain something. "Sorcerers, men and women, formed a sort of vast association; they had traditional secrets, formulas, habits, ceremonies, generally of the most infamous, impious, and indecent character." They had their own mass, called the black mass. They were doctors and chemists. They revealed the future, they found hidden treasure; they were alchemists, and tried to discover the philosopher's stone for converting all metals into gold.

A woman called Le Voisin was a typical specimen of the sorceress of the seventeenth century.

She earned annually as much as 400,000 francs; she had many lovers, and gave dinners. Among her lovers was the executioner of Paris. Le Voisin was a mere charlatan; she delivered her oracles to persons of all ranks in a splendid gown, and with a mantle covered with golden eagles. She was a real believer in alchemy. She was also a doctor, like all sorceresses, and had receipts for every malady. She was known to help abortive practices, and once, in a moment of sincerity, she confessed having burned or interred in her garden the bodies of more than 2,500 children, prematurely born. Curiously enough, she insisted upon these children being baptized. The crimes of this horrible creature were such that the Lieutenant of Police was appalled by the confession of them. One can easily imagine the stupor of Louis XIV. when they were revealed to him. A special commission was appointed to investigate what was called the affair of the poisons. The commission is known in history under the name of the "chambre ardente."

The arrests were made by "lettre de cachet." Four hundred and forty-two persons appeared before the special commission, and 218 persons were kept in prison. Thirty-six prisoners were condemned to death and executed, five were condemned to the gallows, twenty-three were banished. The most guilty prisoners had accomplices in very high places. Madame de Dreux, the wife of a member of the Parlement, is a type of these accomplices. She was in love with M. de Richelieu, and employed the services of one of the sorceresses brought before the "chambre ardente." She wished to be relieved by poison of her own husband, and by sorcery of Madame de Richelieu. She was accused of having herself poisoned some people—one of her lovers among the number. She was a cousin of two members of the special commission, and she received a mere admonition. "M. de Dreux and his entire family," writes Madame de Sévigné, "went to get her at the Chambre de l'Arsenal. . . . It was a joy and a triumph, and she was embraced by all her family and friends. M. de Richelieu has done wonders in all this affair." What seems incredible is, that, after having left the prison of Vincennes, Madame de Dreux resorted again to a sorceress, named Joly, and got from her powders for poisoning a person whom M. de Richelieu "considered." "To be sure," says M. Funck-Brentano, "the woman Joly having been arrested and having made revelations, a new warrant was issued against Madame de Dreux; but she was advised of it and fled." Madame de Dreux was condemned to banishment, but the King allowed her to remain in France, on condition that she would live with her husband in Paris. The wife of President Laféron was also implicated in the trial; she got powders from the woman Le Voisin, and her husband died soon after. She too was condemned to banishment. Madame de Poulailhon was, by "lettre de cachet," shut up in a house of detention, the Pénitentes of Angers.

The declarations of the venders of poison before the "chambre ardente" were of such gravity that Louis XIV. gave special orders that they should be kept secret. The name of Madame de Montespan, the King's favorite, was pronounced. Her am-

bition was extreme; she had made great efforts to supplant Madame de la Vallière, and by degrees had established her empire over the King. Her favor lasted fourteen years, and she had no less than seven children by Louis XIV., the eldest being the Duke du Maine; the eldest daughter, Mademoiselle de Nantes, married the Duc de Bourbon; another daughter, Mademoiselle de Blois, married the Duke d'Orléans. Marguerite Le Voisin, the daughter, declared before the judges that Madame de Montespan paid frequent visits to her mother, whenever she feared a diminution of the King's good graces, and a rival; her mother then had recourse to some priests, who said special masses and gave her philters for the King, in the form of powders. When Marguerite de Voisin made this deposition, her mother had been burned on the scaffold several months before.

Many historians have thought that if the sorceresses tried to compromise people in high positions, it was in the hope of saving their own lives; but Le Voisin never pronounced the name of Madame de Montespan, perhaps, because she feared the terrible punishment of the regicides. The relations of Madame de Montespan with the sorceress seem to have begun in 1667, when the King first turned his eyes toward her.

"In 1667," writes M. Funck-Brentano, "we find her in the Rue de la Tannerie, in company with the magician Lesage and the Abbé Mariette, a priest of Saint-Séverin. . . . In a little chamber stood an altar. Mariette, in sacerdotal vestments, pronounce^d incantations. Lesage sang the "Veni Creator," then Mariette read a chapter of the Gospel over the head of Madame de Montespan kneeling before him, and recited conjurations against Louise de la Vallière. She said (the very words are found in one of the interrogatories of Lesage): 'I beg that the friendship of the King and of Monseigneur the Dauphin may be continued to me, that the Queen may be barren, that the King may leave his bed and his table for me, that I may obtain from him all that I ask for myself and my relations, . . . that I may be called to the councils of the King, and that, his friendship increasing still more, the King may leave La Vallière, and that, the Queen being repudiated, I may marry the King.'"

In 1688, Mariette and Lesage had the impudence to recommence their incantations at court, in the Château of St. Germain. It was in this very year that Madame de Montespan took the place of La Vallière; in 1669, she had the first of her seven children by Louis XIV. Mariette and Lesage had made the acquaintance of Madame de Montespan by means of Le Voisin, who several times gave powders to the favorite. She fell so low as to enter into communication also with a certain Abbé Guibourg, who said the black mass. The ceremony took place near Monthéry, in a house which still exists, called Villebousin. It is difficult to go into the details of this infamous black mass, and difficult to believe that Madame de Montespan took in it the part ascribed to her in some depositions. Can we believe that a second black mass was said for her at Saint-Denis, a third at Paris? We cannot forget that the evidence of such witnesses as appeared in the affair of the poisons had but little value; at the same time, there is some truth in the old proverb, "There is no fire without some smoke."

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

A Great Treasure House.....St. Louis Globe-Democrat

That India, after a foreign occupation of some centuries, and in spite of the apparent poverty of the great bulk of the people, is still probably the greatest treasure house on earth is due to the fact that for ages it was, with Ceylon and Burma, the field which supplied the rest of the world not only with gold, costly fabrics and spices, but with precious stones, the finest specimens of which, however, were ever retained by the Hindoo and Mogul princes for their own personal adornment.

One of the jewel treasures of the Indian princes, that of the Gashwar of Baroda, is perhaps the most remarkable, being appraised by experts a few years ago at the immense sum of three "hrrors" of rupees, or \$15,000,000. Among his collection, his chief diamond necklace, worn on State occasions, contains the Star of the South, a Brazilian stone weighing 254 carats, for which \$400,000 was paid, the whole necklace being valued at forty "lacs" of rupees, or \$1,000,000. The masterpiece in his possession, however, is a wonderful shawl composed entirely of inwrought pearls and other precious stones worked in the most harmonious and artistic arabesque patterns, and which actually cost the extraordinary price of \$5,000,000.

This shawl was intended as a present to cover the tomb of Mohammed, but when it was finished the Goshwar thought twice of the idea and kept it himself. While it is true that the native jewelers as a rule care less for the purity and commercial value of the stones than for the general effect produced, yet their artistic feeling and skill in setting gems, often but poorly cut and polished, cannot be surpassed. As an evidence of this, a comb of matchless workmanship was presented to the Prince of Wales by the Raja of Jaipur. Another present which the Prince of Wales received on his visit to India in 1875 was a sword from the Maharaja of Kashmir, set with diamonds and emeralds valued at \$25,000, in addition to which there was a solitaire diamond in the belt worth \$10,000.

Probably one of the most expensive hats ever worn by any person apart from an actual crown was that of Sir Jung Bahadur, Prime Minister to the King of Nepal, when he paid his formal respects to the Prince of Wales on the latter's entering the dominions of Sir Jung's master, for in addition to a magnificent headdress of diamonds worth over \$100,000, he wore in an aigrette a single ruby the size of a marble, presented to him by the Emperor of China, and of inestimable value.

At the grand darbar, held at Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul empire, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Kaiser-T-Hind (Empress of India), the costumes of some of the natives princes appeared to have beggared description.

The Maharaja Holhar, for instance, presumably as a small item in respect to the rest of his attire, wore a certain pair of gloves made of delicate gold flexible scale work, encrusted with diamonds, having in the centre of each back an emerald.

Of single stones the late King of Visapur owned two fine rubies, one of which weighed 50½ carats,

and the other, a perfect, flawless stone, 17½, both being valued respectively at \$12,000 and \$15,000. These stones mysteriously disappeared, but should any one chance to rediscover them, they would, at the present value of rubies, be worth at least ten times their former price.

Among several stones not accounted of the first value in the West, the cat's-eye is a great favorite with Orientals, a very fine specimen being in the possession of the Nizam of Haidarabad, which cost \$25,000.

Pearls are much prized by all the native princes, the Raja of Travancore having an embroidered cap or turban of these gems worth \$70,000 while the largest pearl known, the size of a pear, and practically unappraisable, is in the possession of the Shah of Persia.

Entertaining English Royalty.....Ignota.....Lippincott's

It would be very difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules as to what are the special gifts and, it may be added, peculiarities required of those who form the charmed circle of entertainers of royalty, an exception, of course, being made in favor of the great nobility, who apparently regard the privilege as a not altogether desirable appanage of their position. Although great, or, at any rate, apparent, wealth is, of course, an essential, the golden key does not necessarily open the door to a royal visitor.

Even at the present time, when it may be so emphatically said that the old order changeth, certain definite rules obtain as to the visiting arrangements of feminine royalty. Thus it is considered a breach of etiquette for either the Queen or the Princess of Wales to be the guest of a bachelor or a widower. The Princess of Wales has only once or twice broken this rule, notably, now many years ago, in favor of her future son-in-law, then the Earl of Fife, who was a son of one of her early friends. Again, it has become known that the Princess does not care to be asked to meet component parts of "semi-detached" couples. Accordingly, when the Prince and Princess visit some great English country house, the list of proposed guests, before being submitted to their royal highnesses, is made up in absolute deference to the Princess' wishes in this respect. A complete list of those whom royalty will be compelled to meet as fellow-guests is invariably submitted, whether the visit be long or short, formal or informal, and from a social point of view nothing can be more unfortunate than a royal taboo. The number of people whom the Prince of Wales is always pleased to meet is curiously limited. He remains very faithful to old friends, but his taste is eclectic. As all the world knows, he is very fond of Americans, and among those who have the gift of amusing and interesting both the Prince and Princess of Wales is Lady Randolph Churchill, who is nearly always included in a royal house-party.

Among the minor rules and regulations which must be learned by those who have the felicity of meeting royalty for the first time on the kind of equality brought about by being members of the

same country-house party, that concerning mourning is the most explicit. Thus, if a royal princess in deep mourning accept an invitation to a house, all those invited to meet her must equally appear clad in the deepest black, and those who are often thrown with royalty are practically compelled never to travel without the hundred and one accessories of dress which go to make a half-mourning wardrobe. This curious rule also applies to those personages who are simply asked to a dinner party honored by the presence of royalty, and it has not unfrequently happened that, owing to the thoughtlessness of the hostess in sending out the invitations, unpleasant contretemps have occurred, for the rule is one of those which even the most jovial and kindly of royal personages does not care to see broken.

With but few exceptions all the great historic houses in England, Scotland and Ireland have a royal suite of apartments which are, in many cases, notably at Goodwood House, at Chatsworth, at Eaton Hall, at Inverary, at Dunrobin, at Welbeck Abbey, never used save on the occasion of a royal visit. This suite of rooms which has often been furnished especially in deference to the personal idiosyncrasies of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, generally forms a kind of large flat, practically self-contained, and entirely cut off from a too near proximity to the rest of the establishment.

During a sojourn at a great country house royal personages do not spend very much of their time with their fellow-guests; they breakfast and spend the morning in their own rooms, and rarely even join the house party at lunch; in fact, very often a royal visitor is scarcely seen by his host or hostess till teatime. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, but in practice as well as in theory royal guests are, in the United Kingdom, made to feel themselves in a very literal sense at home in the houses of those whom they honor with a visit.

Royal visits may be divided into the semi-state and the entirely private; the former occupy in the royal engagement-book the position of what old-fashioned people used to style "duty calls." When any member of the royal family is asked to lay a foundation-stone, to open a local municipal building, and so on, the great local magnates place themselves and their houses at the disposal of the royal visitor. The proceedings are almost invariably the same, the royal couple, whether they be the Prince and Princess of Wales or the Duke and Duchess of York, know that though their convenience will be consulted, their private feelings will not be considered more than need be. A presentation takes place at whatever may be the nearest town, that is to say, where the railway stops, and once the municipal authorities have had their say, the drive to the country house where the royal party will be "put up" for the night takes place in a carriage and four, accompanied by an escort of the local yeomanry and a guard of honor, between lines of staring, cheering country people. The guests composing the house party asked to meet their royal highnesses are largely local in character, and after the royal dinner-party many informal presentations take place. The day following the arrival

of royalty to the neighborhood is generally a very busy one, for the royal personages naturally desire to thoroughly complete, as it were, their round of duty in that particular neighborhood. There is no town of any importance in the United Kingdom that has not at some time or other been officially visited by a leading royal personage, but those whose duty it is to organize the daily round and common tasks of royalty take care that its favors should be equally distributed all over the country.

With the rather singular exception of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne and of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who very rarely pay visits, all the Queen's children and grandchildren are constantly entertained in the houses of the great nobility and of those whose wealth makes them agreeable and convenient hosts to royal personages. In this matter of royal entertaining it is essentially more blessed to give than to receive, for with the solitary exception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are hospitality personified and who give each year a considerable number of both large and small house parties at Sandringham, no member of the royal family entertains his or her friends, if certain trifling exceptions be made. This somewhat singular state of things is said to be owing in a measure to the formally expressed wish of the Queen.

On the other hand, the Prince and Princess of Wales are, unless in the very deepest mourning, rarely alone at Sandringham; even at Christmas time they generally have with them a few old friends who would otherwise be alone. A good deal that is true and probably more that is apocryphal has been written about the Prince of Wales' country home. The royal host and hostess are extremely courteous to their guests, and the stately aloofness which is said to be the rule at Windsor Castle and at Balmoral is at Sandringham conspicuous by its absence. Still even there the Prince and Princess, as is perhaps not unnatural, live their own lives to a great extent apart from those of their guests. All the usual country-house amusements, lawn tennis, croquet, golf, a bowling alley, a fine billiard-room, a suite of splendid libraries, and whatever sport may happen to be in season, are provided, but even the Prince rarely makes his appearance before lunch. The housekeeping, it may be mentioned, is also on the most lavish scale; to take the question of meals, the day begins with a huge breakfast, followed at a very short interval by lunch, where good old British dishes—Irish stew, beefsteak and onions, beans and bacon—struggle with French entrées; then follows afternoon tea, a long and elaborate dinner, and finally supper. At tea brandies and sodas, sherries and bitters, and during the shooting season cockle soup, are served in the afternoon.

Jewels and Men.....Collier's Weekly

The Emperor Wilhelm is reported to have ordered for his friend, the Sultan of Sultans, a walking stick of which the handle is to be studded with diamonds. The attention, however regarded, is delicate, and so, too, is the hint. Abdul the Damned wears too many jewels. His real walking stick, though, or that of his successor, will come not from

a Kaiser, but from a Czar. Muscovite ambition will never be slaked until Constantinople is Russian. But for the moment the point of that stick is elsewhere. Abdul the Damned wears not merely too many jewels, he ought not to wear any. No man of sense ever should. Jewels, like flowers, belong to women. Balzac understood that fact very thoroughly. Everything being possible, it may be that it was from him that the Emperor got his idea. One night Balzac appeared at the opera with a stick of just this kind. The handle blazed with gems. It attracted the attention of the entire house. It was magnificent, it was barbaric; it was more, it was unique. Carried now, it would be an advertisement. In that simpler epoch it was a lesson. The bucks and beaux of the day made themselves gorgeous with rubies and sapphires. Ten or fifteen years ago the smart men about town used to do the same thing here. But that is a detail. Apart from the stick Balzac was unadorned. On the morrow the bucks and beaux took the rings from their fingers and the studs from their shirts. From that time simplicity in dress began, and with it good taste. Previously gentlemen had been known by their costume. Since then they have been known by their speech. Balzac declared that the stick made him invisible. That was a jest, of course. But before the invisibility which he claimed the brilliance of others disappeared. How the Kaiser's stick shall affect the Sultan only time and the newspapers will tell.

The Fetish of Clothes.....Black and White

The "Intelligent Barbarian," as Froude calls him, who occasionally visits our shores, carries back with him to the Punjab, or Bangkok, or Tartary, or whencesoever he has ventured forth, some curious and instructive impressions of English habits and customs; but far and away our most striking characteristic to the mind of the observant pagan is our reverence for clothes. Nasrulla Khan, the Ameer's son, went back to Cabul after his very memorable sojourn among us with the profound conviction that sartorial embellishment was a kind of religious cult among us. Our less distinguished, but equally observant, Matabele visitor, thought clothes were a fetish in London. A native Subedar of Sikhs, who has just published his notes of a journey beyond the Kalapani, says that the English always dress in black, and adds that he believes there is a law making this observance compulsory upon men, though "no restrictions as to dress or undress are imposed upon the women" (he had been to the opera); and the fact is we do, in some odd fashion, seem bound down by certain tyrannies (the silk hat and frock coat, to wit) in the way of clothes. Herein, no doubt, lies the true inwardness of the incident at the Dublin Law Courts the other day, when the Lord Chief Justice publicly rebuked a Q. C. (who had been Attorney-General for Ireland) for appearing in court in a white waistcoat. It was no mitigation of the barrister's offense that it was committed on one of the hottest days in June. The white waistcoat was unprofessional, and Sir Peter O'Brien would have none of it—would, perhaps, have declared that whole day's proceedings at Nisi Prius null and void had not another barrister come

to the iconoclastic Q. C.'s rescue with a pin wherewith to fasten his robe over the "unprofessional" garment. The incident is typical of the Briton in every station of life. A Chancellor without his ermine, a Judge without his wig, 'Arry without his "pearlies"; these things are almost unthinkable—as unthinkable as Carlyle's naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords. We are all unconscious disciples of that wonderful gospel of Sartor Resartus, convinced of the "unspeakable significance and symbolism" of clothes; finding in them (without worrying much over it) an incessant, indubitable, infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect, and convinced in far too large a measure to be perturbed by a Q. C.'s white waistcoat, of the analogy between the costumes of the body and the customs of the spirit, and of the tangible and mystic influence of clothes upon the world at large.

Luxury.....London Spectator

It is of no use to moralize upon the evil effects of heavy luxury. It is probably less than we are just now all tempted to imagine. The Socialist workman dislikes and envies the "bourgeois" just above him more than he envies or dislikes the millionaire, who, at all events, breaks the gray monotony of modern municipal life; and as for the degradation of the ideal, though that occurs, the George IV. kind of man produces a recoil among thinkers, while his wealth acts as a fiery whip upon thousands who would else be clods. We dread the power which the millionaires will one day possess as the reverence for birth dies out, and the thirst for physical enjoyment becomes more of a dominant passion, and, the brain waking up under new cultivation, content with monotony becomes too difficult, much more than we dread the effect of their example. The usual moralizing, too, though absolutely true, has lost its bite through over-much repetition, and we see abroad ominous signs that men may sicken of philanthropy, and say that it produces nothing save a new disposition to plunder in new ways.

We prefer, therefore, to speculate on the ultimate destination of all the finery of which the bulletins are full. It will last a long while, of course, for wealth is clothing itself in the magic armor of science, and unhampered by slavery, which in the Roman period always mined beneath it, will make a stouter fight than it did in the ancient world, or in France at the time of the Revolution; and the world has never yet been ruled by its majority, but by the concentrated strength of limited castes bound together by a common interest, a common conviction, or a common fear; but if history teaches anything, it is that accumulated wealth is at last transferred, and disappears in the transfer. The treasures of Rome have not merely passed into other hands, they have passed away so completely that it is doubtful if a jewel exists or a gold cup of which it is even probable that it belonged to a consular house, still less to a Prince whom the Romans plundered. Who will have it all, or destroy it all, when the existing order, which has rotten places in it, shall crumble away and be no more?

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

An Ostler's Wail.....English and American Gazette

Now wot's to come of 'orses, I dunno,
And wot's to come of me's another question,
With these 'ere cycles always on the go—
The very sight perdooces indigestion!
You can't say clek to them, you can't say whoa!
They don't want grooming and they don't want shoeing.
And them roomatic tyres wot makes 'em so
Luxurious like—it all means our undoing.
But that's not all; an even rummer start
They've just invented, call an automobile,
Where paraffin is 'arnessed to a cart
To save, I s'pose, the 'orse and ostler trouble!
Lord, 'orses soon will only be in circuses,
And if you want an 'ostler, try the work'uses!

'Specially Jim.....From a Scrap Book

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was young,
Peart an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights—
'Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I tossed my head an' made fun o' the crowd—
'Specially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' wouldn't take stock in him!
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk—
'Specially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'—
'Specially Jim,
I made up my mind to settle down
An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church;
'Twas crowded full to the brim;
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all—
'Specially Jim.

The Old Church Is For Sale.....Atlanta Constitution

I've worshiped there for many a year—they never seen
me fail;
But now they've come an' told me that the old church is
for sale!
The auctioneer is ready, an' they're goin' to let her go—
The old church where we praised the Lord from whom
all blessin's flow!

I jest can't help the heartbeat—the mist that's roun' my
eyes—
For there I read my titles clear to mansions in the skies;
An' there, in years that had their tears, I found salvation
free—
And knew that sweet, amazin' grace that saved a wretch
like me.

I knowed the "amen corner"—I knowed the "anxious
seat"—
An' when the organ shook the walls, or died in music
sweet,
Like a little child a-dreamin', I closed my old eyes there,
An' my soul went up to heaven on the wings of love an'
prayer.

There was sweetest consolation in the holy, heavenly calm
That led us into Gilead, where we found the healin' balm.
'Twas there we glimpsed the beauty of a better, brighter
sky
That bent o'er Canaan's happy land, where our posses-
sions lie.

But the old church now is throwed aside—they're buildin'
of a new,
But the same salvation's in it—thank the Lord! for me an'
for you;
But no matter how they build it, my heart will always go
To the old church where we praised the Lord from whom
all blessin's flow!

Getting a Crew.....B. B. Garrison.....Times-Democrat

De engineer am waitin',
De captain waitin', too,
De mate out on de gang plank
Am waitin' fo' er crew;
No nigger am er budgin',
No nigger wants to go—
Lack to trabel wid yo, but
Yo' price it am too low.

Want dis nigger—hum, haw—
Two-bits is de price,
Totin' freight is pooty hot—
It's hotter totin' rice.

Lack ma flapjacks buttered well,
Lack ma meat cooked brown,
Empty sacks am gwine up,
Rice am comin' down.
Hol' on dar, gimme er check,
Eder green er blue;
Ef dem niggers git aboard,
Guess I gwine too.

Up de ribber—hum—haw—
Heah dat whistle toot.
See dem niggers skip aboard—
Got ter foller suit.

Haymaking in Maine.....Lewiston (Me.) Journal

Ephrum Wade sat down in the shade
And took off his haymaker hat which he laid
On a tussock of grass; and he pulled out the plug
That jealously gagged the old iron-stone jug;
And cocking his jug on his elbow, he rigged
A sort of a "horse-up," you know, and he swigged
A pint of hard cider or so at a crack
And set down the jug with a satisfied smack.
"Aha!" said he, "that grows the hair on ye, bub;
My rule durin' hayin's more cider, less grub.
I take it, sah, wholly to stid ly my nerves,
And up in the stow hole I pitch 'em some curves
On a drink of straight cider, in harnsomer shape
Than a feller could do on the juice of the grape.
Some new folderinos come 'long every day,
All sorts of new jiggers to help git yer hay.
Improvements on cutter bars, hoss forks and rakes,
And tedders and spreaders and all of them fakes.
But all of their patents ain't fixed it so yit
That hayin' is done without git-up-and-git.
If ye want the right stuff, sah, to take up the slack,
The stuff to put buckram right inter yer back,
The stuff that will limber and ile up yer j'int's,
Jest trot out some cider and drink it by pints.
It ain't got no patents—it helps you make hay
As it helped out our dads in their old-fashioned way.
Molasses and ginger and water won't do,
'Twill irrigate some, but it won't see ye through.
And ice water'll chill ye, and skim milk is durn
Mean stuff any place, sah, except in a churn.
I'm a temperate man as a general rule—
The man who gits bit by the adder's a fool—
But when it comes hayin', and folks have to strain,
I tell you, old cider's a stand-by in Maine."

Then Ephrum Wade reclined in the shade,
And patiently gazed on the hay while it "made."

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

French Justice.....Memphis Commercial-Appeal

Judge—Did you say your name was Alfred or Alphonse Dreyfus? Be careful how you reply.

Dreyfus—Alfred Dreyfus is my name.

Judge—Ah, ha! Why did you say "Alfred Dreyfus is my name" instead of "My name is Alfred Dreyfus"?

Dreyfus—Really, mon Colonel, I don't—

Judge—You hesitate. You look confused. I note the fact that you uncrossed your legs when I asked you this question. That is proof of an uneasy conscience. What have you to say?

Dreyfus—I can't—

Judge—He can't. This is a confession. He is guilty. (Sensation.)

Dreyfus—No, mon Colonel, I am innocent.

Judge—If you are innocent, perhaps you will tell where you were night before last at fifteen minutes past ten?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge—Where were you on January 11, 1896?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge—Where were you on the night of March 3, 1897?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge—Where were you when the Suburban was run in 1898?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge (triumphantly)—Always in jail, yet this "canaille" claims to be innocent. Once more, where were you on the 29th of February, 1899?

Dreyfus—In jail.

Judge—"Sacre bleu!" You convict yourself. There was no 29th of February, 1899. We shall see. You wrote the "bordereau"?

Dreyfus—No, mon Colonel; I am innocent.

Judge (sternly)—How long have you known William Patterson?

Dreyfus—I do not know M. Patterson at all.

Judge—Are you not the man who struck him?

Dreyfus—I never heard of him.

Judge—He never heard of Billie Patterson, the man who was struck. He dissembles. Do you smoke cigarettes?

Dreyfus—Yes.

Judge—Is the tariff a tax?

Dreyfus—It is.

Judge—You are a traitor to France. France imposes a tariff, and you say it is a tax. Have you ever felt like thirty cents?

Dreyfus—Yes, mon Colonel. I feel like twenty-five cents now.

Judge—Do you still deny that you wrote Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night?

Dreyfus—I never denied it, because I never heard—

Judge—You see, he claims that he wrote Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night.

Dreyfus—But, mon Colonel, I know nothing about "Curfew." I do not claim—

Judge—But you don't deny. Perhaps you also wrote The Beautiful Snow.

Dreyfus—Really, mon Colonel, you do not allow me to explain.

Judge—You see, he cannot explain. Do you use Blank's soap?

Dreyfus—I do not.

Judge—The reporters will observe that he does not use soap. Do you believe in the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 independent of any other nation on earth?

Dreyfus—I am afraid that—

Judge—He is afraid to speak. He is opposed to sound money. Whom do you consider the greater military genius—Mercier or Esterhazy?

Dreyfus—I cannot say. Both of them, possibly.

Judge—Have you not been in correspondence with Jack Chinn and Deadhorse Jake since this trial began?

Dreyfus—I have not.

Judge—Do you deny that you received a cipher cablegram from Hinky Dink yesterday morning?

Dreyfus—I do.

Judge—You change color. Your guilt is now established. You can explain nothing. You claim the authorship of poems which were written by Mlle. Ella Wheeler. You are always in jail, and you can't even prove an alibi on the 29th of February. It is therefore established that you communicated secret documents to the German Government, and that you wrote the "bordereau."

Great applause in court, mingled with the polite invitations to "conspuez" and "bas" everything and everybody, and followed by a few cheerful assassinations on the outside.

Hunting Cap.....Katharine Tynan.....London Speaker

Old Hunting Cap, as they called him, sat under his tree, and looked down on a fairyland of wood and lake and mountain—his, in the vanity of man, who endures but for a breath. He was very old; and his thoughts were the slow thoughts of old age, creeping laboriously back over the years and days of glorious life when he was a man and not a bundle of pains and weariness. Every bone of him ached for the bed over yonder among the heather and furze of the Brown Hill, on the hill-top whence you could see four counties. There he had appointed to be buried; and there Campingnes, the horse who had carried him many a glorious day, lay awaiting him. Campingnes had died worn-out at forty-three, and his grave had been dug at the foot of his master's. Within reach of where the master's stiff right hand should lie was the little grave of Mousquetaire, the Spitz that had belonged to the gentle lady who was to have been old Hunting Cap's wife. But Mousquetaire had died so long ago that the slender bones of him must have crumbled away to dust; and why was old Hunting Cap yet lingering on in a land where no one wanted him, and where he dwelt among ghosts and shadows?

He was Sir Jocelyn to his face; always behind his back Old Hunting Cap, because he wore a brown and frayed hunting cap of velvet on his few silver hairs. The world he dwelt in was a world of strangers. It was not only that he had outlived all the men and women of his day, but the children

had grown up to look at him with an altered face. The people of old had been fond of him, had been ready to defend him with their lives against process-servers and bailiffs. They had shared his plenty, and amid the racketing and jaunting and jollity and goodwill they had lived like a large family, of which he was the irresponsible king and chief. Now wherever he went he met cold faces and the eyes of enemies. It made him feel strangely old and cold and deserted. They had all gone away together, the dead, the loving and friendly of old; and he was like a sheep lost on the mountains in the drifts of winter.

He was so old that he had let the reins slip from his fingers, and things had been all of a muddle when young Jasper, the heir, had come and brushed him aside. Under Jasper's eyes he had felt more naked and a-cold than even under the averted glances of the men and women whose baby heads he had patted. It came to him dimly, like some bruit of a far-away storm, that Jasper was fighting his cause with the people, dragging arrears of rent from them, evicting, serving notices to quit; for Jasper believed in a fighting policy. But it made the old man more comfortless in a world where everyone used to be pleasant.

The mists gathered in the valleys and began to creep up the hillside. Old Hunting Cap wondered vaguely whether Lanty Farrell would remember to come for him, to help him home. A Farrell had always been his body-servant; but Lanty was not like those who had gone before him. Sir Jocelyn was so very old that he would not notice omissions. He was as well sitting under the foot of a tree as anywhere else, while Lanty never felt the hours pass sitting in the bar-parlor at the Widdy Doolin's, with the widdy's daughter Mary on his knee. Often old Hunting Cap had trembled with a helpless gust of anger against Lanty; but to-day he was not in a mood for resentment. If the mists should come up and hide him they would keep him in a friendlier world than he knew below at the castle. He muttered to himself—

The little dogs,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, how they bark at me!

Something fell on his face like a human tear. He looked up and saw the branches of his tree lean above him. He turned and rested his weary old head against the tree-trunk, with an odd sense of being comforted.

"You are the one living thing left to me," he said.

The tree that was known as Old Hunting Cap's tree had been planted the day he was born. His lady-mother had carried him in her arms when he was a little child to see how it thrived. It was a bonny tree. "As the tree thrives the child lives," she had said to herself, and had looked at it with gentle approval. In his industrious boyhood he had watered it and kept the clay to its roots. Under its boughs he had plighted his troth. He had come there with his despair the day his Mary was buried. It was the one thing that had kept for him an unchanged face. If he were to die under it in the mist he would be glad; far better than to die in the great four-poster in the Queen's room,

ringed about with indifferent and unfriendly faces tired of waiting for his last breath.

Some one strode toward him out of the mist. At first he thought it was a tall deer, but presently the figure revealed itself as that of his great-nephew, Jasper.

"You will die of the damp and cold," said the young man angrily. "Where is that scoundrel Farrell? Is this how he neglects you?"

Old Hunting Cap smiled at him childishly. Anger generally troubled him, but the concern for himself in this anger gave him a shock of pleasure.

"Never mind Lanty," he said. "He has forgotten me, and I had forgotten him. I was thinking of something, Jasper—something I wanted to ask you."

"You shall tell it to me. Only let me get you home to a fire. Farrell shall pay for this."

The old man got to his feet, helped by the strong young arms. He stood a minute trembling, and looked up at the tree.

"It seems a pity," he said. "But it will be lonely up here when I am gone. I should like to take it with me. It was always my tree. May I have it cut down, Jasper?"

"Why, Uncle Jocelyn, everything is yours," said the young man, with a conscience-stricken air.

"Ah, no, everything is yours, my lad. I am too old—a cumberer of the ground. It seems a pity to take it from the light and air; but it is my tree. Cut it down, Jasper, and make my coffin of it."

The next day he came for the last time to see his tree. When the axe went to the heart of it he cried out and fell forward; young Jasper only caught him in time. And then he was carried home and put to bed; and in a few hours he died, as though the tree had kept the life in him, and they must die together. So of Old Hunting Cap's tree they made the solid planks for his coffin. It was as though it were a boat to carry him far away to the land of friendly faces.

The Professor and the Boy.....Carrie Clark Nottingham.....Munsey's

The Professor was in his den, and supposed to be studying, when the boy entered. Why the Professor should be supposed to study every time he went into his den is hard to explain. It is just as great a mistake as to suppose that people invariably enjoy life when partaking of festivities. The Professor was not studying. He was dreaming dreams that were bitter sweet.

The boy was quite small, but his dishevelment was great. He walked in unannounced.

"Good afternoon," said the Professor gravely.

"Good afternoon," replied the boy.

"Be seated," said the Professor with distant courtesy.

The boy swung himself up to a table and perched upon one corner, where he swung his feet and studied his surroundings.

"If it is not impertinent, may I inquire how I happen to be thus honored?" said the Professor blandly.

The boy eyed him suspiciously. "You mean what did I come for?" he asked.

"That's about the size of it," replied the Professor, politely adopting his guest's vernacular.

"Why, I seen your front door open and wanted to know what was at the end of the hall. Besides, it was a good chance to shake Helene."

"Pardon me," said the Professor, "but I fail to realize what facilities my apartments afford for shaking anybody."

"I mean, to give her the slip," exclaimed the boy, with a touch of scorn in his tone.

"Ah, yes, of course," murmured the Professor. "Forgive me. One question more: Who is Helene?"

"She's the thing that looks after me when mamma's out. Mamma thinks I'll learn French some time if I have her to talk to."

"Ah, I see. But, my friend, you have neglected to introduce yourself."

"Me?" and the boy stabbed himself with his right forefinger.

"Yes. What is your name?" translated the Professor.

"Why didn't you say so?" asked the boy ungratefully; then in a different tone, "My name's Reginald Stanwood."

The Professor started slightly.

"The eyes are the same," he muttered, as he sank back in his chair.

The boy continued to look about him, seeming to study the Professor's belongings with deep interest.

"I bet you can't kick that high," he said finally, pointing to the mantel.

"What'll you bet?" demanded the Professor.

The boy produced a disreputable top. The Professor matched it with a pen-wiper that had seen better days. The big easy chair held the stakes. Then the Professor stepped back and launched a kick that made the boy's eyes bulge with admiration and despair.

"The top's yours," he said bravely.

"Of course," said the Professor; "I knew it would be. Do you know," he went on, critically examining his new possession, "I rather think the string ought to go with it?"

Without a word, the boy handed it over. Then the Professor spun the top as it had never been spun before. The boy dived into his hip pocket and unearthed a grimy gumdrop. "Here, feed your face," he said affably. But the Professor politely declined.

"Thank you, I'm not hungry," he said.

The boy ate the gumdrop himself. It was a tough and weather-beaten bit of confectionery, and the mastication of it occupied his entire attention. While he was thus engaged the Professor regarded him reflectively. "It has been a great many years since I last saw your mother," he said; "but I think that perhaps I know her better now than I did then. I used to call her 'Sallie' before your day, my young friend."

"She's 'Sarah' now," said the boy.

"So I should have supposed," said the Professor. "She was not the kind to stay tamely 'Sallie' all her life. There's a suggestion of softness and curves and possibly yielding a point now and then about 'Sallie'; but 'Sarah' is as hard and clear and sharp as cut glass."

"We've got lots of cut glass at our house," piped the boy.

"Undoubtedly," said the Professor. He reached out and gathered the boy upon his knee. "Tell me all about it. Where do you live?"

"New York. We're just here for the summer. Mamma lived here when she was a little girl."

"Yes, I know," said the Professor softly. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he drew the child closer and presently the rigid little body yielded and Reginald rested his head against the Professor's breast.

The Professor asked no more questions, but fell to dreaming as he had dreamed before the boy came. After a while the tousled head weighed more heavily against him, the boy's breath came with slumberous regularity, and the big chair held two dreamers instead of one. Then a tender smile stole across the face of the dreamer who was awake. He sat very still and his face softened till he looked as his artist friend had thought he might if—

Suddenly from the sidewalk a sharp, foreign voice called, "Reginald! Master Reginald!" The sleeper stirred uneasily, but the Professor only held him closer and gave no sign. "Master Reginald! Master Reginald! Mamma has returned and brought bonbons!"

The Professor smiled grimly at the note of anxiety in the voice. "Perhaps if that Frenchwoman has to hunt a while she'll be more careful next time." Then his face changed. "Perhaps his mother really does want him, and if so—" He set the little sleeper upright and pressed his cheek against the child's. Then he patted the soiled hands and gently waked him. "Mother wants you, son," he said.

For a moment the boy looked around him confused. Then remembrance and appreciation returned together. "You're a dandy kicker," he said, with a drowsy smile.

"Thank you."

The boy dug his knuckles into his eyes and made them open wider. They caught sight of the top, and his face lengthened, but he bravely held his tongue. The Professor took the top and turned it over in his palm. "Of course, this is mine," he said gravely, "but I wish that you would take care of it for me. I'm away, sometimes, you know, and it might be neglected up here. And be sure you spin it." He shook his finger at the boy impressively. "A top is a good deal like a horse—it needs lots of exercise. Remember me to your mother, and tell Sallie—" the Professor was dreaming again.

"Sarah," the boy corrected shrilly, and brought him back to the present with a start.

The Professor looked at him thoughtfully a moment. "It pleases me to think of her as Sallie," he said firmly. "That is what she was when I knew her, and I reserve the right to my memories. There were curves and graces to Sallie. To be sure, her mouth held a certain suggestion of grimness; but the look had not become chronic, and Sallie could smile. Ah, yes, indeed, she could! I remember one rare and radiant occasion when she smiled on me, through tears. It didn't last, though, child. I might have known that it wouldn't. I wasn't suitable at all." And to the boy's utter bewilderment the Professor kissed him on the forehead before he let him go.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

An Irish Cabin.....Westminster Gazette

It was six o'clock in the morning, and I was sitting on a wall, with the village of Dugort, in Achill Island, in front of me. I was there for the purpose of seeing the animals come out of an Irish hut after their night's rest.

Patiently, however, I kept my eyes on the cottage doors. And at last, about a quarter past seven, one of them was opened. Immediately three geese, eight goslings, six hens, fifteen chickens, two pigs and a cat darted forth in the daylight. The geese formed themselves in a noisy procession to the nearest pond; the hens gathered their families together in triumph in a field; the pigs, without any ado, began eating the first things they could discover, and the cat, after a moment's hesitation, climbed on to the roof. Then the door was closed again, and the family arose and had breakfast. At least so I should think. In any case, twenty minutes later, a man once more flung open the entrance of the hut, and, lo! four cows slowly marched forth on to the road. And when two barefooted girls had driven these away to pasture on the mountainside the master of the house himself appeared, leading out the family horse. Two somewhat dilatory sons followed, and, taking up the spade and basket which had lain outside all night, they went after their father to the daily work of the field. And now romped out three small children, filled with the intention of playing a game, until they saw me looking at them. But then they became as quiet as mice and stood wondering against the wall. After these came two elder sisters carrying cloth bags filled with books, and I watched their bare feet tripping down the winding road to the National School. And finally emerged the strapping and bronzed mother, leading the faithful donkey loaded with peat baskets, and followed by a gentle dog with its muzzle on.

And I reflected as I went back hungry to breakfast that fifty-three animals were a good many for a hut. When I returned after breakfast I found that the goslings had clambered over the wall, and three little children were playing with them. But very soon these children got tired of the goslings, and sat solemnly on the grass wondering what to do next. And then their heads appeared over the top of the wall. They scrambled down on to the road, and began to make defiantly for the duck pond. Two little feet were already in this pond, and two others were just on the brink, when lo! their mother saw them and called out, as severe as the mountain that overshadowed them, "Keep out of that pool, now!" It was a horrid pool. Such a one as an ordinary man would deodorize with a pipe. And for years their mother had been telling these children to keep out of it. Now they crept very subdued into the hut, and sat in disgrace with their toes round the peat fire. There, too, their grandmother was seated, her body shaking and her face withered with age. I saw her fill her pipe with little pieces of burning wood. "Good gracious!" I said, "what is she smoking?" "Only kippins," the

mother answered. "She's finished her tobacco," she explained.

There were six children in the hut altogether, with about a year between the ages of each. The mother had buried four, she told me, and two others were at school.

"Do they make a noise at night?" I asked. "Well, no, sir," she answered; "they don't be very noisy at night, indeed." And when I suggested that they looked fairly well, she agreed that they were pretty healthy enough, indeed. She offered me some seaweed to eat. "It's dillusk," she said; "it's very nice when it be dry." But I never felt inclined to eat anything in an Irish hut.

New York's Chinese Farms.....E. M. C.....New York Evening Post

Chinese farms within the corporate limits of New York City! The idea seems strange, yet it is a fact. There are seven Chinese farms in New York which supply all the vegetables used by the 10,000 Chinese in this vicinity. Five of the farms are near Astoria, one is near Flatbush, and one near Steinway, Long Island. Each farm is from five to six acres in extent, and is leased by the Chinese farmers from the white owner. At Astoria there are four farms together, and it is undoubtedly the most picturesquely Oriental spot in this cosmopolitan city. It is more strikingly Chinese than anything in Mott street. From the surroundings one might easily imagine himself in one of the suburbs of Pekin. The Chinese farmers wear exactly the same dress as the agricultural class in the Flowery Kingdom. The hat is the most unique part of the costume. It is made of split bamboo, braided like straw, shaped like a bell flattened out, with rim about two feet in diameter. It fills the requirements of a hat and an umbrella at the same time. The rest of the costume consists of a blouse, made of coarse cotton material, and trousers of the same. The feet are bare.

These farmers disdain American implements, such as the plough, harrow and spade, using those to which they and their ancestors have been accustomed for centuries. The principal one is a long, bamboo-handled hoe, with which they dig up the ground, pulverize it, shape it into beds, prepare them for planting, plant the seeds and cultivate them. The only other implement in use is a long, three-pronged fork, shaped like a hoe.

The first Chinese farmer in this country was Hen Shang, who started a little truck-garden near Astoria nearly twenty years ago. Hen Shang came to this country in the early eighties. He started a laundry, but it didn't pay, and he cast about for something else to do. He had been a farmer in his own country, and decided that it would be a good plan to raise vegetables for the Chinese colony here. He accordingly rented a small plot of ground near Flatbush avenue, Astoria, and made the experiment. It was indeed an experiment with Hen Shang, for he didn't know what vegetables would grow in this soil and climate, and what would not. He was successful in his first venture, and gradually extended the limits of his

garden and the variety of its produce. There were other farmers in Chinatown who envied Hen Shang his prosperity and offered to go into partnership with him. Hen Shang liked the idea, and formed the Hen Shang Yen, or Hen Shang Farming Company, taking in three partners. The company hired in addition five or six hands to help them cultivate the ground. The Chinese farmer is different from the American farmer. He produces at least four times as much on a plot of ground as his American co-laborer would produce in the same time. Crop after crop is raised in a single season, the limits of which are extended far beyond those recognized by the American gardener. The soil of a Chinese farm is allowed no rest. It is hoed and watered, and weeded from morning till night, and the vegetables produced are consequently of a superior quality.

Since the Hen Shang Yen started, several other farming companies have sprung up. They are the Hai Lee Yen, the Mon Lee Yen, the Yow Lee Yen, all at Astoria; the Tai Ping Yen, at Flatbush, and the Wong Lee Yen, at Steinway. The members of the companies all work in the beds with their hands, and peddle their produce among the Chinese residents of New York and Brooklyn. Proprietors and hands live together in huge shanties on their farms. These shanties are constructed of waste lumber and material gathered by the Chinamen and roughly put together. They are not very beautiful or artistic, but they answer all the requirements of their occupants.

The first crop produced is a little plant which looks much like clover. It is called "yun tsoi," and is highly esteemed by the Chinese as a soup ingredient. It makes its appearance about the first of April, requiring only about twenty days for growth. It is pulled when about five inches above the ground, tied in bundles weighing about a pound apiece, and is ready for the market. It retails at fifteen cents a bundle in Chinatown. The second crop is ready about April 15. It is "kai tsoi" and "bok tsoi," or green and white kale. Chinese kale resembles American kale only in appearance. In taste it is intensely sharp and pungent, like most Chinese vegetables. "Kai tsoi" and "bok tsoi" are used in soup. The white kale sprouts are stewed as a separate dish, and are regarded as a delicacy. These vegetables require about thirty days for growth. They are larger and more bushy than "yun tsoi," and are sold cheaper. Bunches weighing about a pound and a half sell for eight cents in Chinatown. German sugar peas are ready for the market about April 20. They are used as an ingredient for chop suey.

In the latter part of June the "sze kwa," or sponge squash; "fu kwa," or balsam apple, and "chit kwa," or hairy squash, make their appearance. These, also, are used in soups, the "fu kwa" being especially esteemed. It is bitter, tasting something like quinine. It is used as a condiment in stewing chicken and making pork soup. The "sze kwa" is only fit to eat when young and tender. Its average weight is about a pound and a half. Its form is like the peculiar Chinese sponge used for bathing—hence its name. "Chit kwa" is picked when it weighs a pound and a half. It grows to an

enormous size, and weighs when ripe from thirty to forty pounds. It is used in soup, and is also made into a sweetmeat, like citron, and not unlike citron in taste. Other vegetables raised on these Chinese farms are "ho kwa," or long white cabbage, used in soup; "yong choy," a water vine, used as watercress; Chinese gourds, of wonderful shapes, also used in soup; Chinese parsley, Chinese eggplants, and edible golden aster.

The Chinese farmer has some queer agricultural methods. He does everything upside down, as would be expected. He never puts his phosphates in the ground. Instead, he sprinkles them on top of the hills. It is peculiar stuff, too, looking like soot. He believes in plenty of water on his beds, and after leading the water through pipes under them to his water barrel, he laboriously lifts it out, bucketful by bucketful, and throws it over the growing plants. It would be useless for an agent to attempt to sell him a garden hose. Such a device must be an invention of the devil, and no self-respecting vegetable would grow if sprinkled with it.

These Chinese farmers have a union, like all other followers of a common trade among the Chinese. The union controls its members absolutely. It regulates the prices paid to employees, the manner of packing and marketing the products, the prices at which they shall be sold, and so on. If consumers do not wish to pay the price asked by the Chinese huckster they simply do not get any vegetables; there is no haggling. Most of the produce is taken by the Chinese peddlers in New York and Brooklyn, who in turn dispose of it to the restaurants and private individuals.

Tomb of Russian Royalty.....Washington Post

Very impressive in its stately simplicity is the last resting place of the reigning house of Russia, in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the precincts of the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which commands the entrance to the Neva River and the City of St. Petersburg. Indeed, those tourists who are accustomed to the magnificent monuments that adorn the tombs of Western rulers of ancient and modern times will be amazed to find that nothing but blocks of plain white marble mark the spots beneath which lies an Emperor or an Empress, a Grand Duke or a Grand Duchess of Russia. The remains of the illustrious dead are not, as so many people suppose, contained in the blocks of marble in question, and the latter are therefore falsely described as sarcophagi, since they are not hollow, but a solid mass of stone. The imperial tomb is in each case in the floor beneath the marble block, and away down below the floor and below the tombs that are beneath it are those damp and terrible dungeons against the outer walls of which beat the waters of the Neva, while against the inner walls many a prisoner has, during the past 200 years, and even within the last decade, beaten out his brains in the madness of his despair.

It has always seemed strange to me that the imperial mourners in the body of the church bewailing their dead who lie beneath the marble block should not at such moments have their hearts touched with pity at the thought of those miserable creatures, guilty of no crime against common law,

but merely of political offenses, who are entombed alive in dungeons beneath the tombs of the illustrious dead. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive the idea of the widowed Czarina weeping at the entombment of her son, the Grand Duke George, without giving a single thought to the fact that down deep below the place where she stood there were young men, likewise the sons of widowed mothers, whose fate was infinitely worse than that of her own dead boy, since he at least was oblivious to his surroundings, whereas they were alive to all the horrors of their hopeless and, in most cases, perpetual entombment.

All the sovereigns of Russia since Peter the Great, with the exception of Peter II., as well as the members of their families, lie buried here, the tomb of Peter the Great being near the south door. On the marble block above the tomb of that Grand Duke Constantine, who was Czarevitch, but who was forced to yield his rights of succession to his younger brother, Nicholas I., there lie the keys of the fortresses of Modlin and of Zamoscz, in Poland, which he captured. War medals commemorating the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of the century lie on the marble block over the last resting place of Emperor Alexander I. A number of silver and silver-gilt wreaths are deposited on the tombs of the grandfather and of the father of the present Czar, while the grave of Grand Duke George will, for some time to come, be adorned with fresh flowers. Great palm trees, lighted candles, and jeweled icons contribute to illuminate the gloom of the place, while the walls are covered with military trophies, standards, flags, keys of captured fortresses, and battleaxes taken from the Turks, the various tribes of Central Asia, and from all those other nations with which Russia has waged war during the last three centuries.

The Madonna They Worship Most.....Jacob A. Riis.....Century

When the July sun shines fiercest, and melts the asphalt pavements of Little Italy, there comes a day when all the bands and all the processions march toward 115th street. There, quite near the East River, stands the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, who, in the language of one of her devout adherents, is "the Madonna they worship most" in these parts. Not only from New York and Brooklyn, but from the far towns of New Jersey and the railroad camps of Connecticut, come hosts to kneel at her shrine. All through the night preceding the feast, wagons loaded with confectionery, fruit and wax candles drive up and take possession at the curb, as near the church as possible. Before the dawn is announced by the booming of guns, a double row of wagons extends into the avenue at each end of the block. The drivers sleep in their seats. With the daybreak there is a sudden awakening. The whole of Little Italy appears to pour itself into the street at once, and such marvelous combinations of color break out from the tenelements as are never seen anywhere else. The rainbow is only a feeble suggestion of them. Fireworks go off; the hucksters' cries rend the air. The people cheer and forthwith attack the candlewagons. They are out for a good time, and it is quite evident that they are having it. Women with

children in arms elbow the throngs to get near the wagons. Never one goes away without her candle. The vendors reap a rich harvest. They have candles from a few cents up to forty dollars—monster ones twice as long and as heavy as the average purchaser, gorgeously decked with gilt, with pictures of the Madonna, and with crucifixes. The big ones go first.

The great basement doors of the church are opened, and the throng takes shape and direction. It moves toward the shrine above which stands the image of the Virgin in spotless, flowing robes. All about are crutches and canes cast away by those whom she has healed. The women throw themselves before her and hold out their babies to be blessed. Men kneel and mumble prayers. The resistless march of the multitude sweeps them on. They clutch blindly at near-by seats and sink into them, repeating incessantly their prayer and telling their beads. Soon the church is filled to overflowing, but there is no break in the march. There is none till the last ray of the day's sun has long died in the west, and midnight draws near. The crowd presses on and on, stumbles before the shrine in a vain effort to kneel, and catches at the robe of the Virgin for but a single touch, even at the hem of her garment, as it is borne past. Back at the shrine the priests are receiving the offerings of the people and piling them at the feet of the image. The murmur of a thousand subdued voices in fervent supplication rises above the tread of countless feet marching ever on and on.

By breakfast time comes the first procession, with a band. Six men bear a banner aloft with a picture of the Virgin made of—greenbacks. Handfuls of banknotes are pinned to the banner wherever there is a vacant spot. It is an Italian society grateful for past favors, and takes this practical way of bearing witness to the fact. Other banners come during the day, and are borne into the church to be tendered to the guardian priests. The enthusiasm of the audience is fired at the sight. A woman kneeling in her seat takes off her necklace and flings it at the priest, who catches it deftly and pins it to the robe of the Madonna. The eyes of the happy giver shine with joy. A kind of frenzy seizes the audience; watches, rings, earrings and pins are passed up. The image stands forth in a robe of shimmering gold above the moving multitude.

Outside, band follows band, procession upon procession. From every corner of the compass they march into the street, men, women and children, shouldering candles, little and big, that wilt in the July sun and crook like question-marks long before the church door is reached. A woman carries a mighty candle on her bare shoulder, walking barefoot on the hot asphalt. It is a self-imposed penance, requiring no little fortitude and endurance. Some march barefoot the six miles and over from Mulberry street, choosing the roughest pavements and kneeling on the sharpest stones on the way to tell their beads. Lest there should be none sharp enough, the most devout carry flints in their pockets to put under their knees. Girls walk in white with veils and lighted candles. An elderly woman steps proudly, bearing upon her head a

temple of wax candles steadied with pink ribbons held by four matrons. The cry of the chestnut-vender rises above the din. He carries his ware threaded upon a fishline at the end of a long pole. Dimes in plenty are his catch. Pink lemonade is hawked along the curb, and huge slices of watermelon, red and juicy, make the mouths of the thirsty paraders water. But they cannot stop. At a stand on the corner a boy sits perched on a stool, his whole face buried in an enormous rind, munching away for dear life, while with his disengaged hand he waves mechanically a newspaper fastened to a stick to chase the flies from his table. The sun pours down upon his bare head, the bands bray, the show and the banners go by; he eats right on. He has his share of the feast, and on the point of miracles is satisfied.

The "Preaching-Pits" of Cornwall.....Chambers's Journal

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of Cornwall are innumerable disused mine-shafts, as might be expected in a county whose mining industry has existed for considerably over twenty centuries. When the lodes of tin and copper gave out, or became too poor to pay for the working, the mines were abandoned, leaving either innumerable yawning chasms or shafts hundreds of fathoms deep to scar the face of the country. In time the wood-work which had been placed as a lining to the shafts to support the sides rotted away, and, as a result, the sides caved in and fell into the shaft, and so formed a pit. In many cases the "run-in," as this caving-in is termed, formed a perfectly circular pit in the shape of an inverted truncated cone, sometimes measuring over a hundred feet in diameter at the surface, and from thirty to forty feet in its greatest depth. Where the ground was more "rubbly" the pit would be wider and deeper. When the great religious revival under the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield took place, Cornwall was one of the counties in which the movement took deep root. Chapels sprang up very quickly; but until these were built the revivalists looked about for places in which they might worship without molestation. Some genius saw great possibilities in these "run-in" mine-shafts, and so the "preaching-pit" became an accomplished fact. The bottoms of the pits were leveled, and on the sloping sides rude seats were formed by cutting the earth into tiers of steps and covering them with turf. A high bank was raised at one side for the preacher, and an opening was cut so as to give easy access to the pit. In some cases a railing was erected round the outer edge, having an entrance gate.

In these rude, improvised amphitheatres, eminently suited to the rough, emotional nature of the Cornish miner, revival services were held, and hundreds of converts were "brought in," as the Cornishman terms it. With nothing but the blue sky above and the green grass below, the pit crowded tier above tier with solemn-faced religionists, listening with bated breath to the denunciation of the sinner and the exhortation to flee from wrath eternal; the young, dark-haired, blue-eyed lads and maidens sitting hand-in-hand, as is the custom with Cornish lovers, and their elders nodding and shaking their heads as they agree or disagree with the

remarks of the preacher, occasionally emitting a groan or an "Amen"; while over all, the gathering gloom completes the solemnity of the scene, and makes it a fit subject for the brush of a Rembrandt. Then, when the hymn, rolling from a thousand throats and echoed from the pit-sides, had been sung, followed by the prayer, in which the entire spirit of the suppliant was poured forth with violent gesticulations and contortions of body, to the accompaniment of "Amens," groans and "Hallelujahs" of the believers, mingled with cries and shrieks from the "unsaved," it would seem as if the spirit of the ancient Druids had survived through the centuries in this remnant of Britain's ancient people. These "preaching-pits" are all situated in West Cornwall. That at Gwennap, near Redruth, is the largest and best known. It is forty-seven yards in diameter, and will accommodate 10,000 people. In Wesley's time it was very much larger. Others are situated at Newlyn East, near Newquay, and at Indian Queen's, near Truro. The pits are not now regularly used as places of worship; but on bank holidays special services are held in them, and they are used also on the occasion of a Sunday-school treat. At such times they are well worth visiting.

*A Glimpse of Chilkooot Pass.....Frederick Palmer.....In the Klondyke**

In the hard, well-packed snow, steps had been cut, making it a case of walking upstairs rather than of climbing. At intervals, more welcome than the chairs on the landings of an apartment house which has no elevator, seats had been cut. Men stepping out of the slow-moving line found rest in these. It was not "game" to groan, but purple faces and lungs gasping for more power for bodies quivering with excess of strain told of misery that was felt if not expressed. When a man did break down he collapsed utterly, and sometimes he wept.

Fifty pounds was the usual weight of a pack for all who did not take pride in exhibiting their brute strength. These, and the professional packers who bore the outfits of pilgrims who could afford this luxury, often labored under a hundred pounds or more. The hero of the day was an Indian. He took up a barrel weighing 350 pounds. A Swede who crawled up on his hands and knees with three six-by-four timbers strapped on his back shared honors with him, however. The descent to the Scales was delightfully simple. You sat down and tobogganed, using your heels as a brake, without any unpleasant results if you had well-riveted overalls.

On the crest were piled hundreds of pilgrims' outfits, separated one from another by narrow paths, making the whole seem like a city in miniature. Buried under the seventy feet of snow which had fallen during the winter were two other such cities, which their owners hoped to recover in the summer. Beyond floated a large British flag over the little block-house where the British Northwest Mounted Police had established themselves to collect customs and to see that no one not having a special permit entered Canadian territory with less than a year's supply of food.

*Chas. Scribner's Sons.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

The Origin of "Christian Science".....Blackwood's Magazine

I trust that I am giving Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy no offence when I say that in claiming to be the founder of Christian Science she is not telling the strict truth. The real founder was a certain Phineas P. Quimby, who was in business as a blacksmith in a small New England town in the early sixties. In his spare time he practised healing by mental suggestion, with such success that patients flocked to him from all parts of the State, and among them came Mrs. Eddy, who was suffering from some nervous disorder that defied medical skill. Quimby was contemptibly wanting in enterprise; though it was patent to all that there was money in the thing, he continued to give his services for nothing, and even to impart the theory of his practice to any of his patients who cared to listen to him. Mrs. Eddy sucked him dry, and returned home full of new thoughts. She realized at once the defects and the possibilities of her master's teaching. He used the Bible for his cures; he argued that of the two commands laid upon the apostles—to preach the Gospel and to heal the sick—the Church had obeyed the first and neglected the second. Therein were endless possibilities; but he had not ambition enough to push the matter to its logical end, to break from the common herd of faith-healers and churchgoers and proclaim himself the apostle of a new revelation after the order of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons. Now Mary Baker G. Eddy is before all things an excellent woman of business. She knew that a sect more or less does not count for much in a country like America, where they are numbered by hundreds. But here, ready to her hand, was the material for a religious sect of a novel kind, that should minister to the two wants for which mankind is always ready to pay without expecting any return in this world's goods—medicine for the soul and medicine for the body. Any medical directory will enable you to arrive approximately at the annual sum that it spends in the latter direction if you assume that every doctor in the list is making an average of at least £300 a year. Mrs. Eddy tells us that she spent three years in retirement "to search the Scriptures and ponder her mission," and no one can say that they were years ill-spent, since they were the incubation period of "Science and Health," and her Metaphysical College. And so, when she claims to have discovered Christian Science, as she does with much unnecessary warmth of language, she is doing herself an injustice. In reality she played Shakespeare to Phineas P. Quimby's Boccaccio; she stole the idea and made a masterpiece of it, as many other great artists have done before her.

A Theocracy in Practice.....Charles M. Harvey.....Baltimore Herald

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which is the official name of the Mormon denomination, was organized in Fayette, Seneca County, N. Y., on April 6, 1830, under the statutes of the State of New York, by six members—Joseph Smith, the founder of the order; Hyrum Smith,

Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Samuel H. Smith and Peter Whitmer. Most of the Mormons then settled in Clay County, Mo. In 1834, Smith and the Ohio colony, being driven from that State, established themselves in Caldwell County, Mo., and created the town of Far West.

The Mormons' Missouri troubles culminated at the election of August 6, 1838. In Gallatin, Daviess County, on that day, William Penniston, a candidate for the Legislature, denounced the Mormons as horse thieves and counterfeitters, and declared that none of them would be permitted to vote. A Mormon who was present said the charges against his sect were untrue, and declared he would vote. He was struck by a Gentile, and a general fight began in the town, which continued at intervals through the greater part of the day. Reports of the trouble spread, both Mormons and Gentiles armed throughout the counties in which the Mormons had settled, a miniature civil war resulted, the outcome of which was that Governor Boggs issued an order on October 27, 1838, directing that the Mormons "must be exterminated or driven from the State if necessary, for the public good." Major-General Clark started out to enforce the order. Many of the Mormon leaders were taken prisoners, but most of them subsequently escaped. The rest of the Mormons of Missouri, who had grown to between 12,000 and 15,000 by this time, made their way in the winter of 1838-39 up to Iowa or across the Mississippi to Illinois, the greater part of them going in the latter direction.

This time the Mormons found their refuge near the little village of Commerce, in Hancock County, Ill., which they purchased, and laid out a town which they named Nauvoo. They had peace for several years in Illinois, the Legislature of that State granting a liberal charter to their city, and they at last seemed to believe they had found their long-sought New Jerusalem.

Several causes besides this one conspired to bring disaster to the Mormons at this time. Their Missouri enemies began to renew their suits against the Mormon leaders in the courts. Prosperity, which had made Smith aspire to the presidency, began to make him arrogant in his conduct toward his Gentile neighbors, or appeared to them to make him so. Some of the Gentiles were jealous of the prosperity of the Mormons. Stories, some of them possibly true, began to circulate that certain attempts made on the life of Governor Boggs, of Missouri, were traced to them. Reports began to be circulated regarding the acts, or alleged acts, of the Danites, Sons of Dan, or "destroying angels," a body of Mormons formed in 1838, about the time the sect was driven from Missouri, whose object, it was averred by their enemies, was the assassination of all obnoxious Gentiles, and who were charged with many crimes. The Mormon authorities denied all connection with the Danites, but the Mountain Meadow massacre by Mormons in 1857, and the execution of the Mormon leader, John D. Lee, in 1877, for complicity in it, incited inquiries which appear to have established a con-

nection between that band and the Mormon hierarchy. The cohabitation of Smith and other Mormon leaders with women other than their own legal wives, which began about 1840, which was not openly avowed, and which was not yet sanctioned by the Church, but which had reached the ears of their Gentile neighbors, did more than all the other causes combined to arouse the popular wrath against the Mormons.

Joseph Smith, his brother Hyrum, and a few other officials of the Church were arrested on June 24, 1844, charged with having ordered out the Nauvoo Legion of Mormon militia to resist the local authorities of Illinois. The Mormons had been accused, though on insufficient evidence, by the Gentiles and by some Mormon seceders, of committing murders and destroying property in the surrounding region, and on the day mentioned they went to Carthage, the county seat of Hancock County, and, on their promise to appear for trial, were released from custody, but were immediately rearrested. On the afternoon of June 27 a mob broke into the jail where they were confined, killed the two Smiths, Joseph, the prophet, being thirty-nine years of age at the time, and wounded John Taylor, who was president of the Church in 1877-87, after the death of Brigham Young.

Joseph Smith's death necessitated the election of another president of the Church, but the choice did not formally take place until three years later, in the fall of 1847, after the saints had reached Utah and had established their future home. The ultimate choice was determined, though, a few weeks after Smith's death. This brought to the front the greatest personage ever identified with the Mormon faith—a man fearless, self-confident, sagacious, resourceful, who had qualities which would have doubtless enabled him to make a mark in any community or age—Brigham Young.

The exodus from Nauvoo began on February 1, 1846, the Mormons crossing the Mississippi on the ice, and the march westward began. A declaration of war against Mexico having been made by Congress three months afterward, on May 11, an offer of men for the war was made by Young to President Polk, and while they were at Council Bluffs, in July, 1846, Captain J. L. Allen, of the United States Army, called on them to furnish a contingent to the military service. They contributed 500 men, known as the Mormon Battalion, which joined General Stephen W. Kearney's force, operated in New Mexico and California, and did good service. In the meantime their migration brought the Mormons into Utah in the summer of 1847, and on July 24 Brigham Young, with one of the advance parties, arrived at the top of the Wasatch Mountains, and cast his eyes down the valley of Salt Lake, exclaiming, as he caught a glimpse of the future home of his people: "The spirit of light rested upon me and hovered over the valley, and I felt that there the saints would find protection and safety." He had, it was said, already seen this spot in his vision. "It is enough," he added. "This is the place. Drive on." From that day onward for forty years the history of the Mormons was the history of Utah.

Excommunication.....New York Tribune

Excommunication is a form of ecclesiastical punishment that is by no means confined to the Roman Catholic creed. It has been retained by the Anglican Church, and by most of the other Protestant denominations, as well as by the Jews, with whom, indeed, it originated, since the "anathema" or "cutting off" from association with the faithful, constituted one of the punishments prescribed for certain offences by the Mosaic law. Away back in the sixties an attempt was made by certain prelates of the Church of England to excommunicate the missionary Bishop Colenso, of Natal, in consequence of his refusal to impose monogamy on the natives who had a plurality of wives as a condition of baptism, taking the ground that neither the Bible nor the practice of the Christian Church in its early days prescribed any such requirements. But, owing to the powerful support which the Bishop received from many dignitaries of the Church to which he belonged, notably from the celebrated Dean Stanley, who placed the pulpit of Westminster Abbey at his disposal when he came to England in 1867, the endeavor to impose the ban of the Church upon the so-called "Zulu" Bishop fell through, and no effort has since been made by the Church of England to excommunicate any of its members for matters of doctrine.

Two years ago, however, the Bishop of Lichfield publicly pronounced in his cathedral a sentence of excommunication against one of the minor canons of the chapter, the Rev. Gerald Hayward, who had been previously found guilty by a consistorial court of immorality, and who refused to mend his ways. The Bishop, standing in front of the altar, declared that inasmuch as the defendant had not appealed on the question of law or given any token of penitence, he was therefore entirely removed, deposed and degraded from the office of priest and deacon, respectively, in the Church of England, and excommunicated and cut off from communion with the congregation of Christian men until such time as he could give the Bishop or other competent witnesses sufficient sign or token of repentance for his open and notorious sin, which had caused such grave scandal to the Church. Psalm CXXX. was afterward chanted, and then the Bishop offered up prayers contained in the so-called commination service, which forms part of the liturgy of the Church of England, for those who have "wandered from the fold." This decree of the Bishop of Lichfield was described by him as the major excommunication, the minor degree thereof merely excluding the delinquent from all participation in the sacraments.

Until about sixty years ago, excommunication by the State Church of England carried with it all sorts of legal disabilities. It practically placed the person against whom it was pronounced outside the pale of the law, rendering him incompetent to offer testimony in any court of law or to bring any action to recover land or money due to him, besides depriving him of his franchise and of all other civic rights. All these penalties are, however, now repealed, and while a decree of excommunication may carry with it a sentence of six months' imprisonment, the latter is imposed not as part of the

excommunication itself but as punishment for contumacy and contempt of court in refusing to obey the decree of the consistorial tribunal.

With regard to excommunication by the Roman Catholic Church, it may be said to have been modernized and brought up to date by Pope Pius IX., who, in a bull issued in 1869, restricted in a very extensive manner those offences in which excommunication is incurred "ipso facto," and repealed and annulled all previous ecclesiastical legislation on the subject. He took the ground that there were many things which in former days constituted grave offences in the eyes of the Church, but which, in view of the altered conditions of life in the nineteenth century, could no longer be regarded as sufficiently reprehensible to call forth the anathema. He likewise abolished that form of minor excommunication which was formerly incurred by people holding communication with persons subject to major excommunication. Save in very extreme cases, intercourse with those who have incurred the penalty of major excommunication is permitted.

It must be understood that excommunication is a form of punishment of which in the Roman Catholic Church, as in the case of that of England and of other Protestant denominations, most sparing use is made; in fact, it is resorted to only when there is no other alternative open to the clergy. In the Church of England it can be pronounced only after the offender has been duly tried and found guilty by a consistorial court.

Interdict is practically the same as excommunication, the latter being the term used when the ban of the Church is issued against an individual, whereas the former denotes the excommunication of an entire community. While the interdict lasts the people belonging to the community upon which it is imposed are deprived of all the solemn ministrations of the Church. No high mass is said for them, and other religious rites, such as Christian burial, are denied to them.

Where the chief of a State, his consort or the member of a reigning family belonging to the Roman Catholic Church is concerned the diocesan has no power to issue any decree of interdict, and it is the Pope alone who possesses the right of excommunication. That is to say, if a Roman Catholic is ever elected to the Presidency of the United States it is the Pontiff alone who will have the prerogative of calling him to account in religious matters, and, if necessary, of excommunicating him. Among the royal personages of the Old World who are at present subjected to the ban of the Church by the Pontiff are the King of Italy, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Crown Prince of Roumania.

The Rosary.....Reliquary

The invention of the rosary has been variously attributed to Saint Albert de Crespín, Peter the Hermit, Saint Dominic and others. Of the latter, the Roman Breviary office states that he "was admonished by the Blessed Virgin Mary to preach the rosary as a special remedy against heresy and sin." Of the three, the most probable is Peter the Hermit, who, toward the end of the eleventh century, traveled through Europe exhorting all Chris-

tian princes and people to take up the cross in a crusade against the Saracens, who had closed the Holy Sepulchre against them. Peter, who is credited with introducing the fashion with the hours of Our Lady among the Crusaders, had undoubtedly seen the instrument of the rosary in the hands of the Mohammedans.

The Mohammedan counts his repetitions—e.g., "The absolute glory of God" (thirty-three times); "The absolute glory of God, the great, with His praise forever!" (once); "Praise be to God!" (thirty-three times); "Extolled be His dignity! There is no Deity but Him" (once); "God is most great!" (thirty-three times); "God is most great in greatness, and praise be to God in abundance!" (once)—with a string of beads called "seb'hhab" or "soob'hhab." The beads are ninety-nine in number, and have a mark between each thirty-three, made of aloe or other odoriferous or precious woods, or of coral, or of certain fruit-stones, seeds, etc. At the death of a "Moos-lim fickée" (fakir), as many as fifty say the "seb'hhab," or rosary, upon a rosary of a thousand beads, each about the size of a pigeon's egg, thrice repeating a thousand times, "There is no Deity but God," and other ejaculations fifty and one hundred times. The Mohammedan probably derived the use of this appliance from the Hindu Ramanujas and other sectaries who carry rosaries of seeds of the tulasi (holy basil) or of lotus; or the Buddhists, as those of Thibet, who tell the beads of their large rosaries as they repeat the words "Om mané padmé houm"—"Oh the jewel of the lotus"—a phrase which thousands of men repeat all their lives without understanding its meaning, but believing that they are insuring for themselves a happy future; or yet again, perhaps, from the Jews, who have a chaplet called Meah Beracot.

The use of such strings of beads as an aid to devotion was an ancient usage in the East. Bonomi in his "Palaces of Ninevah," shows a divinity holding in his extended left hand a chaplet, composed of large and small beads placed alternately. Large numbers of long strings of cornelian beads, all exactly alike in form, have been found with tools and pottery during the excavations at Illahun. In a Babylonian prayer occur the words, "Oh my God! seven times seven are my transgressions, my transgressions are before me," which were to be repeated ten times. And again, "May thy heart, like the heart of the mother of the setting day, to its place return," to be repeated five times. The use of the rosary by the orthodox Christians of the East differs widely from that of Western Christendom. The Greek priests are required to repeat forty "Kyrie eleisons" thrice every day, and these they count off on their beads. The Copts use a string of forty-one beads, saying, "Oh my Lord, have mercy!" forty-one times; others count by their fingers. The separated Copts and Armenians very often use rosaries exactly the same as the Mohammedans, without a cross, but most of those of the Greeks and the Russians have crosses attached to them. All the separated Easterns told an Anglican clergyman that they only used the rosary to count their prostrations and "kyries," or else to have something in their hands while talking or thinking.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

The Dying of Death.....Joseph Jacobs.....Fortnightly

Death is regarded no longer as a King of Terrors, but rather as a kindly nurse who puts us to bed when our day's work is done. The fear of death is being replaced by the joy of life. The flames of hell are sinking low, and even heaven has but poor attractions for the modern man. Full life here and now is the demand; what may come after is left to take care of itself. Ever since Spinoza laid down the proposition, "Homo sapiens de nihilo minus quam de morte cogitat," the world has become wiser in a Spinozistic sense. Death is disappearing from our thoughts.

One of the main causes of this remarkable change in sentiment is the improvement in modern sanitation and hygiene, and the increased average duration of life. In the Middle Ages nothing was so uncertain as life. Duels and private wars, feuds and bandits, plagues and pestilences, made men uncertain of their lives from hour to hour. When men's position in life depended upon the strength of their right arm they ceased to be effective when they became "stale" as athletes. Thus old age began for men early in the forties. The average age was younger, yet death came more frequently, so that his visits were the more and more unwelcome. When any day might be one's last it was natural to be always thinking what came after death. Nowadays death comes later, with more warnings of his approach, and takes us less by surprise. We are more willing to go, less eager to stay.

That increase in the average age of men has wider results than would appear at first sight. The forties in a man's life are the decade of disillusion, and a society in which the tone is mainly given by men of forty and upward is sure to be practical and pessimistic. Now the tendency of modern life is to put power in men's hands mainly after they have reached the age of forty. Mr. Galton has noticed, in his Hereditary Genius, that men do not get into the biographical dictionaries till after the age of forty. It is only in the present generation that the cumulative effect of the increased age of the men of influence has had time to show itself, and the result has been what is known as the "fin de siècle" tone. Part of this tone is characterized by the dying of death.

It is true that quite recently there has been somewhat of a reaction against the general tendency toward dissolution. For the moment at least the young man is given a chance, at all events in literature. But this is due to another tendency of the age, a demand for individuality combined with the spread of the practice of advertisement. Yet the "boom" rarely reaches any one under thirty, whereas but a generation or two ago a genius to be a genius ought to come to the front under twenty-five.

That very tendency toward individuality which for the moment is giving the young men a chance again, is another of the causes that diverts the attention from death. The hurry-scurry of modern life leaves no one time to meditate among the tombs. The increased number of interests lowers

the intensity of any single one, and prevents us from being able to concentrate our attention on the subject, which, if it is to be thought about at all, makes a demand upon our whole thought. We have so much to think about we cannot think much about anything.

Moreover, the belief in personal immortality tends to fade. There is a dim feeling that the Recording Angel would not be able to distinguish between me and my neighbor in any future life. The average man feels a crushing sense of insignificance produced by the air of great cities, which renders his continued existence less likely to the imagination, and men are getting more of an average every day. We are getting more humble; we are realizing the possibility that the universe can manage to get on without us. The world forgets us while we live; we are getting to fear or think that God may forget us when we die.

Thus on all sides death is losing its terrors. We are dying more frequently when our life's work is done, and it seems more natural to die. We live so hurriedly that the final ceasing to be is regarded as the "summum bonum." The favorite text on tombs is getting to be, "God giveth his beloved sleep." The sentiment expressed on Professor Huxley's tombstone, "It is well even if the sleep be endless," expresses a general feeling.

Cemetery Environment.....Brooklyn Eagle

The Ingersoll cremation illustrated the need of a little civilization in our cemetery environment. We Americans, when we were young, used to regard the churchyard as a sacred place. We used to play hide-and-seek and tag among the tombstones, yet we felt that the spot was not to be profaned. Certain strange newcomers, however, bringing customs to us that were fostered by habits of thought and ways of living quite apart from ours, have declared their presence in nothing more strikingly than by the surroundings they have created for the cemeteries. Instead of being a grave place the church is a picnic ground. You enter it through a huddle of saloons and shops and soda water and fruit stands; the huckster clamors to sell flowers to you, if you look as if you were a mourner and wanted to put flowers on the grave of somebody; people sit on benches beneath awnings and drink beer and eat pretzels as they watch the processions enter, and there is a bustle and hurrah about the gate that makes it seem more like the entrance to a "schuetzenfest" or a drinking contest between the "gemischterchor" and the "turnverein" than the most solemn spot in the world. If you want to know what I mean go up and look at the entrance to Evergreens Cemetery, or any graveyards in that quarter. Flags, flowers, restaurants and beer—always beer.

When the body of Colonel Ingersoll was cremated at Fresh Pond his family and friends waited until the incineration was complete. Waited where? In a beer saloon. It was the only place that could be found for them. There were the widow and

daughters, there were prominent professional men, there were men who had been ministers abroad, and the only place that people of that sort could find in which to rest, to obtain shelter from the weather, was a crowded groggery, where another class of mourners was jabbering and carousing. An attempt was made to obtain a glass of water, but without success. The concern was not selling water. You could have liquor if you liked. In a place like this the mourners and attendants were required to wait for several hours. There was no privacy, no quiet, no respect for the grief of the living or care for the memory of the dead—nothing but thirst.

On Bustling.....Household Words

If the busiest men and women were the greatest bustlers, plenary absolution might be granted them, but as a matter of fact bustlers are not the people who get through an enormous amount of work, and live at a high pressure; when bustlers are busy it is generally either about other people's business, or else about self-imposed highly unnecessary work. The bustling man is bad enough. We all know him, but we know also the limitations of his bustle; he begins early in the morning; his shaving-water and his boots cause as much fuss and commotion as if he were going to India or Australia, instead of to the city, or, if he live in the country, to a meet in the next parish. If he happens to be in the army and on duty, matters are still further complicated by the pipe-claying of gloves and the cleaning of spurs, so that the appearance of this bustler on the parade-ground in time of peace creates as much stir and more worry than a whole regiment starting for the field of battle in time of war. Every one knows there will be no peace in the house until he is out of it, and every one resigns himself to his fate, and breathes a sigh of relief when the door closes on the bustler, and inwardly hopes that he won't return before evening, when the moment he sets foot in the house another domestic tornado arises and lasts until he has dined well, and is enjoying his pipe, which, glory be to tobacco, generally has a calming effect.

But the bustling woman! No soporific influences can be brought to bear on her; she does not smoke, she has not time, we almost wish she did, for she is 10,000 times worse than the bustling man. Her bustle is boundless; it is perpetual; it is the only thing about her that has no limitations; there is no escape from it; it begins at six o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, at which hour she commences operations by ringing up the servants, and disturbing everybody else, and it goes on the live-long day, until sleep closes her weary eyelids at night. Apparently, there is always an express train waiting somewhere for her, which her life is spent in endeavoring to catch; she can't, to save her soul, enter a room quietly like other people with ten times as much work to do; she always rushes in, generally knocking down some piece of furniture on her way; she never, by any chance, has time to shut a door; she frequently breakfasts and lunches in her hat or bonnet; she is always in a hurry, yet she is never in time for anything, but is either too soon or too late. She is always busy, yet if asked

at the end of the day what she has done, she would find it very difficult to say what she really had accomplished. She never sits down for more than five consecutive minutes at meals; no sooner has she seemingly seated herself to read or write or work than up she jumps and finds some other form of employment.

Unworthy Curiosity.....T. S. Knowlson.....Great Thoughts

The symbol of development is the man who asks questions: Darwin about the origin of species, Bessemer about steel, and Marconi about telegraphy without wires. Carlyle in his day lamented that this interrogation of Nature had ceased. Said he, "The age of curiosity, like that of chivalry, is ended, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep." Opinions may differ on a point like this, but few will deny that every generation needs the men who can ask and answer the What? and How? and Why? It is a conviction of this truth which stands in the way of an immediate understanding of Lessing's warning.

And yet, when we come to look into the matter, we find "curiosity" is a word of rather doubtful associations. We have used it as synonymous with the "inquiring spirit," and there is no reason why we should not do so. But somehow or other curiosity more often carries with it a sense of the unworthy than not; Byron speaks of "that low vice—curiosity," and the Apocrypha refers to it as a scourge. Perhaps Sterne hits it off best when he says, "Keyholes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness than all the other holes in this world put together." Could anything better suggest the curiosity which is always peering and prying into other people's business? or the inquisitiveness which is a disgrace to human society? There is the eavesdropper who crouches to listen behind the wall; the hungry scandal-monger, on the lookout for a tasty meal; and those sly people who are seldom absent from their place at the peeping window—all these are a plague and an abomination. Their curiosity is abnormal and unhealthy; it is, in fact, a sort of social diabetes, which induces an inordinate but never-satisfied desire for things spicy and high seasoned.

The only cure is to reform the diet. Be content with facts as they are, and with items as they appear on the surface. In other words, keep on the high-road of life. There are many byways and side-walks and corners, but they are for the meddlesome and the interfering. You have—or ought to have—higher concerns than the past history of our next-door neighbor, the exact date and circumstances of Mr. De Maret's elopement, or the possibilities of a financial failure at the factory close by. There are times, it is true, when each of these matters may be fit subjects of inquiry; what we condemn is that perpetual gossip which is at once mean, useless and in most cases highly injurious. Regard should be had for the privacies of life. Jeremy Taylor says, somewhat severely, "Curiosity is the direct incontinency of the spirit. Knock, therefore, at the door before you enter on your neighbor's privacy; and remember that there is no difference between entering his house and looking into it." Exactly. Our affairs are our own, and propriety on the part

of others is all the protection we have. Let us then respect the hedge which separates the interest of one life from another. To tread it down by inquisitiveness or silly talk is to commit a crime against the spirit of charity, one which we should grieve to have committed if we were the centre of curiosity—perhaps not so grieved if otherwise. The social life of to-day needs a purgative for Paul Pryism; that purgative is a love of higher things.

Superficiality in Journalism.....Home Journal

In an amusing and decidedly savage article on *The Literature of Snippets*, an editorial writer in the *Saturday Review* satirizes the penny journals which cater to the taste for "boiled down" encyclopedia work in the line of general information, and emphasizes the habit of shallowness and superficiality so engendered. It is hard in these days to safely offer an opinion as to the necessity of thoroughness in mental pursuits, not because thoroughness is not "per se" the thing to be aimed at, but because one fears, after all, that, situated as this generation is, the thorough seems almost the unattainable. Most men of business are conscious that it is all they can do to properly concentrate the mind on any given subject, however important. The multiplicity of interruptions and distractions makes it necessary for the business man to become a sort of mental prestidigitateur. He must perform lightning changes. Business success in most lines does, indeed, presuppose the power of mental concentration; but not necessarily what we would call, by way of distinction, mental absorption. That belongs rather to the reader, the scholar, the poet, the artist generally. The true man of business must be alert as well as systematic. Now, all who have cultivated habits of mental absorption know that the dreamer is apt to be a very unsystematic person. System means attention to little things, as well as great, at the proper time. It means that, even if you are doing a business of thousands annually, you must stop to jot down a payment or the receipt of a few cents, if this is necessary in order to properly balance your books. The few cents may not be worth the annoyance and interruption in themselves; but a habit of negligence in small things is very apt to breed a habit of negligence in great things. The systematic man attends to each problem as it is presented to him, and disposes of it then and there; or else, if he needs more time and leisure to weigh it, he files it away in his memory, and also on his memorandum card. This breeds a mental habit off duty. Prolonged and deep study of one subject is apt to be tiresome to such men, because their minds are habituated to swift transitions; just as the butterfly flits from flower to flower.

Young and Old Humor.....Baltimore Herald

It takes 200 years to make a gentleman, but a humorist is born. It is not recorded that the parents of Sydney Smith, "Mark Twain," Tom Hood or "Bill Nye" were people notably addicted to the making and taking of jokes. It is even possible that they may have marveled in stolid helplessness at the freakish development of their offspring. Humor is a sixth sense, like music, and is not a gift of heredity or possible of acquirement.

There is a term in use among the illiterate in certain localities which alone fits this perception. They say they "sense" events, qualities, persons. The old mountain woman, ignorant of philology as one of her own cows, "senses" misfortune or joy, and her daughter "senses" the coming of her lover long before he appears in person before her. The verb to sense has, it is true, a place in the dictionary, but with the slighting comment that it is obsolete, or a colloquialism. It is a good word, and one worthy of honor. He to whom nature has vouchsafed the boon of humor or music "senses" it by a process as impossible of communication as would be the glories of sight to one born blind.

There is no greater or more common error than the confusion of humor with frivolity. In a letter to Emily Sellwood, whom he afterward married, Tennyson says: "I dare not tell how high I rate humor, which is generally most fruitful in the highest and most solemn human spirits. Dante is full of it. Shakespeare, Cervantes and almost all the greatest have been pregnant with this glorious power. You will find it even in the gospel of Christ." The author of "In Memoriam" could hardly be called a humorist, but the possession of the sense enabled him to descend from those solemn purple-palled heights of sorrow to laugh at the old church warden who couldn't abide the Baptists because, while he was sick in bed with the rheumatism, they washed away their sins in his pond, and it poisoned the cow.

The principle or perception of humor is born alike in all who are endowed with the fairy gift, but its character is modified by the succeeding influences of personal and intellectual surroundings. The great diva who charms the world with the sublimest inspirations of genius may have sung street songs for stray pennies in her childhood. That was the uncultured expression of the nature born in her. Education opened to her the great wonder-world of music, and she doubtless marvels that the rude jangles could ever have seemed to her to be a part of it. In the same way the humor of a starved intellectuality compares with the conceptions of an educated mind.

There is something crude, irreverent, cruel even, in the humor that appeals most keenly to the mass of American people—something partaking of the thoughtless mercilessness of children. The sense of the ludicrous in people of this class is most quickly reached through violent contrast, and the more discordant the clash, the readier the response.

In the most exquisite example of true humor that was ever written, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that delicious young prig, Moses, sagely remarks: "The Roman poet understands the use of contrast better, and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends." According to popular American ideas, it is upon that figure, artfully managed, that all strength in the funny depends. Indeed, if British criticism of American humor makes this its principal charge, what shall be said of the keen appreciation by English audiences of *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*? In that play the whole humor of the situation consists in violent contrast—the bringing incongruously together of most diverse personalities and ideas; the jar of

tenderest sentiment with harshest practicality; the clash of Arcadian gold with the cruel hardness of the age of iron. Pygmalion and Galatea was one of the most popular comedies ever presented on a London stage, and yet there are Americans who saw more of pathos than of humor in the piteous representation, and rebelled against the brutal jest that sacrificed the most beautiful poem of the Greek mythology.

*The Basis of Conduct.....Norman Bridge.....The Penalties of Taste**

It is one of the curiosities of sociological study how easily we find reasons that are satisfactory to us for all sorts of things, and especially for that thing most recondite and difficult to find out, the true basis of action of other human beings. If a man's spinal column happens to grow with certain curves that make the body stand erect, with the head thrown back, we are, many of us, sure to think he is proud and top-lofty. If the wrinkles on his face happen to give it a sober cast, we almost instinctively associate with him the idea of funereal gloom or self-righteousness, forgetting that some of the saddest men of the world are those who make the most fun and appear the most cheerful. We even accuse the horses and dogs of vanity and pride if they happen to carry their heads high and have arching necks, so unfair and unjudicial are our judgments of living things.

If it is true, and it certainly is, that our vital conduct or moral acts are determined by a mixture of motives, then it must be that these are more or less conflicting. A particular act is the result of a balance of the motives; if one of these were a little stronger, or another a little weaker, the act would be different. One motive or emotion existing within us to a high degree overcomes all opposing ones and so determines the act. Then, too, as we might expect to find, with the changing conditions of our surroundings and of our physical state, the emotions vary somewhat; now, a particular one is strong, another weak; to-morrow or next month the relations will be reversed, and so varying results in conduct.

As the conduct determined by this shifting of motives, emotions and governing principles is sure to have a moral quality, and as this quality of our acts gives that something to the man which we call character, it happens that every man has several moral sides (whether the world discovers them or not), several different phases of character. Nobody with any power and effectiveness among people probably ever wholly escapes this fluctuation in character and conduct. Those most nearly escape it who have a few motives and emotions so powerful as to be able with substantial constancy to dominate all the rest; they are strong because uniform. But most persons endlessly vary little or much in moral quality according to any standard you may name.

As fixity of purpose is desirable (a high purpose being always implied) and always is sought, we struggle to develop certain emotions and directing

impulses so that as guides to conduct they shall be infallible or nearly so.

But in spite of us, they are more or less fallible always, and they fluctuate in degree and change in character. So it may be said that every man has more than one, most people have several, different shades of character and emotional promptings, as they have under different circumstances differing orders of taste and sentiment.

Certain emotional qualities of the mind grow till they become nearly the controlling element in the character, and they tip the beam in many of the daily acts of life. This mental something is connected with beliefs, opinions and education; it is a matter of growth. But it is, for the present study, of less consequence how the quality is created; it is more important that it exists and that it governs and dominates other qualities. From childhood to age we all have some such controlling motives. There are no exceptions to the rule; even the abnormal natures, the degenerates, follow the rule as much as others do.

The most profound knowledge of man, therefore, is to know the force and nature of these directing springs in his thinking and his life. The controlling force is the man; for it is like a hypnotizing other human nature that can, within certain limits, control all his usually voluntary acts and create for him his moral character.

This governing principle, this guide of action, which gives a standard of conduct and judgment to every man, is known by various names, as emotion, instinct, emotional ideas, motives, principles and, finally, conscience. The word conscience is convenient; it means to us more than the others and seems more intimately connected with the moral qualities of people. Conscience, as we ordinarily conceive it, is a guide of action that distinguishes between right and wrong; it is the moral mentor within a man for his own acts and by which he judges the acts of others; it is the power within that, modified by the influences of the environment, leads to a definite and fairly constant course of action. But conscience is largely a matter of education. To a moderate degree it is inborn and therefore instinctive. Applied to things, beliefs and principles, it is substantially all acquired. From the same family of children you may, with the necessary favoring influences, develop the most opposite beliefs on politics, religion and the right treatment of others—the most divergent conceptions of right and wrong.

After one has, by his birth, growth and surroundings, acquired a conscience guide, he finds himself with not one, but perhaps several, and they are often in conflict with each other; now one controls, now another, and in most things their influence is somewhat mingled. One result of this fact is the moods of life, always varying and variable.

Stupendous efforts are constantly made to influence the actions and attitudes of persons and peoples, of judges and juries; the real purpose is mostly to change or vary the conscience or standard of judgment. If the judgment can be changed the conduct is likely to be also. And men differ from each other, no two probably having identical conscience guides.

*From *Two Kinds of Conscience in Penalties of Taste*, a book of essays by Norman Bridges. Herbert Stone & Company, \$1.50.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

The Rush of the Oregon.....Arthur Guiterman.....New York Times

They held her south to Magellan's mouth
Then east they steered her, forth
Through the farther gate of the crafty strait,
And then they held her north.

Six thousand miles to the Indian isles!
And the Oregon rushed home,
Her wake a swirl of jade and pearl,
Her brow a bend of foam.

And when at Rio the cable sang
"There is war, grim war with Spain!"
Her smart crew grinned and stroked their guns
And thought on the mangled Maine.

In the glimmered gloom of the engine-room
There was joy to each grimy soul,
And fainting men sprang up again
And heaped the blazing coal.

Good need was there to go with care;
But every sailor prayed
Or gun for gun or six to one
To meet them, unafraid.

Her goal at last! With joyous blast
She hailed the welcoming roar
Of hungry sea-wolves curved along
The strong-hilled Cuban shore.

Long nights went by. Her beamed eye
Unwavering searched the bay
Where, trapped and penned for a certain end,
The Spanish squadron lay.

Out of the harbor a curl of smoke—
And a watchful gun rang clear.
Out of the channel the squadron broke
Like a bevy of frightened deer.

Then there was shouting for "steam, more steam!"
And fires glowed white and red,
And guns were manned and ranges planned,
And the great ships leaped ahead.

Then there was roaring of chorusing guns,
Shatter of shell and spray,
And who but the rushing Oregon
Was fiercest in chase and fray?

For her mighty wake was a seething snake;
Her bow was a billow of foam;
Like the mailed fists of an angry wight
Her shot drove crashing home.

Pride of the Spanish navy, ho!
Flee like a hounded beast!
For the ship of the northwest strikes a blow
For the ship of the far northeast!

In quivering joy she surged ahead
Aflame with flashing bars,
Till down sunk the Spaniard's gold and red
And up ran the Clustered Stars.

Desperate dash and daring rash
Are grand in peace and war,
But the calm, deep hate that can plan and wait
Is deadlier by far.

Glory to share? Aye, and to spare;
But the chiefest is hers by right
Of a rush of fourteen thousand miles
For the chance of a bitter fight.

The Rivals.....Chicago Times-Herald

Brown envied Jones, his neighbor, who lived just across
the way,
And often rose from praying to disconsolately say:
"If I could stand in Jones' place, how happy I should be!
If I could have his blessings, they would be enough for
me!"

And so he struggled on and on, and step by step he rose;
But Jones was always just ahead to rob him of repose,
Jones looked upon his neighbor Brown with envy in his
breast;
He had the finest house in town but still was sorely
pressed.

"If I from all my debts were free," he oft in secret said,
"How truly happy I should be, how high I'd hold my
head!"

And day by day he strove away beneath his heavy load,
With hopes of overtaking Brown upon the toilsome road.

They traveled far, each thinking that the other kept ahead.
And honors came to each to live long after he was dead.
Jones envied Brown, and Brown set out to pass Jones
on the way,

And either, blind unto the truth, pressed onward day by
day—

If Brown had never heard of Jones and Jones had known
no Brown,
Would they have reached the places where they put their
burdens down?

The Happy Farmer.....Somerville Journal

The farmer is a happy man
(Sometimes).

He lays a wealth of dollars up,
And dimes.

He has no cares to worry him
Or fret

His soul, because he never is
In debt.

When he is hungry, all he has
To do

Is to go out and blithely dig
A few

Potatoes, or to pick some fresh
Green peas.

His life is full of simple joys
Like these.

He sees the sunrise nearly ev-
'ry day.

Oh, life to him is only sport
And play.

He does not have to think about
His dress;

He gets along with one good suit,
Or less.

His wife so seldom has to go
In town

She only needs to have one ging-
ham gown,

And he is never tortured with
The blues,

Because the children never need
New shoes.

Oh, life is just one round of joy
And fun

To farmers. How I wish that I
Were one!

I'd blithely lay the dollars up,
And dimes

Just as the happy farmer does
(Sometimes).

The Names of Florida.....Edwin D. Lambright.Tampa Times

(Sure cure for insomnia. Commit to memory, and repeat over, rapidly, without breathing, until you go to sleep or go crazy.)

He traveled over Florida, and the map had been impressed

On his many mental tablets, Pensacola to Key West;
And you couldn't doubt his knowledge, for he surely had the hunch

On the names of all the places, from Yulee to Saddle Bunch.

But he stuck to it so constantly, and he toured the State so long,

That he strained his cerebellum, and his tired brain went wrong;

Until now, at Chattahoochee caged within the padded cells,

From early dawn till late at night, he tragically yells:

Alafia, Micanopy, Panasoffkee, Bonifay,
Sarasota, Wacahoota, Ocoee, Finholloway,
Palma Sola, Umatilla, Cisco and Estero Bay.

Tallahassee, Kanapaha, Ocklokonee, Manatee,
Pasadena, Poneannah, Picolata, Muckalee;
All abcard for Okahumpka, Withlaccochee, Nocatee.

We'll just take a trip to Joppa, Missocukie and Quintette,
Visit Ichetucknee, Chuluota, Rye and not forget
To see Juno sigh to Jupiter, Romeo to Juliette.

Interlachen, Hypoluxo, Econfina and Lanark,
Homosassa, Izagora, Early Bird and Orange Park;
Take in Jacksonville by daylight and Ocala after dark.

Change cars here for Euchee Anna; stranger, have you ever been

To Lacoochee, Ocklawaha, Injunhamoc, New Berlin,
To Thonotosassa, Goshen, Wewahitchka or to Lynne?

Then there's Largo and Narcoossee, Ybor, home of the cigar,

Arredondo, Cerro Gordo, Stillepica, Malabar,
And so on, ad infinitum, till you don't know where you are.

Now I caught this rhyme infernal as I heard this mad-man rant,
And I thought I would add to it, but regret to say I can't—

For Sopchoppy and Eau Gallie were the next names on the list,

Then Ochesee and Ocklocknee—please excuse me—I desist.

Microbomania.....Ogden Ward.....Criterion

"See a pin and pick it up
All the day you'll have good luck";
Don't you do it! Let it lie!—
Lest of lockjaw "germs" you die.

To a Magazine-Cover Girl.....Wallace Dunbar Vincent.....Brooklyn Life
I'll not gainsay your beauty, for indeed you're wondrous fair,

But tell me, oh, I pray you, how you ever fix your hair?
It sweeps in wavy billows up and down and 'round the page,

It winds you and it binds you in an inky, silken cage.

And, while you are about it, lovely type of perfect grace,
Explain the way you manage to secure your gown in place;

It's made of airy nothings, and it hardly seems to touch,
And if you'll send a pattern, I will thank you very much.

I hope you won't be angry, but another thing I'd know—
A question that perplexes me as seasons come and go—
What do you call the flowers you invariably wear—
Those little things like cabbages that nestle in your hair?

Paul Kruger.....Edward Sydney Tylee.....The London Spectator

Deep mournful eyes that seek the ground
The devious path to trace;
The giant form of Lincoln, crowned
By Cromwell's grosser face;
Coarse rustic garb, of uncouth cut,
—That masks each mighty limb;
Its shapeless folds the ready butt
Of Europe's jesters trim.

So much the crowd can see; the rest
Asks critics clearer-eyed;
So rough a scabbard leaves unguessed
How keen the blade inside;
The trenchant will, the subtle brain
So strangely doomed to wage
With Destiny's still climbing main
The hopeless war of Age.

His kindred are a rugged brood
That nurse a dying fire;
The sons of Calvin's bitter mood,
And sterner than their sire.
By faith through trackless deserts steered,
Lost miles of lonely sand,
Far from the intruding world they feared,
They found their Promised Land.

By such grim guardians tutored well
His Spartan childhood grew,
The wind-trail of the fleet gazelle,
The lion's path he knew;
The camp surprised at dawn, the rush
Of feet, the crackling smoke,
When on the sleeping laager's hush
The sudden Kaffir broke.

Nay, once, 'tis said, when Vaal in flood
Had barred the hunters' way,
And 'mid its swollen current stood
A wounded buck at bay;
While some before the brute drew back,
And some before the wave;
Striding that torrent's foaming track
The mercy-stroke he gave.

A stream more rapid and more wide
His strength has stemmed since then;
Called from the plodding team to guide
The starker wills of men;
Chance-prenticed to so new a trade,
Unlettered and unschooled,
The clod-bred clownish peasant made,
No less, a realm, and ruled.

Yet though that realm he still sustains
Against an Empire's might;
And with untiring skill maintains
The so unequal fight;
He buys his victories all too dear
Whose foes have Time for friend;
Each fatal triumph brings more near
The inevitable end.

Haply the hoarse-voiced guns must close
The long debate at last,
Ere the young Future can compose
Its quarrel with the Past—
Natheless, our England unashamed
May greet a foeman true
Of her own stubborn metal framed;
For She is iron, too.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA*

—"Commendator Bodio," a noted Italian statistician, has come to the conclusion that tourists of all kinds spend every year in Italy something like £13,000,000 sterling, or nearly £40,000 a day. Considering the population and the comparative poverty of Italy, this is a crop well worth cultivating, and ought to make the Italians most careful to protect their ancient monuments from injury. The Italian may personally prefer a smart new boulevard to a narrow street of ruinous old palaces, but he may be quite sure that the world will not spend £40,000 a day in order to see new boulevards. The Central Government might well form a commission for preserving the amenities of Italy, and give it an absolute veto in regard to all "improvements" contemplated in Rome and the other great towns.

—Sir Owen Roberts, chairman of an English society for promoting the employment of women, states that there are 2,000,000 more women in England than men.

—The most important discovery made by the Harriman scientific party in Alaska is that glaciers are receding. A hitherto unknown fiord with a beautiful stream running into it was named after Mr. Harriman. Many animals, supposed to be rare, were found to be plentiful in Alaska.

—The beer which is consumed throughout the world in a single year would make a lake 6 feet deep, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, a mile wide, or 2,319 acres in area. In this vast lake of beer we could easily drown all the English-speaking people, to the number of 120,000,000, throughout the entire world; or we could give a beer bath to every man, woman and child at the same time in the entire continent of America.

—The Bon Marché in Paris has the largest kitchen in the world. It provides food for all the employees of the house, 4,000 in number. The smallest kettle holds 75 quarts; the largest, 375 quarts. There are 50 frying-pans, each of which is capable of holding 300 cutlets at a time, or of frying 220 pounds of potatoes. When there are omelettes for breakfast 7,800 eggs are used. The coffee machine makes 750 quarts of coffee daily. There are 60 cooks and 100 kitchen boys employed.

—Milk is suggested as a good extinguishing agent for burning petroleum. It forms an emulsion with the oil, and by disturbing its cohesion attenuates the combustible element as water cannot.

—The Czarina has a shawl which she values very highly. It was sent her by the ladies of Orenburg, a town in southeastern Russia. It reached her in a wooden box with silver hooks and hinges, the outside being embellished with designs of spears, turbans, whips, etc., on a ground of blue enamel, that being the color of the Cossack uniform. The shawl is about ten yards square, but it is so exquisitely fine that it can be passed through a ring and when folded makes a small parcel of a few inches only.

—The curious fact is noted by M. Maurain, in the *Journal de Physique*, that careful measurements

of the intensity of gravitation in different parts of the globe show this to be greater on islands than on continents.

—Most people are of opinion that feeding-bottles for babies must be an invention of modern times. According to Professor Mosby, however, this is not the case. This gentleman, who was lecturing recently before an antiquarian society, stated that it was the custom among the Greeks for the nurses to carry a sponge full of honey in a small pot to stop the children from crying. The professor went on to say that there are two Greek vases in the British Museum, dating from 700 B. C., which closely resemble the feeding bottles used subsequently by the Romans. In the old Roman cemetery of St. Sepulchre, Canterbury, a feeding-bottle of bright-red polished ware was dug up in 1861, and Professor Mosby came to the conclusion that this bottle must have been buried with the little Roman child to whose wants it had ministered during the child's lifetime.

—An ingenious Chinese military man has recently invented a weapon which the mandarins at Peking think will cause terror in the hearts of the invaders, and an order has been issued for the manufacture of a large supply to be distributed throughout the army. According to a description that appears in the Chinese papers this terrible weapon is a combination of spear and shovel. At one end of a pole there is a large, sharp pike, such as knights of mediæval times used to carry. At the other end there is a shovel, or spade, with a blade about eight inches wide, which can be used both as an intrenching tool and as a weapon. It is especially handy in beheading prisoners, and all the Chinese soldier has to do is to stick the pike at one end of his pole through the body of his enemy, and then turn around and cut off the head with the shovel. Instead of sending the inventor of this terrible weapon to The Hague to represent China at the peace conference, the Empress Dowager rewarded him with a button of the second class.

—A colony on the Tolstoi plan has been founded by some of the Netherlandish disciples of the Russian teacher at Apeldoorn, in Holland, where William III. had his favorite hunting-seat before he became King of England. Three professional men have renounced their positions, and have joined as agricultural laborers. One is Professor Van Ries, the other two are Protestant clergymen. Each is to be paid a yearly wage of 700 florins for his labor.

—It has been discovered that what may be called the first daily newspaper was a manuscript letter written by salaried correspondents and forwarded by them every twenty-four hours from London to the provinces. That was in the days of the early Stuarts. During the commonwealth these London letters were printed in type and circulated in large numbers. Even so long ago as 1680 the law of libel was such as to be characterized by Judge Scroggs as making any newspaper publication illegal and tending to provoke a breach of the peace.

*Compiled from *Contemporaries*.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Habits of the Kea.....Irving Phillips.....Baltimore American

The gentle and well-meaning poet who extols the pretty timidity of the feathered songsters of the air should have accompanied me on my recent trip to the region where the kea parrot is lord of the air and almost of the earth. I have studied this remarkable bird at close range, and the conclusion forced upon me is that he is the most fearless, destructive, highly intelligent, extraordinarily gifted bird under the sun. I had heard that the kea would light on the back of a sheep and peck its way, while the animal still frisked around, into the vitals, and leave it die. I found that this was not the limit of the kea's audacity. It actually pecked at me, and would have pecked its way into my heart while I lay looking at it, had I not rid myself of the iron-beaked bird in time. The stories that were told me, when I went to New Zealand, partly to study the habits of the kea, had all to do with the killing of sheep, that being the feature of the bird's destructiveness that interested the New Zealanders most. The farmers dreaded the bird as they dreaded the evil one. Their flocks would be peacefully roaming the grazing grounds when swoop through the air would come a dark mass of flying feathers carrying a small head that terminated in a bill that could, at a pinch, bite in two an iron rod. Each bird singled out a victim and lighted on its back. The choice of the birds were the long-fleeced sheep, for the reason that these present a firmer purchase for the grip of the claws. Once those claws had twined themselves into the wool of the sheep, the latter might be given up for dead mutton. Firmly standing astride the luckless sheep, the kea would go to work with its iron bill, driving down into the kidneys of the animal, and, having pecked its way into the spine of the sheep, the bird of evil would release his hold and sail away surfeited into the skies. The damage done to farm stock was immense. This was the whole burden of the farmers' song. They had no information to give me that would help me in my scientific researches. They knew that to shoot the black devils meant so much more safety for their flocks, and apart from shooting them they had no interest in them at all. So I packed my belongings and went to look for the kea in his own particular domain.

It soon appeared that the kea does not sit around expecting those who are curious concerning his habits to look after him. He has a devouring curiosity of his own that will not allow him to wait to be studied. He comes right up and studies the student. It was this strong characteristic of the bird that, perhaps, first impelled him to investigate the vitals of a living sheep, and find that it tasted better than dead mutton. It was this same curiosity that led the birds, as soon as I lay down in their presence, to light on me, turning the edges of my clothing with their beaks, pushing their intrusive noses into the pockets of my coat, at last beginning to delve into my anatomy, as they did into that of the sheep. And all this time, mind you, I was surveying them, trying to keep my nerves steady enough to allow them to reach the limit be-

fore driving them off. They looked at me with their sharp, black, bright eyes, and minded the fact that I was a living lord of creation no more than if I had been a sheep. They would, without doubt, have pecked their way into my anatomy and eaten me alive, had I not, at last, sprung to my feet and driven them off. Had I fallen unconscious from any cause, I doubt not they would have left me as dead as their victims in the valley below.

That day I began my studies, having erected my abode, which I had brought along with me in sections on the back of the mule. It was a portable house of stout corrugated iron. It would never do in such a region to sleep with nothing to shield me from the keas. The audacious birds would have pecked the mule and me to death, as we slept, just to see what we were made of.

The most interesting thing I discovered about the kea is that he seems to have the power of conversing. If it was not a conversation that was being carried on between a flock of these birds that lighted near me, and if I was not the subject of that conversation, then I am myself unable to speak and hear. Almost every sound in the language of the lower animals seemed to be discernable in the medley. There was the howling of the dog, the mew of the cat, the chatter of the monkey, the yelping of the coyote and the scream of the eagle. As they talked together, they gradually approached me, and crowded around, hopping on to every portion of my outfit, prying into my kettles, my boots, my bottles. They would take things in their beaks and throw them playfully over their heads, try to bore their way into the interior of my camp tins, and, finding the metal harder than they had expected, would turn it over and over, looking for a weaker part. All this time they approached nearer to me, until both my companion and I were forced to retire into the iron house to get away from them. There were no signs of viciousness. Only intense curiosity and playfulness. Of fear of us there was not the slightest trace.

That night I slept to the music of a din that threatened to distract me. The keas were on the roof of the corrugated house. They seemed to be playing tag all night, for the scratching on the iron showed that they were constantly in danger of being crowded off the roof, and saved themselves only by clawing at the metal. Then the beaks kept up an incessant tattoo, as they strove to pierce their way in, and only drove the harder with the iron noses as they found their efforts met with unexpected resistance. I had had enough of the keas by the morning, and got ready to pack up and leave their unwelcome vicinity. But they had not had enough of me. I was evidently the best show that had ever come their way. Every move was watched closely. Did I turn to tie up a package, the keas were around me, with head on one side peering closely, so as not to miss a movement. Would I try to drive off packs of vagabonds, who were making too free with my tinned meat, the others would light on my camp-bedding, and begin to rip it into old rags, until I left the tins to their fate, and

rushed to the rescue. As I made my way down the mountain side again, I could have declared that the rascals gave a whoop of delight. The noise they made sounded for all the world like the yell of a band of street urchins who had driven away a common enemy, and were giving vent to their joy in their own peculiar way.

How a Lobster Disrobes.....New York Sun

"All young lobsters change their shell several times a year," said the Fulton Market dealer, "and as they grow older the change takes place less frequently. Unlike other deep-sea animals, the shell of the lobster does not grow with the body, therefore nature provided them with clothes which they could throw off when they begin to 'fit too quick.' I have made a study of this particular crustacean, and have witnessed the disrobing and robing operation on several occasions. Up at my house, I have an improvised salt-water aquarium, which contains a collection gathered at various times during my market business, and several lobsters have used it as a dressing-room. I had long desired to witness one of these operations, but I had been unable to procure a lobster that was not too far advanced to be of any use, when one day a specimen was brought to my place of business that, judging from his actions, had reached the conclusion that his old suit was becoming too small, and a new one was necessary. When placed upon a table, he immediately turned over on his back, and at intervals of perhaps five minutes, a shudder ran through his entire body, even to the tips of his claws and legs; but the closest examination failed to reveal any trace of the parting of the shell which I had observed in specimens that were farther advanced. From his size and weight—he was rather small—I thought that the shedding process, which was about to take place, would be the first that he had undergone, so I determined to see the whole operation through. I carried him home, and placed him in the aquarium. As soon as he was in the water he made a dash for some shrimps, which were in a corner of the tank. After driving them away he made an effort to get into an aperture formed by some stones that I had placed in the same corner, but which was far too small to allow him to get in.

"After several futile attempts to force his body through the opening, he turned over on his back and the shudders which had been so noticeable downtown began again. These continued all night, and in the morning I found my lobster apparently in his last agonies. He lay on his back and rubbed his legs convulsively together as if in intense pain, and then he wriggled about and jerked himself violently upward by means of his tail. I suppose that these operations had as their object the loosening of the claws and limbs in their sheaths, but at that time I feared that he was in his death throes. The spasms continued for an hour or more, and efforts were apparently made to burst the shell open from the inside. A faint line, hardly perceptible at first, made its appearance, running from the head down the centre of the back, and, after each convulsion became broader. Gradually the headpiece began to break close to the shell of the back, and as each break ran from the starting point on the top of the

neck, the lobster, after considerable violent effort, suddenly withdrew his head from its covering, leaving the larger part of his eyes in the headpiece which hung from the shell as if it were hinged. After the lobster had succeeded in the division of his head he was apparently in a very exhausted state, for he remained very quiet for a couple of hours, and paid no attention to the shrimps which were swimming close to him. I began to think the operation had been too much for the lobster, and that he was dead, but the shudders suddenly began again, followed by more wriggling and struggling, then the line which I had noticed the first thing in the morning broadened out until the shell down the entire length of the back had split open. The lobster gradually squeezed his left shoulder out of its armor by a series of hunches, and after this was free the right quickly followed in the same manner, the divided shoulder shells, which now looked like open clam-shells, hanging from the under part of the body. The operation looked so extremely painful and exhausting that more than once I thought of offering my assistance.

"At this stage of the operation the lobster presented a very queer appearance, the head and shoulders out of the original shell and resting on the top of it, while the only part of the body that remained inclosed was the long, flexible tail. Evidently he had concluded that he had done enough for the day, and that he needed some recuperation before he began the task of squeezing the balance of his body out of its casing, and lay quite still from late in the afternoon until late the next morning. I was puzzled as to the manner in which he would escape from the shells which covered the tail, as they joined together only at the sides, and telescoped into each other; and wondered whether a separate operation would be necessary for each one. I, therefore, watched him closely. He concluded his long rest in the morning by a repetition of the shudders, which developed into convulsions, unlike those previously experienced, in that, instead of starting from the head, they were reversed, so that the body seemed to shrink from the tail. This was varied occasionally by a sort of a jump, which was effected by the lobster doubling his tail under him and springing up in the water. Presently the shell nearest the head split on the left side near the body, and opened about an eighth of an inch. Another convulsion, followed by a jump, and the second shell split. This part of the operation, which reminded me somewhat of a dance that had its origin in this country at the World's Fair, was repeated until all the shells were loosened on the left side. The lobster once more began the squeezing process, and after half an hour's hard work finally got clear of the shell entirely, lying down by its side for a rest, which lasted for three days.

"The shell looked much the smaller of the two; and save that it was motionless, might have been taken for a live and healthy crustacean in full dress. The naked lobster did not look at all like his old self. His colors were so bright as to suggest that he had been parboiled, and he had the tender appearance of human flesh from which the skin had just been removed. I took out the shell, and upon examination could hardly believe that the former

tenant had squeezed out of it, so small was the orifice through which he had come. Not only had he left the major part of his eyes, but also the lining of his stomach, including his internal teeth, yet he seemed to be little worse for the thorough turnout. I touched him and found that, although quite soft, he was covered with an incipient shell of the approximate solidity of oiled tissue. That he did not like to be touched was made apparent by his efforts to get away from my hands.

"During the three following days the shrimps worried him to a considerable extent; but he grew with marvelous rapidity until he was fully half as big again as he had been, and when I once more touched him, the shell on his big claws was sufficiently hard to give me a spiteful nip. When I placed the lobster in the aquarium he was without his big left claw, which had been accidentally wrenched off at the time of his capture. The stump healed very quickly; a hard, calcareous seal encrusting the end of the joint. When he worked himself out of his old shell, he appeared with a rudimentary left claw, which had evidently formed behind the shield. This claw grew even more rapidly than the rest of the body, and by the time the new shell was hard, the new claw, though still disproportionate, was of very serviceable dimensions. This is characteristic of both lobsters and crabs. They sometimes appear to dismember themselves voluntarily. They apparently feel that they can make a better job of an entire limb than of a single joint of one. If in taking a crab from the sea you cause him to lose the outermost joint of one of his big claws, he will presently jerk away the rest of the limb right up to the shoulder. He does not simply drop it; he actually and unmistakably casts it from him. It is useless; and he at once sets to work to grow a new one.

Hawk Lures.....W. E. Cram

It is a pretty well known fact among hunters and students of Nature generally that most flesh-eating animals, whether in fur or feathers, can be more readily called by imitating the squeaking of mice than in any other way, and proves conclusively enough that these creatures depend largely on the sense of hearing in their struggle for a livelihood.

My first practical illustration of this fact occurred so long ago that it seems almost like ancient history. For some reason or other one summer's vacation began some six hours earlier than was expected, and although apparently insignificant enough when compared with the entire three months that were to follow, that extra half-holiday was probably valued out of all due proportion by the pupils, owing to its unexpectedness, and for that reason, perhaps, more than any other, is still recalled by one at least as distinctly as ever. One of the boys had a contrivance known as a bird-call—a simple instrument of wood and some soft metal—that, on being turned, produced noises that bore not the slightest resemblance to the cries of any bird, but were not entirely unlike the squeaking of a mouse in distress.

Some of us were more or less skeptical as to its powers of attracting birds, and decided to put it to the test. So we loafed about under the apple trees

working the thing for all it was worth, but no birds came about us, and the bird-call was in danger of being thrown away in disgrace, when a small brown beast appeared from under a pile of boards and came running toward us, till suddenly scenting danger it disappeared. There was some discussion at the time whether it was a rat, chipmunk or red squirrel; none had seen it very clearly or could give any very definite description of it, but in all probability it was a weasel attracted by what it supposed to be the voice of its accustomed prey. About halfway between that time and the present a young long-eared owl became an important member of our family, a most original and amusing bird, without the slightest fear of any of us. He was christened Mephistopheles.

As he was learning to fly, it seemed advisable that he should be taught to come at our call to be fed; and accordingly one day, by way of experiment, I held out a piece of meat to him and squeaked like a mouse. There was a rush of downy pinions, and his talons were neatly arranged about my lips. He was evidently a good deal excited, but was careful not to hurt me any more than was absolutely necessary in order to secure the mouse which he fancied he had cornered in my mouth. I was just reckless enough to try it again on the following day as he perched on the low branch of an apple tree. His power of detecting the direction whence the sound came proved fully equal to the occasion, and the result was the same as in the first instance. The end of Mephisto was tragic in the extreme. He was sometimes fastened by a linen cord six or eight feet long, and as large as a lead pencil, which when not in use was hung across the perch where he slept. Evidently he felt that the food furnished him was too effeminate, for the powerful stomachs of all birds of prey require a certain amount of such indigestible matter as hair, feathers or bone to keep them in good condition. So one ill-fated night, in looking about for something that would answer that purpose, he unfortunately hit upon the cord as a substitute, and proceeded to swallow one end of it. The first few feet must have fully satisfied his cravings, but there was the rest to be disposed of, and the most feasible method that presented itself naturally was to go on swallowing. The thing must have grown extremely dry and distasteful as inch after inch disappeared, still there was nothing for it but to go on, which he did. In the morning he was strangely silent and gloomy, with hardly a foot of cord protruding from his beak. Any attempt on our part to remove the cord proved not only fruitless but painful, so it was cut off close to his beak, whereupon he swallowed what remained in his mouth and looked relieved. His meal proved too much for him, however, and he only lived a few days after it.

The different species of hawks vary greatly as regards the readiness with which they may be called—most of them, in fact, absolutely refusing to be lured in any way. As might be expected from its habits, the marsh hawk is the most susceptible, and in still weather may be brought from a distance of one hundred yards or more. At the first squeak he wheels about in the air and comes directly toward you with most unexpected impetuosity and swift-

ness. His discomposure on discovering the fraud is usually most amusing, as he stops short in mid-air, with wing and legs asprawl, and turning his back on you, hurries off in feverish haste. The red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks are also easily attracted in this manner, but the rough-legged hawks, although they live almost entirely on mice, are not so readily deceived, though this is undoubtedly owing more to their extreme wariness than to any dullness of hearing on their part.

None of the falcons or short-winged hawks pay the slightest attention to the most lifelike squeaking, so that evidently when they do deign to attack such ignoble quarry as a field mouse they depend more on their eyesight than on the sense of hearing. One still October day the red-tailed hawks were soaring and screaming above the pines beneath which I was hidden; by mimicking their cries I enticed one of them nearer and nearer, till at last he closed his wings and alighted bolt upright on a dead stump not fifty feet away. Changing my tactics, I endeavored to convince the hawk that a family quarrel was in progress among the mice in the thick clump of pines below him, and was rewarded by seeing him turn first one keen eye and then the other on my place of concealment; then he leaned forward and crouched catlike on his perch, half opening his broad wings and shifting his feet about in his impatience. But he evidently desired more positive evidence than his ears could give him before making the final dash for his breakfast. There was a slender dead branch beside me, and cautiously taking this, I shoved it slowly along under the carpet of pine needles out into the opening, as one sometimes amuses a kitten with a pencil beneath the tablecloth. The instant the hawk's eye caught the movement of the pine needles he descended with a whirl almost to the point of seizing the stick in his claws; then, catching sight for the first time of the author of his disappointment, he rose flapping into the air, shrieking out his anger to the skies. If we had been more evenly matched in weight, I fear I should have suffered the most extreme punishment for my deceit.

The northern shrike is generally given the credit of living to a certain extent on mice, but the only evidence pointing in that direction that I have ever seen is that, like the mouse-eating hawks and owls, he comes quickly enough to the call; nor is there any need of concealment when dealing with this bird. He will come fearlessly within a few yards of you, hopping and flying from twig to twig, with his long tail continually moving up and down in his excitement, apparently impelled more by motives of curiosity than hunger.

But when it comes to calling up to you such shy creatures as the mink or fox the utmost caution is necessary, for although lacking the keenness of eyesight possessed by birds, the acuteness of their sense of smell and hearing is something marvelous; yet when conditions are favorable they may sometimes be brought quite close and studied to advantage.

Standing one day beside an old tumble-down rail fence that ran along between the woods and salt marshes, half hidden in the brambles and tall grass, I caught the merest glimpse of a mink slipping along between the bottom rails. As he was

evidently unaware of my presence, I determined to see more of him, and squeaked in as mouselike a manner as possible, and quickly had the satisfaction of seeing him make his appearance on a projecting stake much nearer than when I had first seen him. Stretching himself along the stake, he appeared to listen and look in my direction, but although I was standing in plain sight on the edge of the marsh hardly a rod away, the fact that he was obliged to look directly into the sun made it quite impossible for him to clearly distinguish what he saw. At the end of a few moments he dropped into the grass and started in my direction, the trembling grass blades clearly indicating his progress as he approached nearer and nearer, until almost at my feet he vanished, and, in spite of the most patient waiting on my part, absolutely refused to show himself again.

The last instance of the kind that has come under my notice happened on a clear moonlight night as I was wheeling along a lonely road between old apple orchards. Some part of the machine squeaked at intervals in a way that might possibly have been mistaken for a mouse. At all events, an owl appeared to have been deceived thereby, for he came flapping out of the orchard and flew alongside, at times coming quite close and again swinging off into the shadow, till at last, convinced that his supper lay not in that direction, he put on fresh speed and left me far behind.

Weather Frogs.....Michigan Mirror

Attached to a glass-sided box seen in a birdstore window was a placard marked, "Weather Frogs." Within the box, perched on two long wooden rods, placed lengthwise of it and nearer the top than the bottom, like the higher perches in a bird cage, were a number of the weather frogs themselves. Some just then were brown and one was green. They were little tree frogs of a kind found through Europe, those in the window having been imported from Germany.

When full grown these tiny tree frogs may be little more than an inch in length. They take the color of whatever object they may be resting on—brown for wood, green if on a leaf; placed in a blue glass jar they will become blue. They may be heard but not seen, so closely in color do they resemble whatever they may have perched upon. They are called weather frogs because at the approach of rainy or changeable weather they jump into the water; at the approach of clear weather they come out again.

In captivity the weather frog is kept in a glass jar or globe, which is covered at the top with a wire screen. Water is put in the bottom of the jar, and at a convenient height is placed something for the little frog to jump up on. The weather frog in captivity is fed on flies in summer, and in winter on meal worms; its food must be alive. Weather frogs sell here at retail for twenty cents apiece. Considerable numbers of them are brought to this country. A New York importer of birds and animals has sold within a few days 2,000 of these little tree frogs out of 5,000 imported. They are sold to dealers in various parts of the country, some of them going from here as far away as San Francisco.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT.

A glance at the florists' windows, as we stroll down the street, tells us that autumn is here. Chrysanthemums of many shades of color and many shapes meet the eye. Some are as large as a fair-sized feather-duster, while others, neat, trim and nearly globular, are not larger than an ordinary button. Few, if any, flowers show in the same degree the skill and art of the gardener. Blossoming as they do in the chill days of the fall of the year, it is no wonder that they are universal favorites. The common garden chrysanthemum is a native of China, but, botanically speaking, is a near relative of the pretty ox-eye daisy which is so great a plague in our fields. The pompon, or the small globular variety, was introduced into Europe in 1846, by Mr. Fortune, from the island of Chusan, off the coast of China, and in 1862 the same collector brought the strange Japanese forms. From the place occupied by the flower in the drawings of the Chinese and the Japanese, we may conclude that it has been a favorite object of cultivation in those countries for centuries. In the following paper by Eben E. Rexford, we have a very valuable account of the method of culture which will enable any one with ordinary care to enjoy the presence of this welcome autumn flower in the house:

How to Grow the Chrysanthemum Well.....Harper's Bazar

"The chrysanthemum holds its own in popular favor. Its popularity was a sort of fad at the beginning, but the flower has won its way to the friendship of the flower-loving masses, and people continue to grow it from more commendable motives than those which actuated them at first. It is a flower that appeals to all classes, because it is so bright, so cheerful, so easily grown, and because it comes at a time when we have few other flowers to make the window and greenhouse attractive. . . . While it is true that every one can grow this plant, after a fashion, it is quite as true that not all can grow it well, because the nature and needs of the plant are not generally understood.

"In the first place, the fact must be understood that the chrysanthemum is a plant requiring a great deal of nutriment. Therefore, a soil of ordinary fertility is not the kind of soil to grow it in if one desires that it should do its best. See that the soil you give it is very rich. Old barnyard manure is excellent as a basis of the compost. If this is not easily obtainable, use bone meal liberally—a tablespoonful to the amount of soil that a seven or eight-inch pot will hold is not too much; mix it well with the loam which forms the body of the soil. This will do for the first months of the plant's growth. Later on, as it begins to get ready for flowering, it is well to give a liquid fertilizer, and to give it often. This produces large flowers, and great quantities of them.

"In the second place, it must be borne in mind that the chrysanthemum is a plant that likes a great deal of water while making active growth. Often, during the hot weather of summer, it will require two applications daily—one at evening and another in the morning. Its roots should never be allowed to get dry. If they do, it will receive a check which will interfere seriously with its successful flowering, therefore be sure to keep its roots always moist. It also likes a good deal of root-room. If kept in small pots it will become root-bound before the middle of

summer, and this will give the plant a check which will be as harmful as that resulting from an insufficient supply of water. It is advisable to start off young plants in three-inch pots, but as soon as they have filled this size with roots, they should be shifted to six-inch ones, and about the middle of July another shift should be given. This time to nine and ten-inch pots. In these the plants can be allowed to bloom.

"Some advocate planting chrysanthemums in the open ground and leaving them there until the first of September or a little later. I do not approve of this plan, because it obliges us to lift and pot them at the very time when buds are forming, and no matter how carefully we do the work the roots of the plants will be more or less disturbed, and any disturbance of the roots at this time must seriously interfere with the strong and vigorous development of the flowers. It is true that plants in the open ground make a much stronger growth than those kept in pots, but by lifting and potting them in the fall we sacrifice this, therefore we gain nothing by putting them in the garden beds. Of course, plants so treated will require much less attention than those kept in pots, but what we gain in this respect is more than offset by the labor of repotting and the check which the plant receives. Plants kept in pots throughout the season escape all this, and they are under better control at all times.

"A veranda with an eastern exposure is a good place in which to keep them during the summer. Let them have all the air possible. Shower them all over daily. If the aphid attacks them, prepare an infusion of fir-tree soap, and apply it liberally to the entire plant. Water used in liberal quantities daily all over the plant will prevent the red spider from doing injury. If the plants are not showered frequently this pest will be pretty sure to harm them. If you see the leaves turning yellow, you may be sure that the red spider is at work on the plant, or it is too dry at the roots. Examine it carefully, and when you have made up your mind as to the cause of trouble give the treatment needed.

"This plant is one of the most tractable of all plants. It can be trained as a tree or allowed to grow in bush form. If the tree shape is preferred, keep all the branches from forming while the plant is young, and encourage the production of a straight stalk to the height of two, three or four feet, or whatever height you want the head of the tree to be. Then nip off the top. Branches will start below. Remove all but those nearest the top of the stalk. When these have grown to be four or five inches long, nip their ends off. This will force them to send out branches, and this second nipping will generally give you a good foundation for the head of your tree. After you have as many branches as you think you need, do no more pinching in. Let the branches lengthen at will. Plants trained in this manner should have a support for their main stalk, as they will be top-heavy, and they are easily broken down by a sudden wind or an abrupt move-

ment of the pot. To grow the plant in shrubby form, it is only necessary to pinch off the top of the plant when not more than five or six inches high. Branches will start below and these all should be allowed to grow.

"The enormous flowers which we see at the fall flower shows are gained by sacrificing all the buds on each shoot except the one which seems to possess most vigor. The flowers thus secured are interesting as curiosities, but they are not as beautiful as the smaller flowers, of which we may have great clusters on every branch if we allow all the buds to grow which form there. A plant covered with these smaller flowers is always a thing of beauty, and it affords us vastly more pleasure than any plant can which bears but half a dozen blossoms of such enormous size that we can scarcely think of them as flowers. They are simply floral monstrosities.

"It is a good plan to leave your plants out of doors as long as it is safe to do so. A slight frost will not injure them if they are kept under the shelter of a veranda. When you bring them into the house put them in a room which is without fire. Fire-heat forces the plants to a weak and rapid development, which is highly unsatisfactory. In a cool room you will have finer flowers, and they will last much longer. After the flowering season is ended cut away the entire top of the plant, and place the pot containing the roots in the cellar. Give it no water during the entire winter. In March the pots can be brought up, the soil moistened, light and warmth given, and in a short time young shoots will appear all over the surface of the soil. When these have made a growth of three or four inches they can be cut away from the old plant, with a small piece of root attached, and put into small pots, and thus plants for another season can easily be obtained."

If we pay a visit to one of the exhibitions of chrysanthemums alluded to above, we cannot fail to be struck with the wide range of what Mr. Rexford rightly calls "floral monstrosities." There seems to be a taste for such things, although they violate every rule of floral beauty. One flower, indeed, seems to have hitherto resisted all attempts to produce other than objects of beauty. That flower is the rose, of which Anacreon of old sang:

"Resplendent Rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers,
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye."

But now even the rose is yielding to the persistent attacks made upon it. It appears that we must no longer speak only of "roses white and red," for there is a report that what was thought to be impossible has been achieved and now there is a blue rose:

Grow Blue Roses at Last.....London Standard

"If we may trust the story forwarded by our Vienna correspondent, a grower in the charming valley of Kezanlik has attained the summit of floricultural ambition. He has produced a blue rose. If, in the middle ages, some one had announced his veritable discovery of the philosopher's stone, history would furnish us with a parallel to the flutter which the news of this marvel is likely to send through the botanical world. At last the feat which generations of nurserymen have been patiently laboring at has been performed. If the rose has

been forced to adopt an azure tint, hardly anything in the way of transformation need be considered unattainable. It is predicted that the novel bloom will soon be abundant in the market. And then? Well, then, we suppose, we shall have ceased to wonder; shall take cerulean petals as a commonplace thing, and perhaps, if we are wise and frank, confess that we very much prefer the old-fashioned red or white or yellow.

"Cultivation, beyond all controversy, has added immensely to the wealth of our gardens and green-houses. Species that are poor and limited in range have been developed into an infinite variety of exquisite or imposing forms. No one, however obstinately he may be devoted to simplicity and primitiveness, will venture to deny the debt he owes, not only to the collector, but to the grower, of orchids. So we may go through the ever-lengthening list of beautiful plants, and at each stage reflect how much more sincere delight we should miss if the experts had been less keen about cross-fertilization, change of soil and water, and all the other devices by which the parent stock has been converted into a multitude of well-nigh unrecognizable descendants. But while it would be affectation to regret the spirit of competition and the straining after mere variation which have resulted in such additions to our floral wealth, it must be acknowledged also that some of the products of the experimental florist have nothing to recommend them except the extreme difficulty of bringing about the change. Neither men nor nightingales will ever worship a blue rose and, once it becomes easy to multiply them, they will be treated with as small respect as a pink hyacinth. Still, a period of fashionable triumph may be predicted for the strange blossom, during which specimens will cause blocks in the moving crowd at flower shows and be voted 'curious,' and even 'pretty' by amateurs. Love of change is one of the fundamental impulses of the average human being, and it has played more than the customary part in determining the mutations of flower worship. Just now there is an extraordinary craze for reducing arum lilies to the dimensions of a crocus, but when the limits of dwarfing are reached there may be a reaction in favor of growing the plant to the size of a palm tree. At each stage of metamorphosis there will be admirers, and—what is more to the purpose of the professionals—a fair number of purchasers. Things run through the whole gamut of change; but nature is avenged at last, and the last wave of the hybridizer's wand will restore the object of his thaumaturgy to the simple original form. A future generation may yet hail—in some far-away off-spring of the blue rose—the dear, familiar feature of the indigenous briar."

The "reversion" alluded to in the closing passage of the article just quoted is one of the most interesting questions connected with the "origin of species." If the blue rose is a single one, that is, a briar, nothing is more probable than that some of the seeds formed will produce flowers like the ancestor, especially if sown in ordinary soil and under ordinary conditions. If, however, the flower is a double one, there will be no opportunity for reversion, for the specimens will be multiplied by "budding." It is, nevertheless, an undoubted fact that if we remove the plants which have been domesticated from the care, tillage and nutriment which they receive under culti-

vation, they have a tendency to revert. This is only another instance of the effect of environment. The cultivator can do much to prevent reversion by attending carefully to culture. Neglect of this brings its own punishment. Nor is reversion the only penalty attached to lack of due attention to cultivation. Disease and even extinction are also to be feared. We have an excellent instance of this in the following passage:

Decay of the Lily.....New York Mail and Express

"Bermuda lilies, or, as they are more commonly called, Easter lilies, are getting scarce. If means are not soon adopted on behalf of this branch of the lily family it will soon, like the buffalo, practically disappear. Although a native of Japan, the Easter lily is best known to Americans as being common in Bermuda. The soil of the island is of peculiar composition, coral dust being an important constituent. It was at one time very rich, but the production of the bulbs of the Bermuda lily has exhausted it to a great extent, hence the danger that the flower will disappear. But the exhaustion of the soil is not the only thing that threatens the lily. The flower itself is suffering from exhaustion. Floriculturists have not yet been able to hit upon a name for the disease. The bulbs are getting smaller year by year. The exports have fallen off from 10,000,000 bulbs a year to 3,000,000. Nine-tenths of all these bulbs come to the United States.

"The British Government is trying to solve the problem of the lily, and has sent experts to Bermuda to suggest remedies for the disease. The United States Government has also had for a long time agents in Bermuda investigating the conditions, atmospheric and otherwise, under which the lily is grown, with a view to transplanting the flower in American soil. An attempt to raise the lily in the Carolinas has been made, but without success. The Government this year imported 500 bulbs and distributed them through Southern States. Arizona, and New Mexico will try to raise them in irrigated sections; Texas, Mississippi and Louisiana will also experiment. A suitable soil for the culture of the lily will be found, it is hoped, nearer than Hawaii, where some success in its culture has been achieved. It is believed that if the Bermuda growers could be induced to abandon the growing of lilies for seven years the soil could acquire its former properties through the culture of other plants, and the lily could then be raised in its pristine glory. But this they will never consent to do."

We have here an excellent illustration of the principle which leads the farmer and gardener to practise the "rotation of crops." Different species assimilate the elements of nutrition of plant-life in different proportions. It is a well-known fact that few plants succeed year after year in the same plot. The transformation of organic matter into inorganic elements by means of bacteria is limited, and when the limit for any particular species has been reached, the ground becomes sterile for that species, although it may be fertile for others. This is peculiarly noticeable in the case of "fairy-rings." A fungus starts up in a certain spot. It sheds its spores over the area covered by the cap. But the plant has exhausted the elements necessary for its nourishment in the spot where the stem stands; and the consequence is that the spores dropped near the stem fail to develop. Those which fall outside that area produce other fungi, and thus a ring is formed which ever widens, but within which no fungus of that species grows. What is strikingly evident as we

stand on a sloping pasture has to be taken into consideration in the cultivation of the garden and the field. The following extract is remarkable as showing how readily our scientific agriculturists take advantage of this strange power of plants to assimilate elements, each "after their kind":

A Plant for the Desert.....The Evening Post

"About 1881 the late Baron von Mueller, a man whose whole life was devoted to the fascinating study of economic botany, and to the distribution of valuable species over new districts, sent seeds of many Australian salt-bushes to California. These salt-bushes belong to a very large class of curious and useful plants called Salsolaceæ (from "Sal," salt, and "Solum," soil). The common beet of our gardens and the pig-weed of the roadside belong to this family. Its members often possess remarkable powers of resistance to alkali in the soil, and grow where other plants would quickly perish. Many plants of the desert belong to this family, which is also unusually drought-resisting. Unfortunately, only a few of the hundreds of species of Salsolaceæ have any economic value. Those species at first received from Australia proved unworthy of general use. Experiments were made with many kinds, and at many places, but without marked success, until a species known as "Atriplex semibaccata" was tested near Tulare City, in the upper San Joaquin Valley, on very strong 'black alkali.'

"Such alkali land contains so much carbonate of soda and other salts that common barley dies there. Barley will withstand 25,000 pounds of alkali salts to the acre, but dies when the total reaches 30,000 pounds; while salt-bush has been known to grow when the total reached 75,000 pounds to the acre. No other useful plant can show such a record. The value of salt-bush, commercially speaking, is as a food-plant for sheep, cattle, horses, hogs, and, to some extent, for domestic fowls. It keeps green all summer, grows rapidly, yields from two to four crops in a season, and appears to possess as important a place in farm economics as the well-known alfalfa. The most careful analyses of the plant made at the experiment station show that its food-value, pound for pound, very fairly approaches that of alfalfa. Since it can be grown on soil too alkaline to produce alfalfa, its value is evident.

"But if this were all—if Australian salt-bushes were suited only to alkali soils—vast as those areas are in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast regions, the sphere of the plant would be merely local. Fortunately, further experiments, extending over a long period of years, have determined new and larger possibilities. 'Atriplex semibaccata' thrives in regions of very light rainfall, on extremely poor soil, or even on soil underlain by hard-pan. Its habits of growth in such places are modified, of course; the plant is much smaller and yields less, but it covers the ground, keeps green, and grows until heavy frosts come. The perennial root remains in the ground, ready for another season. Its value, under such circumstances, can hardly be estimated. All that one can say is that such a plant makes many thousands of acres of almost worthless land capable of adequately nourishing large flocks and herds."

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

The Question of Yachts.....C. L. Norton.....Lippincott's

It is now so nearly fifty years since the British Isles sent out their friendly invitation and challenge to all the world, that we may not unfairly ignore the odd months and call it a round half-century since the idea of international yacht racing took definite shape. Very properly it was English-born, for at that time, under guarantee from the Court of St. James, all the nations were bidden to take part in the first great World's Fair—that held at London in 1851. Then, as now, England was first among the maritime nations, though the young giant of the West was a close second in the matter of tonnage, and was not in the least backward in claiming a clear superiority in respect of quality. There were then, all told, about 500 British yachts afloat, and in all the world besides there were probably not one-quarter of that number. Nearly all of these were sailing-craft, and not one in ten of their owners had ever heard of the New York Yacht Club. Even to this day it is only the most progressive who are habitually aware of any really noticeable yachting interest outside of British home waters.

If this is in any degree true at the present day, the dense insularity of English yachting circles at the middle of the century may readily be guessed at by any one at all familiar with national traits.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when on a midsummer morning in 1851 the schooner *America*, of the New York Club, let go her anchor off the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron her advent was looked upon with a measure of lofty astonishment not unmingled with apprehension. Yachting was distinctively the peculiar province of English gentlemen, and the few yachts hailing from continental seaports had never aspired to, certainly had never commanded, more than the most supercilious recognition from the acknowledged monarchs of the sea.

British shipmasters well knew that broad-winged Yankee clippers were flying over distant seas and making serious inroads upon John Bull's carrying trade, but John himself never gave enough thought to the matter to see that such ships meant enterprise, seamanship and wealth, and that the combination was sure to foster a taste for yachting in a race sprung largely from Anglo-Saxon stock.

Prior to 1850 Americans had not to any considerable extent trespassed upon the British preserves. True, the sloop-yacht *Jefferson*, of Salem, was converted into a privateer when the War of 1812 broke out, and proved her sailing qualities by capturing three British prizes during her first voyage. Subsequently (in 1816) *Cleopatra's Barge*, owned and commanded by Captain George Crowninshield, of Salem, cruised in the Mediterranean to the wonder of all beholders, for she was a "freak" brigantine, a fast and notable vessel withal, and most sumptuously fitted out, but her two sides were painted in different patterns and colors, which must needs have detracted considerably from her ship-shape appearance judged by orthodox standards. In 1840 the sloop *Alice*, of Boston, visited English

waters, but neither of these vessels was in any sense a racing craft, and the *Alice* caused no more than a ripple of amused curiosity along the Solent.

In 1851, however, the multitudinous tide of ocean travel had begun with the rival lines of Collins and Cunard steamships, the first-named holding for years the record for the quickest passage.

The news of the *America's* building preceded her transatlantic voyage. When she anchored six or eight miles off Cowes, on a foggy morning in August, the *Laverock*, a crack English cutter, courteously ran down to show her the way to the club anchorage, and hung about until it suited Commodore Stevens to get under way. At this moment was made the phenomenal mistake—speaking from the American standpoint—of the whole cruise. Commodore Stevens' soul hungered for a brush with the enemy, and he could not for his very life resist the temptation of "letting her go." As a diplomatist he ought, of course, to have followed meekly in *Laverock's* wake, but in the pride of his honest heart he laid his fleet schooner into the wind's eye, and in a couple of tacks had the weather gauge of the cutter, and led the way up to the club anchorage in fine style. It was a proud moment, no doubt, but it cost him dear, for challenge as he might thereafter, nobody would take up the gage of battle, and the prospect of arranging sailing matches with a possibility of winning sweepstakes galore grew beautifully less day by day.

All hospitalities and courtesies were lavished upon Commodore Stevens and his company by the nautical magnates of Portsmouth, but race they would not, though as soon as it was evident how the land lay Commodore Stevens posted in the clubhouse at Cowes an offer to sail a match with any British yacht whatsoever for 10,000 guineas or any part thereof. This offer remained standing till August 17, with no takers, but meanwhile John Bull had been nursing his wrath, and the British public had perceived the intrinsic absurdity of the situation. Here was the greatest yacht club in the world inviting the champions of all the nations, and refusing to make a match with the only one that had shown up. John would rather take a beating than neglect to give the other fellow a chance to administer it. In Portsmouth a deputation of sturdy tars offered to man the best available cutter, "if the gentlemen would put up their money, and run the Yankee to Cape Clear and back, and the worse the weather, the better!" But, alas! no gentleman offered to furnish the capital.

The London Times satirically compared the attitude of British yachtsmen to that of a flock of wood-pigeons when a sparrow-hawk appears in their vicinity, and from all over the kingdom arose a howl of derision that must have made many ears tingle in the Royal Clubhouse.

At last Robert Stephenson, Esq., matched his schooner *Titania* against the Yankee for a bout of twenty miles to windward and back, and although this was sailed in a fresh "breeze o' wind" and easily won by the *America*, it was unsatisfactory from an

international point of view, since Titania was not the chosen representative of British yachts.

As for the grand regatta in which, by virtue of her invitation, the America had a right to sail, that was quite another affair and well enough in its way, but not at all what she came over for. Fair-minded British critics frankly admitted and pointed out that the prescribed course around the Isle of Wight was notoriously unfair for all save those who were familiar with its devious ways. Commodore Stevens, in fact, very nearly determined to take the America home without a race, such was his distrust of available pilots and his aversion to sailing his deep-sea schooner through a land-locked and tortuous channel in contest with a score of rival craft whose sailing-masters knew its every trick of tide and wind.

However, he was in the end persuaded to risk it, got under way among the last of the fleet, and finished so far ahead of the best of them that there was not a sail in sight.

"Why, sir," said the signal master at the clubhouse in answer to an interested inquirer, as the fleet drew away with the America well in the lead, "you might as well set a bulldog to catch a hare!"

"D'y'e see that 'ere steamer?" said another, indicating the royal yacht with Her Majesty on board. "I'm blessed if the Yankee don't beat her around the island, give 'er a free wind."

There were no more matches to be "booked" by the America, so she amused herself and took such satisfaction as she could get by sailing over the course when other matches were "on," uniformly beating everything in sight and establishing such a reputation that she was readily sold to Lord de Blaquiere, but she was so radically American from keel to truck, that no British sailing-master could ever make her do her best, and she was often beaten by those whom she had formerly vanquished.

Her Yankee owners, however, carried home with them the massive silver cup, which, despite all the contemptible efforts that have been made to discredit it, remains the coveted championship trophy of sailing yachts. Although repeated efforts have been made by English and Canadians to win the prize back, none of them have succeeded, and this although concession after concession has been made to the challengers, and it has even been jocosely suggested that we send the cup back to England and let them make their own terms for winning it over the original Isle of Wight course.

Perilous Feat of Bell-Ringers.....Baltimore American

A most thrilling spectacle is that presented by the bell-ringers of the Giralda in Seville, whose method of sounding a peal over the city is unique. When the city is to make merry on high days and holidays, or any other occasion that requires the ringing of the bells, the bell-ringer climbs to the belfry and, with the assistance of a rope and steps cut in the wall of the tower, mounts to the bell and stands astride the shoulder of the brazen monster. Then he presses the bell with his feet, holding on himself to the cross-piece upon which the mass of metal is swung. Gradually the great bell sways to the muscular movement of the man astride it, until it acquires a momentum that swings the hammer,

first gently and then with gradually augmenting force as the sweep of the bell widens, until the air is trembling from the giant blows that strike the massive sides of the monster. The mere vibration of the atmosphere as the huge bell rings out would be enough to make an unpracticed operator turn dizzy and fall from his perch. But, with the most awful din raging around them, for many bells are thundering out their notes at the same time in the belfry in obedience to the movements of their riders, the men who ring these bells bend and rise and fall with the action of the clamorously protesting metal, now appearing to the observer from below to be in a perfectly horizontal position as the bell reaches the limit of its swing and again rising gracefully to an upright position as the monster sways backward with another thunderous note to mark its passage. But the most terrifying part of the daring performance to the spectator is the sight of a bell ringer calmly swaying the bell while it hangs far out of the belfry over the city, for the outward swing sends the counterpoise with the ringer into the space beyond the arch, and one can see the ringers astride their brazen mounts, like new centaurs, borne out into space. Should they lose their balance, God receives their souls, for the work would be their death.

Fought a Duel With Lassoos.....Post Intelligencer

"It happened about twenty years ago, and it was about as exciting a piece of work as I ever saw. I was foreman at that time for the Seven Up (7 U P) horse ranch in Wyoming, and we were on our way from Sydney, Neb., with a band of mares that had been shipped from Missouri to Sydney, Neb. We had to drive the animals overland to the home ranch.

"Well, I picked up an outfit of men around Sydney, seven Americans and three Mexicans—a tough lot. We started out, and when we got to the Big Cheyenne River, south of the Black Hills, we stopped to let the horses rest for a few days. There was one Mexican, Pedro Gonzales, about the most ill-natured and most quarrelsome man I ever saw. He fell out with an American by the name of Dick McAll, an all-round bad man. I knew Dick by reputation, and he had a bad record.

"Well, one day at dinner time Dick made some remarks about roping a greaser down in Texas and hauling him across the prairie until he was worn out. The Mexican answered by saying that that man must have been asleep or dead, for you could not rope a live man and do that. Dick jumped to his feet and pulled his gun and Pedro did the same. I rushed before them and ordered them to put up their guns. The Mexican's black eyes shone like a rattlesnake's when about to strike, but he put his gun back in his belt, and Dick did the same.

"I knew there would be trouble, and how to avoid it was a question not easily solved. I ordered the horse wrangler to fetch up the saddle horses, for I intended to move on that afternoon. The Mexican spoke to Dick and they walked off to one side and talked in a low tone for a few minutes. When the horses came up I noticed both men saddled up their best horses. They both unwound their lasso ropes and stretched them out side by

side. Dick's rope was about forty-five feet long and Pedro's about sixty feet. Pedro drew his knife from his belt and cut his rope the exact length of Dick's. Then they coiled up their ropes carefully and each man led his horse in opposite directions until they were about 100 yards apart. Then they mounted like a flash and rode toward each other. I stood holding my horse by the bridle and watched every move. I will never forget the look of hate and murder on the Mexican's face. His lips were apart, showing his white teeth, and a wicked smile seemed to play about his mouth. Dick's jaws were set tight, and a look of mingled fear and rage combined on his savage face.

"They rode slowly toward each other for about fifty yards, watching each other like a couple of caged panthers. Then they made a dash and both ropes shot out like a streak of lightning. Both men dodged and escaped. In an instant they had gathered up their ropes and began to circle around and around. I could hear the swish of their ropes as they swung them around their heads, each man trying to get some advantage. They charged back and forth and finally both threw their ropes again. It was a close call for Dick, for the Mexican got his rope over Dick's head, but Dick threw it off before he could pull up the slack. In an instant Pedro had gathered up his rope and threw it again and caught Dick around the head and one arm. He drove the spurs into his horse and started across the prairie, but like a flash Dick's hand went to his pistol, and before the Mexican could pull him from his horse Dick sent a bullet through his head and the Mexican fell to the ground dead.

"But Dick was jerked from his horse with terrible force, for the Mexican had made the end of his rope fast to the saddle horn. The Mexican's horse ran a short distance and then stopped, and before I could get to him one of the other Mexicans had ridden up and emptied his six-shooter into Dick's body. He then put spurs to his horse and soon disappeared across the prairie, and that was the last I ever saw of him. The other Mexican told me that was the third duel of that kind that Pedro had fought, and always got his man."

Passing of the Scout.....Omaha World Herald

The art of scouting is learned only by experience and years of observation. There are no text-books to be studied. A vast number of minute facts in nature—things that experienced naturalists would not observe—are like an open volume to veteran scouts. The twist of a turned leaf along a trail will be noted as showing which way the last persons in that locality went, and the height and location of the turned leaf show whether the person was afoot or on horseback. The turned pebbles denote by their color how long they have been stirred from their beds of earth, and consequently how long since some one went that way. A scout leading a body of troops along a trail may travel at a good jog and at the same time observe signs—unobservable to the following—that the enemy has passed along that way, and also the number of the enemy. Think of trailing a band of Indians among the fastnesses of a mountain range and telling from bent grass, turned leaves, prints of horses' hoofs

and the area occupied at the camping spots the number of persons there were in the band; whether they were bucks or squaws, or mixed as to sex; whether they were fleeing from pursuers, or were going to a new hunting ground!

Some of the most expert Indian scouts have even been astute enough to distinguish from the character of smoke that ascends from a camp fire ten and more miles distant whether the campers were whites or Indians. General Miles used to have a Pima scout in the campaign of 1880 against Geronimo and Cochise who could pretty accurately tell from gazing at the smoke through a glass whether the fire in a distant camp had been kindled for a long or a short time. The same scout once led a detachment of soldiers across the twenty-mile desert valley at which is now the settlement of Dos Cabezos, in southeastern Arizona, and hence into the Dragoon mountains, where he found a week-old trail of a dozen fugitive Apaches among the granite, yet the trooper saw not the least indication that any human being had been that way in years.

For five days the Pima scout scented the trail like a hound. He led the soldiers through ravines, among thorny cacti and chaparral, amid miles of boulders, over sun-baked hills and along the foot of bald mountains. All this time he seldom spoke. He kept his eyes constantly busy, and occasionally he motioned to his followers as if to point out that he was following the right trail. At last, one noon, he suddenly stopped his horse, motioned to his followers to get their weapons ready and to dismount. Then the Indian scout crawled for half an hour on his hands and knees over the hard, brown earth, scrutinizing the soil for footprints. He went back to Lieutenant Cowles, in command of the detachment, and said softly that the Apaches were in camp less than a mile away. Then he guided the soldiers and horses slowly and silently up the foothill, and when the men had picketed their horses and crawled to the brow of the hill, they saw the trailed Apaches in camp down in the valley on the other side of the hill.

One of the difficult things to determine is the age of trail. If the track is very fresh it will show moisture where the earth is turned up. Should rain have fallen the edges will be less clear and will be washed down somewhat. The scout can tell by a glance what tribe of Indians had made a given trail, its age and every particular about it as truthfully as though he had himself seen the cavalcade pass, but this comes after years of observation and familiarity with the customs and dress of the several tribes. Major Robinson, U. S. A. (retired), of Pomona, Cal., says that once while going with a veteran scout and a guard to Fort Bowie to pay the soldiers he stopped his horse and pointed to a well-defined bear track in the dry sand of the desert. The scout gazed at it a moment and said: "No; that's no bear track."

"Well, if I ever saw a bear track, and I've seen thousands of them, that's one."

"Can't help it, Major; but that's no bear track."

Quickly alighting, the Major pointed out the heel and toes of the track, as clearly defined as if made a few minutes before.

"Well," said the scout, "if it does look like a

bear's track, still it isn't one. The marks you imagine to be the heels and toes are made by those spires of foxtail grass, which, bent by the wind, scoop out the sand in the manner you see."

The indentation in the sand was carefully examined and the scout was right.

When the murderous Apache Kid was hunted along the boundary between the United States and Mexico a few years ago a detachment of cavalry that had trailed the fugitives across the San Simon Valley to the Pedregosa Mountains came to an area several miles square of rock formation. If the soldiers had scrutinized that rock with magnifying glasses their unpracticed eyes would probably never have discovered what course the Apache Kid and his gang had taken across that flinty floor. The lieutenant and the sergeant thought that the trail was at an end, and that they might as well turn back to Fort Huachuca. But Jose Carallez, a famous scout (since shot to death by an Apache assassin), was in the party, and, dismounting, he walked slowly over the place where the trail in the sand led up to the trackless granite ledge. He was an hour at the work. The rest of the party smoked and looked on. He went over the rocks with the care and nicety of a botanist examining a flower. He surveyed the canyon mouth, and resumed his studious walk over the ledge.

"Come, come; this way him go; him put rags on him horse hoof, but him no fool me," drawled the scout at length.

Then on hands and knees he showed the lieutenant how there was a train of very minute particles of jute on the gray, rocky floor straight toward the mouth of a distant canyon. It was then as plain to the detachment as the noonday sun that the fleeing Indians had muffled their horses' hoofs with gunnysacking so as to close at the rock the trailing after them. The chase after the Apache Kid was renewed, but again he escaped across the border line into Sonora, Mexico, and there the United States soldiers had to stop.

The Cree's Long Ride.....B. Cameron.....Canadian Magazine

"Kah-Mees-Chet-Oo-Kee-Hew-Up! Will you ride a fine horse, once?" The Cree chief looked at the handsome black mare that the Chief Factor was leading toward him. Then he called to one of his men. "Bring me my painted buffalo robe, and my bow and feathered arrows!" he said. He folded the robe about his waist, took the bow and mounting rode back some distance along the trail which led from the old fort out past his camp and far on to the south, where buffalo beyond numbering fattened on the rich grass. He would "run" the mare as if he were running buffalo. He would show these white men how Many Brave Feathers hunted.

He turned and gave her her head. On she came like the wind "Twang!" went the bowstring, and the steel-pointed shaft sunk deep into the poplar tree at which he had launched it as, he flew by. "Twang!" went the bowstring again, and a second arrow sped unerringly home. It was a beautiful exhibition. The crowd made up of his own people and the staff of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company at old Fort Ellice, assembled to see the run. They cheered wildly, vociferously.

He was riding very fast. As he neared the stockade he tried to stop the mare. She would not be stopped. She was only getting nicely started. "Ay-ay-yah!" yelled the spectators, giving the Cree warwhoop as he shot past them. That yell inspired the mare to accelerated effort. She went tremendously. It also inspired Many Brave Feathers. He went with her. They circled the Fort. He did not try any more to pull her in. The mare was a good one. She wanted to go, and he was enjoying himself. She might keep on going. If she needed encouragement she should have it.

Many Brave Feathers passed that night at Moose Mountain. Moose Mountain is only seventy-five miles from Fort Ellice, but it had been afternoon when he started. Next day he reached a camp of his own tribe, and Assiniboinés on Broken Shell Creek in the buffalo country.

The Chief Factor's face wore a saddened look as he beheld his favorite beast vanish over a slope in the south under the sailing buffalo skin. Then he went to his quarters. The features of the other onlookers wore a big general smile as he disappeared. The genial sun smiled broadly, too, in the summer sky; in fact, everything seemed smiling—except the Chief Factor.

"Well, if that don't take the 'pâté de foie gras'!" remarked the clerk impersonally, as the staff sauntered back to its duties.

All that fall and winter Many Brave Feathers stayed out on the plains, running buffalo with the stolen horse. He never lent her, however, to any one except his sweetheart, who rode her when they shifted camp. The Chief Factor watched the slope in the south from the Fort for many days, expecting to see the mare reappear over the top of it; but at length he grew weary. Anyway, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in charge of a district comprising a dozen scattered fur posts, cannot brood forever over the loss of an animal, even though it should happen to be a particularly good one. He has not time. So Chief Factor Hughes chalked up a mental debit of import against Many Brave Feathers, the great Cree chief, to be wiped off on a future date, and let it go at that.

The grass was green in spring, and Many Brave Feathers and the camp of Crees, with their store of robes and pemmican, were nearing the gates of Fort Ellice. "Catch me three of the best horses out of the band," said the chief to one of his henchmen. Then Many Brave Feathers arrayed himself in all his glory of paint and plumes, and, mounting the mare and leading the three other horses, rode to the Fort and asked for the Chief Factor. Seven moons had passed since his departure, but the mare had been well cared for and was fat.

Chief Factor Hughes was eating his breakfast, but that was of no consequence. He hurried out. Many Brave Feathers leaped to the ground and came forward to meet him. "Ah! ha! Mista Hewus," he said, placing the lines of the four horses in the Chief Factor's hands. "You speak true words. The mare is very fast."

The staff was looking on. "Blamed if I wouldn't like some aboriginal Augustus to borrow my wall-eyed pinto for six months on the same terms," observed the clerk.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS*

He Believed in Protection.—A colored man was arraigned before a magistrate charged with carrying deadly weapons. A razor was found in the defendant's pocket, and so, when he was brought to the bar of justice, the case against him seemed pretty strong. To the surprise of the judge, and every one else in the courtroom he pleaded "not guilty." "How can you account for the razor being found in your possession?" The defendant grinned and said: "I'll try an' 'splain dat, jedge." "I'd like to hear you," said the judge. "Did any one threaten your life?" "No, sah; dey warn't nobody t'reat'nin' mah life sah." "Then why did you carry it?" "I done toted hit roun', sah, fur purtecshun, sah." "For protection, eh? Why, you just admitted that your life was in no danger." "Yo' doan' un'erstan' me, jedge; I'll try an' 'lucidate tings, sah. Down ter de house whar I'se a-boardin', sah, dey is a powahful lot of low-down coons, w'at jes' wouldn't stop at takin' tings w'at doan' b'long ter dem, so I jes' put hit in mah pocket fur purtecshun, sah—purtecshun ob de razah, sah."

A 'Appy Day.—Two little London girls who had been sent by the kindness of the vicar's wife to have "a happy day in the country," narrating their experiences on their return, said: "Oh, yes, mum; we did 'ave a 'appy day. We saw two pigs killed and a gentleman buried."

A Lincoln Anecdote.—Americans will always treasure anecdotes of Lincoln. The colored orator, Frederick Douglass, in his lecture on John Brown, used to tell the following story, which well illustrates Lincoln's ready wit and firm belief in the equality of man: The President was blacking his boots one day when a number of foreign diplomats were unexpectedly ushered in. One of them, seeing Lincoln's occupation, said rather sneeringly: "Mr. President, in the countries we represent our Chief Executives do not black their own boots." "Is that so?" said Lincoln, looking up with apparent surprise and interest, "whose boots do they black?"

Another Lincoln Anecdote.—During the later years of our Civil War, when the popular regard for General Grant was greatly increasing, it is a well-known fact that Eastern men envied him his well-earned fame. A Senator from an Eastern State one day waited on President Lincoln and told the latter among other things that Grant drank whisky. "What brand?" asked the President. "I don't know. But why do you ask?" returned the member from New England. "Because I would like to send some of the same kind to my other generals," was the astute reply.

A Disclaimer.—A horse had fallen on the slippery street, and an excited policeman was trying to keep the crowd back. To add force to his frowning

countenance he called out, fiercely: "Quit that shoving or I'll run you in!" "I ain't shoving, and you know it; so don't get fresh!" cried a wee, squeaky voice. It came from the smallest bit of humanity in the mob, a six-year-old newsboy who felt that he had been unjustly accused of exerting his strength to crowd the policeman. There was a roar of laughter at this speech, in which the policeman joined, and during the good humor the horse got on his feet without assistance.

Up to Business.—Two small London boys, walking down a street of the city, passed a tobacconist's shop. The bigger remarked, "I say, Bill, I've got a ha'penny, and if you've got one, too, we'll have a penny smoke between us." Bill produced his copper, and Tommy, diving into the shop, promptly reappeared with a penny cigar in his mouth. The boys walked side by side for a few minutes, when the smaller mildly said, "I say, Tom, when am I to have a puff? The weed's half mine." "Oh, you shut up!" was the business-like reply. "I'm the chairman of this company, and you are only a shareholder. You can spit."

Ambiguous Announcement.—Many times announcements made from the pulpit by ministers are quite ludicrous. It is said that a minister of a Congregational church in a town of Massachusetts read the following notice: "Services will be held at 10.30 a. m. next Sunday, at the north end, and in the afternoon at 3.30, at the south end. Infants will be baptized at both ends."

A Queer Floral Emblem.—In the Century Magazine Mr. Jacob A. Riis tells an anecdote of a reporter detailed to Police Headquarters by a well-known newspaper. His special forte was fires. He is dead, poor fellow. In life he was fond of a joke, and in death it clung to him in a way wholly unforeseen. The firemen in the next block, with whom he made his headquarters when off duty, so that he might always be within hearing of the gong, wished to give some tangible evidence of their regard for the old reporter, but, being in a hurry, left it to the florist, who knew him well, to choose the design. He hit upon a floral fire-badge as the proper thing, and thus it was that when the company of mourners was assembled and the funeral service in progress, there arrived and was set upon the coffin, in full view of all, that triumph of the florist's art, a shield of white roses, with this legend written across it in red immortelles: "Admit within fire lines only."

A Costly Error.—A man from the assessor's office went into the store of a Hebrew merchant in the pursuit of his duties. The two had a slight acquaintance, so that the assistant assessor did not think it necessary to explain his business. He was rather surprised when, in answer to his questions, the storekeeper proceeded to dilate on the value of his stock. "De finest in any shtore of de size in de city. It isn't vort a cent less than \$5,000." "Suppose I put it down at that, then," said the assessor's

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

man. "Do it; do it," said the proprietor. "Yer von't maig no mistake." So the assessor's man did it. There was lamentation in the store when the tax bill showed the proprietor that he was taxed on \$5,000 personal, and he rushed over to the assessor's office with all possible speed. "Vat iss dis? Vat iss dis?" he asked them, excitedly. "I haf no bersonal but de shtock in my store. I'm a liar if it's vort \$800. Come down and look it ofer." They told him that the records showed that he had given the figure to the assistant assessor. His hands went up over his head in horror. "My goodness! my goodness!" he shouted. "Vas dat your man? I thought he was from Bradstreet's."

New Use for Disinfectants.—An English clergyman was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening when he saw one of his parishioners very busy whitewashing his cottage. The parson, pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness, called out, "Well, Jones, I see you're making your house nice and smart." With a mysterious air, Jones, who had recently taken the cottage, descended from the ladder, and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road. "That's not 'xac'ly the reason why I'm a-doing of this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples as lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to missus, 'I'll tak' an' whitewash the place so as there mayn't be no infection.' Ye see, sir, as 'ow we got ten of 'em already."

Why He Married.—In the north of England, where rabbit coursing is much in vogue, swift, well-trained dogs often win large sums in prizes. It is therefore little to be wondered at that the owners of those animals should bestow so much attention upon them. An old Yorkshire collier, well-known for his success in the coursing field, recently surprised all his mates by marrying a very unprepossessing woman. He had always been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex. "Why has ta gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him. "Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man, stolidly. "I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But ther dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissens, so I hit on the idea of marryin' Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the dog!"

Petition for Pardon.—Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, tells of an interesting interview with a pardon-seeking woman. He had fled to his summer home to escape the crowds of pardon seekers, when the woman, who had sought him in vain at the capital, was ushered into his presence. "Well, madam, what can I do for you?" "I want to see the Governor, sir." "Well, I am the Governor; what is it?" "Ah, sir, my man he's been put in prison, sir, and I want to ask if you won't let him out." The Governor's face hardened. He had not, after all, escaped the pardon seekers. But he did not turn her away. "What was he sent up for?" he asked. "You see, sir, he was hungry, and he

just stole a ham to keep us from starving." "Well, I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for you. Your man must serve the sentence. There's too much stealing going on." "Oh, Gov'nor, please, please let him out," pleaded the woman, the tears flowing down her cheeks. The tears had their effect. The Governor softened. Stealing a ham was not such a terrible crime, and this poor woman no doubt needed her husband. He decided to question her a little. "But why," he asked, "should I give your man his freedom?" "Because, sir, we are hungry again, and we ain't got no more ham."

The Kind That Go to Heaven.—"And what is the happy land?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. The small boys on the front seat kicked each other surreptitiously and viciously, but nobody spoke until little George said, with a tone midway between a sniff and a gurgle: "Heaven." "Ah, that's it; that's it!" said the superintendent. "Little George knew it. It is heaven. And we all want to go there. And now, children, can you tell me what kind of little boys go there?" George was emboldened by praise. His head was dizzy with success. He rose in his place. "Dead ones," he bawled.

Praiseworthy Brevity.—London Tit-Bits tells a good story of a lecturer who was invited to speak at a local gathering, and, being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. The chairman also introduced several speakers, whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the lecturer: "Mr. Bones will now give us his address." "My address," said Mr. Bones, "is 551 Park Villas, S. W., and I wish you all good-night."

Outvalued.—A messenger came tearing up to the White House in '63, and hurriedly gaining admission to Mr. Lincoln, informed him in great excitement that a large wagon train had been surprised a short ways across the Potomac and a brigadier-general taken prisoner. "Did they capture the train?" inquired Old Abe. "No, sir, the regiment came up and saved it," answered the messenger, "but the general, Mr. President, is a prisoner." "Oh, never mind that," said Lincoln. "I can make a dozen generals in a day; but mules cost \$300 apiece."

Extraordinary Marriage Vows.—An English rural clergyman says that in his parish it was quite the fashion for the man, when giving the ring in the marriage ceremony, to say to the woman: "With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee and thou." He said the women were better up in this part of the service than the men. One day, however, a bride startled him by promising, in what she supposed to be the language of the Prayer book, to take her husband "to 'ave and 'old from this day forni't for betterer horse, for richer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries and to bay." What meaning this extraordinary vow conveyed to the woman's own mind, the incumbent said, baffled him to conjecture.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

Light.....Francis William Bourdillon

The night has a thousand eyes
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

The Forgotten Grave.....Austin Dobson

Out from the city's giant roar
You wandered through the open door,
Paused at a little pail and spade
Across a tiny hillock laid.
Then noted on your dexter side
Some moneyed magnate's "love or pride,"
And so, beyond a hawthorn tree,
Showering its rain of rosy bloom
Alike on low and lofty tomb
You came upon it suddenly.

How strange! The very grasses' growth
Around it seemed forlorn and loath;
The very ivy seemed to turn
Askance that wreathed the neighbor urn.
Sunk was the slab, the head declined
And left the rails a wreck behind.
No name. You traced a "6," a "7,"
Part of "affliction" and of "heaven,"
And then—oh, irony, austere!—
You read in letters sharp and clear,
"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

The Token of the Rose.....Flavel Scott Mines

The caliph sat in council and there came
A messenger before the gate, who prayed
An audience, and thereupon the king
Bade him appear.

The herald bowed him down
Crying, "Allah il Allah. Thou, O king,
Art mighty in thy victories and reign.
Thy fame has reached thy brother caliph's ears,
Mustapha, who is mighty as thou art—
And he has sent me, saying, 'Seek the king
And ask of him one word. Great is his might,
Steadfast in friendship, and in war as true.
Ask thou of him one word, and what he says
Will be inviolate, as War or Peace?
Trusting his honor so I bid him choose,
And what he chooseth is and so will be'—
Thus spake my master, Mustapha."

Alone

Within his garden walked the king. The birds
Sang merrily. The wind played thro' the leaves
And bore the flowers' perfumes far and wide,
As walked the caliph all absorbed in prayer.
"Allah," he prayed, "make me to clearly see
The right of this. Let not a coward's peace
Hold me my throne, nor let a tyrant's word
Bring desolation to a fruitful land.
Send me some sign."

And softly praying thus
He plucked his good sword from its jeweled sheath,
A blade so sharp that as he drew it forth
It lopped a rosebud from the parent stem
With scarce a shock.

The tender rosebud fell
Upon the garden walk before the king,
Who picked it up and sighed, while loving tears
Shone as the dew.

"And this is war," mused he,

"That when the sword is drawn the innocent
Must suffer first and be the first to fall."

Then dropped the sword upon the garden path,
And turning in his steps the caliph sped
Back to the council chamber, and he spake,
Unto the messenger the one word "Peace."

And while the people greeted his glad word
They noted that he held within his hand
A rose half-blown, while at his side no sword
Hung in the jeweled sheath.

Sudden Light.....Dante Gabriel Rossetti

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell;
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before—
How long ago I may not know;
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not this time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

The Revenge of Hamish.....Sidney Lanier

It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken
lay;

And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hillside, and sifted along through the bracken
and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest
doe;

In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a
crown did go.

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the
form of a deer;

And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slower came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting,
and wonder, and fear.

Then Alan, the huntsman, sprang over the hillock, the
hounds shot by,

The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvelous
bound,

The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry
was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to
the hunt had waxed wild,

And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the
hounds

For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds;
"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight of
the wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen
stand;

But he hurried tall Hamish, the henchman, ahead: "Go
turn,"

Cried Maclean, "if the deer seek to cross to the burn,
Do thou turn them to me; nor fail, lest thy back be red
as thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half-blown of his breath with
the height of the hill,
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the
does
Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were
o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away
to the burn.

But Maclean, never bating his watch, tarried waiting
below.

Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was
greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eye-
balls shone,

As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to
see.

"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the
wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke
Hamish, full mild.

"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown, and
they passed;

I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."

Cried Maclean: "Now, a ten-tined buck in the sight of the
wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a
snail's own wrong!"

Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clans
men all:

"Ten blows, for ten-tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite
of thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the
last he smiled.

"Now, I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it still
may be,

If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife
and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and
over the hill

Sped Maclean, with an outward wrath for an inward
shame;

And that place of the lashing full quiet became;

And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-backed
Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and about
turns he.

"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!" he
screams under breath.

Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the
crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart
goes dead for a space,

Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks
through the glen,

And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a
desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals all
the tale untold.

They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the
sea,

And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall hook
him and hold

Fast Hamish back from the brink!" and ever she flies up
the steep,

And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jostle
and strain.

But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;

Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles the
child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all
stand still.

And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her
knees,

Crying: "Hamish! Oh, Hamish! but please, but please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child,
with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a
gibe, and a song,

Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child, if, in sight of ye
all,

Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the
bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his
tooth was red,

Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never
shall be!

Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"

But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the
sea, if dead?

Say yea! Let them lash me, Hamish?" "Nay!" "Hus-
band, the lashing will heal;

But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his
grave?

Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?

Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!" Then Mac-
lean 'gan slowly to kneel,

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to
to the earth;

Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would
tremble and lag;

"Strike hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;

Then he struck him, and "One," sang Hamish, and danced
with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each
stroke with a song.

When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace
down the height,

And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting
a wrong.

And there, as the motherly arms stretched out with the
thanksgiving prayer—

And there, as the mother crept up with a fearful swift
pace,

Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—

In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the child
in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible
height in the sea,

Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the windrush; and pal-
lid Maclean,

Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,

Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of
dead roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back
drip-dripped in the brine,

And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,

And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun be-
gan to shine.

TWO LITTLE ITALIAN HEROES

[De Amicis is one of the most picturesque of modern writers of travel. In his *Cuore*, brought out some years ago, he addressed himself more particularly to the young, and from a translation of this the following pathetic incidents are taken. The translation, under title of *The Heart of a Boy*, is brought out by Laird & Lee, of Chicago, \$1.25.]

THE LITTLE SARDINIAN DRUMMER-BOY.

During the first day of the battle of Custoza, on the 24th of July, 1848, about sixty soldiers of an infantry regiment of our army went to the top of a hill to occupy a solitary house. They were suddenly assailed by two companies of Austrian soldiers, who showered on them bullets from every side. Our soldiers were hard pressed to find refuge in the house, and had time only to hastily barricade the doors, after having left some dead and wounded on the outside. Having barred the doors, our men hastened to the windows on the ground floor and commenced a brisk discharge at the enemy, who approached little by little, having arranged themselves in a semi-circle, and returning the fire vigorously. The sixty Italian soldiers were commanded by two subaltern officers and a Captain, an old man, tall and austere, with white hair and mustache. They had with them a little Sardinian drummer-boy, a lad a little over fourteen years old, who looked to be scarcely twelve. He had a small olive brown face, with two deep little eyes which glittered with animation. The Captain from a room on the first floor commanded the defence, giving his orders like pistol shots, and no sign of emotion could be seen in that passive face. The little drummer-boy, rather pale but steady on his legs, having jumped upon a chair, leaned against the side wall and stretched his neck to look outside the window. He saw through the smoke the white uniforms of the Austrians as they slowly advanced. The house was situated on the summit of a steep incline; and had but one little high window in the roof on the side of the slope. The Austrians did not threaten the house from that side; the slope was unencumbered and the fusilade only beat the front and two sides of the house.

But it was a terrible fusilade. A shower of bullets fell outside, and inside cracked the ceilings, the furniture, the shutters and the door frames, filling the air with pieces of wood, plaster, broken glass, whizzing, rebounding, breaking everything, and making an uproar enough to burst one's skull. From time to time, one of the soldiers who were firing from the windows would fall, crashing back upon the floor, and be taken aside. Some staggered from room to room, pressing their hands over their wounds. In the kitchen there was a dead man with his forehead cut open. The semi-circle of the enemy was drawing nearer and nearer together.

At a certain point the Captain, who had been impassive until then, began to grow uneasy and was seen rushing out of the room, followed by a sergeant. After three or four minutes the sergeant came running back and asked for the drummer-boy, making him a sign to follow him. The boy rushed up the wooden ladder and entered with the sergeant into a bare attic, where he saw the Cap-

tain, who was writing with a pencil upon a piece of paper, leaning upon the little window. At his feet upon the floor there was a rope which had been used to draw water from the well. The Captain folded up the sheet of paper and said brusquely, looking sharply at the boy with his cold, gray eyes, before which all soldiers trembled: "Drummer-boy!"

The drummer-boy put his hand to his visor.

The Captain said: "Have you any courage?"

The eyes of the boy flashed.

"Yes, Captain," he replied.

"Look down there," said the Captain, pushing him to the little window, "down the plain, near the houses of Villafranca, where there is a glimmer of bayonets. There are our men, motionless. Take this note, grasp the rope, descend from the little window, rush down the slope, through the fields, and when you reach our men, give this note to the first officer whom you meet. Throw off your strap and your knapsack."

The drummer-boy threw off the strap and the knapsack, put the note in his breast pocket; the sergeant flung out the rope, holding one end of it fast in his hands; the Captain helped the boy to get through the little window, with his back turned to the open country.

"Look out," he said, "the salvation of this detachment rests upon your courage and upon your legs!"

"Trust in me, Captain," replied the boy, as he let himself down.

"Lean down on the slope side," the Captain said, again clutching at the rope together with the sergeant.

"Do not falter."

"God help you."

In a few moments the drummer-boy was on the ground, the sergeant pulled up the rope and disappeared, the Captain stepped impetuously to the window and saw the boy flying down the incline.

He thought he had succeeded in running without being observed, when five or six little clouds which rose from the ground in front and from behind him, warned the Captain that the boy had been seen by the Austrians, who were shooting at him from the top of the hill. Those little clouds were dust cast up by the bullets. But the little drummer-boy continued to run swiftly—all of a sudden he dropped. "He is killed!" roared the Captain, biting his fist. He had barely uttered these words when he saw the boy get up again. "Ha! it is only a fall!" he mumbled to himself and breathed again. The little drummer-boy had begun to run with all his might, but he limped. "He must have turned his ankle," thought the Captain. Another little cloud arose here and there around the boy, but each time at a further distance from him. "He is safe!" the Captain exclaimed in triumph, but he kept on following him with his eyes, trembling; because if he did not reach the soldiers very soon with the note, asking succor, all his soldiers would be killed, or he would be obliged to surrender and give himself up as a prisoner with the others.

The boy ran quickly for a little time, then slackened his pace and limped, then he would start to run again, each time more fatigued, and every once in awhile he would stumble and pause.

"Perhaps a bullet has grazed him," thought the Captain, who was observing all his movements. Quivering and excited, he spoke to him as though he might hear him. He measured in a restless way, with a burning eye, the distance intervening between the running boy and the gleaming of the weapons, which he saw down below in the plain in the middle of the cornfields, gilded by the sun. "Go ahead! Run! Oh, he stops, that cursed boy! Ah! he begins to run again."

An officer came to tell him, panting, that the enemy, without interrupting the fusillade, were hoisting a white cloth to intimate surrender. "Let it not be answered!" he cried, without taking his eyes off the drummer-boy, who was already in the plain but not running any longer, and seeming to drag himself along with difficulty. "Go ahead! Run!" said the Captain, clinching his teeth. "Run, if you have to die, you rascal, but run!" and he uttered a terrible oath. "Ah! infamous child! he has seated himself, that poltroon!" The boy, whose head up to this time he had seen above the cornfield, had disappeared as if he had fallen. After a moment his head came up again, but he was soon lost behind the hedges and was seen no more.

Then the Captain came down impetuously; the bullets were showering, the rooms were crowded with the wounded, some of whom were whirling around like drunken men, clutching pieces of furniture; the walls and the floor were stained with blood, and bodies were lying across the doors; the lieutenant had his right arm broken by a bullet; the smoke and the dust filled everything.

"Courage!" cried the Captain. "Stand to your place! Succor is coming! Keep up your courage!"

Suddenly, the firing of the Austrians slackened, and a thundering voice cried, first in German and then Italian: "Surrender!" "No!" howled the Captain from the window, and the fusillade recommenced more thickly and furiously from both sides. Other soldiers fell. Already, more than one window was without defenders; the fatal moment was imminent! The Captain cried in a despairing voice:

"They are not coming! They are not coming!" and ran around furiously, bending his sword with his convulsive hand, ready to die; suddenly the sergeant, rushing down from the garret, uttered a loud cry of joy, shouting to the Captain:

"They are coming! They are coming!"

"They are coming!" repeated the Captain joyfully.

At that cry all those who were unhurt, as well as the wounded, the sergeant and officers rushed to the windows, and the resistance became more furious than before. In a few moments, a certain hesitation was noticed and a beginning of disorder among the foe. Quickly the Captain assembled a little troop in the room on the ground floor to make an exit with the bayonet. Then he ran up to the little window again. Hardly had he reached it when they heard a hasty tramping of feet accompanied with a formidable hurrah, and from the windows they saw coming through the smoke the

double-pointed hats of the Italian carabinieri, a squadron rushing forward at great speed, and the lightning flash of blades whirling in the air and falling on heads, on shoulders, on backs. Then the Captain darted out from the door with lowered bayonets. The enemy wavered and were thrown into confusion and disorder. They hastily retreated, and the ground was left unencumbered, the house was free, and two battalions of Italian infantry and two cannons occupied the hill.

The Captain, with the soldiers that remained, rejoined his regiment, fought again and was slightly wounded in his left hand by a ricochet bullet during the last assault with the bayonet. The day ended with a victory for our men.

But the day after, having recommenced the fight, the Italians were overpowered, in spite of a valorous resistance, by the overwhelming numbers of the Austrians; and, on the morning of the 26th, they had to retreat sadly toward the Mincio River.

The Captain, although wounded, made his way on foot with the soldiers, tired and silent, and arriving toward sunset at Goito, on the Mincio, looked immediately for his lieutenant, who had been taken up with his broken arm by our ambulance and who had arrived there before him. Some one had shown him the church where a field hospital had been improvised. He went there. The church was filled with wounded, lying in two rows on beds and mattresses stretched on the floor. Two physicians and several nurses were coming and going, busily occupied, and one could hear suppressed groans and cries. As soon as he entered, the Captain halted and looked around for his officer.

At that moment he heard himself called by a faint voice very near him: "Captain!"

He turned around; it was the little drummer-boy.

He was stretched on a cot bed, covered up to the breast with a rough window curtain in red and white squares, and with his arms out; pale and thin, but with his eyes still sparkling like two black gems.

"Is it you?" asked the Captain rather sharply, although amazed. "Bravo, you did your duty."

"I did all that was possible," answered the boy.

"Are you wounded?" asked the Captain, looking for his officer in the beds near by.

"What could I do?" said the boy, who gained courage by speaking, while feeling the satisfaction of having been wounded for the first time; under other circumstances he would hardly have dared to open his mouth in the presence of that Captain. "I did my best to run bending down; they saw me at once. I would have arrived twenty minutes sooner if they had not hit me. Fortunately I soon found a Captain of the staff and gave him your note. But it was a very hard matter to run after that caress. I was dying with thirst; I was afraid that I would never arrive, and was crying with rage, thinking that every minute delayed was sending another soul to the other world. But that is enough; I have done what I could; I am satisfied. But, with your permission, look at yourself, Captain, you are losing blood."

And truly, from the badly bandaged hand of the Captain some drops of blood trickled down through his fingers.

"Do you wish me to tie up your bandage, Captain? Hold out your hand a minute."

The Captain held out his left hand and stretched the right one to assist the boy in untying the knot and tying it again; but the boy, raising himself from his pillow with difficulty, grew pale and had to lean his head back again.

"Enough! enough!" the Captain said, looking at him and drawing the bandaged hand away that the boy wanted to hold. "Attend to your own affairs instead of those of others; things that are not severe may become serious."

The drummer-boy shook his head.

"But you," said the Captain, looking at him attentively. "You must have lost a great deal of blood to be as weak as you are."

"Lost much blood?" replied the lad with a smile. "I have lost more than blood. Look!"

And he pulled down the cover that was over him.

The Captain started back and stopped—horried. The lad had but one leg left, the left one had been amputated above his knee and the stump was bandaged with bloody cloths.

At that moment the military surgeon, a little fleshy fellow in short sleeves, passed by. "Ah, Captain!" said he quickly, pointing to the drummer-boy, "a most unfortunate case. A leg that might have been easily saved if he had not forced it in that foolish way; a cursed inflammation; it had to be cut off away up here. Oh! but he is a brave lad, I assure you; he has not shed a tear; he has not uttered a cry. I was proud that it was an Italian boy while I was performing the operation; upon my honor, he belongs to a good race, by heavens!" And he went away.

The Captain frowned and looked fixedly at the boy, putting the cover back over him; then slowly, as though unconsciously, raised his hand to his head and took off his cap.

"Captain!" exclaimed the astonished boy, "what are you doing, Captain, and that for me?"

And then that rough soldier, who had never said a mild word to one of his subalterns, answered, with an indescribably affectionate and sweet voice: "I am nothing but a Captain, you are a hero!"

Then he threw himself with open arms on the drummer-boy and pressed him three times upon his heart.

A LITTLE HERO OF ROMAGNA.

[Ferruccio, a lad of thirteen, has been severely reprovved by his aged and paralytic grandmother for staying out late at night and fighting. They are alone in the house at midnight, the father and mother having gone to an adjoining village on a visit, when two robbers break into the house. The grandmother recognizes one of them, and he, fearing exposure, raises his knife to strike her down.]

The murderer dealt the blow.

With a quick movement, and giving a desperate shout, Ferruccio had thrown himself upon his grandmother and had shielded her with his body. The murderer ran away, knocking against the table and upsetting the lamp which went out.

The boy slid down softly from over his grandmother's body, and fell on his knees, remaining in that attitude, with his arms around her waist and his head upon her breast.

A few moments passed; it was very dark; the song of the "contadini" was slowly dying out in the distance. The old woman recovered her consciousness.

"Ferruccio!" she called, with a scarcely audible voice, while her teeth were chattering.

"Grandmother," answered the boy.

The old woman made an effort to speak, but the fright had paralyzed her tongue.

She remained silent for a moment, trembling violently.

Finally she succeeded in asking:

"Are they no longer here?"

"No."

"Have they not killed me?" gasped the old woman in a choked voice.

"No; you are safe," said Ferruccio in a faint voice. "You are safe, dear grandmother. They have taken the money away. But papa had almost everything with him."

His grandmother sighed.

"Grandmother," said Ferruccio, still on his knees and clasping her around the waist, "dear grandmother, you love me, do you not?"

"Oh, Ferruccio! My poor child!" answered the woman, placing her hand on his head. "How frightened you must have been! Oh, Lord of Mercy! Light the lamp—we are now in darkness; I am still afraid."

"Grandmother," said the boy, "I have always caused you sorrow."

"No, Ferruccio, do not speak in that way; I don't think of it any more; I have forgotten, I love you so much!"

"I have always caused you sorrow," continued Ferruccio, speaking with difficulty and in a trembling voice. "But I have always cared for you. Will you forgive me? Do forgive me, grandmother."

"Yes, my child, I forgive you, I forgive you with all my heart. Just think, if I should not forgive you! Rise up from your knees, my child. I will never scold you again. Be good, you are so kind, Ferruccio! Let us light the lamp. Let us take a little courage. Rise to your feet, Ferruccio."

"Thanks, grandmother," said the boy, speaking each time in a fainter voice. "Now—I am satisfied. You will remember me, grandmother, will you not? You will remember me always—your Ferruccio."

"Oh, my Ferruccio!" exclaimed the grandmother, astounded and uneasy, placing her hands upon his shoulders and leaning her head so as to look in his face.

"Remember me," again murmured the child, in a voice as faint as a breath. "Give a kiss to mother—to father, to Luigina—farewell, grandmother—"

"In the name of heaven, what is the matter with you?" cried the woman, anxiously feeling the head of the boy who had fallen across her knees; and then, with all the voice she had in her throat, she shouted, in desperation: "Ferruccio! Ferruccio! Ferruccio! My child! My love! Angels of Paradise, help me!"

But Ferruccio did not answer. The little hero, the savior of the mother of his mother, stabbed in the back from the knife thrust of the robber, had surrendered his noble soul to God!

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

Jewish Gastronomy.....Adolphe Danziger.....San Francisco News Letter

Have you ever seen a Frenchman eat "pâté de foie gras" or grouse eggs? If you have not, take a look. To an observer it is well worth some moments to see a French "gastronome" "handle" eating. He may have taken a veritable "quodlibet" of a dinner, but when he comes to a "délicatesse" his mien changes. He smiles, he puckers his lips, he makes a mental bow to the culinary gods, and inclines his head in an attitude of listening, as if expecting to hear celestial music break forth to glorify the apotheosis of the tid-bit from the plate to the palate. France has the best eaters, Germany the best livers—goose livers, and England the best heads—"puddin'" heads, as old "Twain" would say. But this is "en passant." I desire to indicate that every people in every land takes a special delight in discussing its favorite dish; that it treats it with a delicacy, care and tenderness the uninitiated cannot appreciate. The American, who swallows half-chewed beefsteaks and wallows in mince pies, knows little or nothing of these gastronomic delights. To see a Frenchman eat his "pâté de foie gras" is like having a triple extract of Balzac, Hugo and Dumas. To watch a true Teuton eat his sauerkraut is like reading the "Nibelungen." To hear a Greek gleefully grind his garlic is like perusing a measure of the Iliad. A canto of Dante's Inferno might do for macaroni, and Cervantes' best would pass for "enchiladas castellanos." But to see a good, orthodox Jew or Jewess at a fair share of tabbeches is worth all the literatures of the Orient and the Occident. You might huddle together all Italians in Inferno, cover all the Spaniards with "chili concerni," send all the French to the He du Diable, lose all the Greeks in the Hellespont, and drown all the Germans in Rhine wine, but no master-hand will ever create a work of art to match that "chef-d'œuvre" of a Jewish housewife—tabbeches. If your gentle soul has not tasted its elusive delight, you cannot appreciate its worth, though Hellas' band sang its glory. "Sacre bleu!" grant the grace to gauge the gorgeous measure for the swinging rhythm of the toothsome tabbeche!

I once asked a Jewish housewife to tell me how tabbeches are made. A smile suffused her shining face; a glint as of a great light came into her small eyes; looking ceiling-ward she seemed to fall into a sublime trance, and licking her lips, her whispored words made the following song:

Gotten of cattle gambolling in clover,
Fattened and patted by butchers in stables,
Slaughtered with knives sharper than razors,
Shockets examine as ordered by Rabbis;
Testeth the lungs and liver for soundness,
Opens the belly and taketh intestines.
Seeketh the coil in the cluster of fat,
Taketeth the shortest, the richest of all;
Cutteeth a measure of less than a yard,
Cleanseth the membrane of contents within,
Dippeth the outside in flour which hath
Sugar and onions, almonds and garlic,
Thousand and one things too many to tell;
Turneth it inside with all that adheres,
Addeth remainder to give it a fill;

Tieth the end parts that nothing escape,
Letteth it simmer by moderate fire,
Watcheth the outside until it is brown;
Then—

Alas! she awoke from her trance. But I had learned the mystery of mysteries. When the outside is brown, then, Oh mankind rejoice! for then the tabbeches, the only on earth is born, ready to grant the soul its delight.

No one but a Jew can appreciate a tabbeche; it is the best thing in the word; it is the only thing in the world worth considering; it has universal sway, and we love it; for, it is so like us; universal, homogeneous, and like us it moves and thrives in all lands and under all climes. Religions may grow and religions decay, but Judaism and tabbeches remain forever. In time Christianity will become sapless, pale and vapory, because Paul set his face against tabbeches. But our faith will stay as the rock of ages, girdled by tabbeches, defying time and reform. A Jew may be baptized or he may be an atheist, there is always one strong chord which will draw him to the tables of his ancestors—the tabbeches. He may live in a palace, ride in a \$10,000 equipage, be a prince of the bourse, tone the financial policy of the world and make sovereigns tremble, there is one thing which forever holds him to his kindred, makes him humble and devout—the juicy, the divine tabbeches; in fact, were you to seek the cause which ties the Jews together as with bonds of affection, you might, perchance, find it to be one long tabbeche, round, sweet and fat, and browned to a turn.

Whether the tabbeche is Egyptian in origin or purely Judaic; whether the Jews soured on Pharaoh because he cruelly cut short their rations of the toothsome morsel, or whether they, when in Sahara's wilds, longed for Egypt because Moses ran short of the article, is a point which to decide I leave to that eminent historian and Egyptologist, the Hon. Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, of America. It is certain, however, that the tabbeche has no geographical boundaries; has not suffered by climatic changes; is not affected by Rabbinical squabbles; is neither orthodox nor conservative, nor reform. All Jews fight under its banner; they all love it and delight in its being. The German Jew may place himself outwardly on familiar terms with sauerkraut and wurst; the English Jew may keep up a stolid manner at pudding, the French Jew may make a bluff at "pâté de foie gras," but no one who knows would dare lay even chances on the choice between any of these and tabbeches.

Gastronomy in Fiction.....London Evening Standard

It is curious that so far the gastronomy of the novelists has attracted little or no attention from literary critics and philosophers, and the more so that, insignificant as this feature may seem to the careless, there is none which is more characteristic of the nation, ideas and temperament of the individual to whom we owe in each instance the literary banquet. Women novelists, with one or two exceptions, notably Ouida, rarely allow their heroes

and heroines to partake of a generous feast; whereas in the pages of the great male novelists dinners abound, and reflect the same artistic tendencies as are discoverable in the courage of the hero, the purity of the heroine and the general trend of the writer's philosophy of life. Compare Dickens with Thackeray. Note how the attitude toward life of each reveals itself in their gastronomic descriptions. Thackeray is just as fond as Dickens of telling you what his characters eat and drink upon all occasions, which details he very justly understands are by no means unimportant accessories to their portraits; and whether it is Major Pendennis' elegant little dinners or the Mugfords' plebeian but magnificent feasts, or Becky's Salmi prepared for the fascination of Mr. Pitt by her own hands, according to the voracious lady, or Talbot Twysden's shabby, cheap, pretentious affairs with his wretched chateau Margaux, there is always the same attitude, slightly cynical, yet epicurean—the attitude of the man of the world with a fastidious palate, who knows how to appreciate delicate and rare viands and wine, and has yet some kind of restraint which prevents his enjoying them in an open, hearty manner. How different from Dickens' very real, hearty and somewhat coarse relish of the food his personages eat, and invariably enjoy! Not a saucepan or an oven is safe from him, and he is never in more hilarious spirits than when the fare is of the humblest kind. Mr. Swiveller's boiled beef and greens, which this ingenious gentleman obtains on credit in his usual careless manner; poor Mrs. Quilp's little tea party of new bread, fresh butter and lettuce; or the famous meal prepared for Mr. Codlin at the "Jolly Sandboys"—nothing can exceed the gusto with which he retails the affair. "It's a stew of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips; "the cow heel," smacking them again, "and bacon," smacking them once more, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and peas, cauliflower, new potatoes and sparrow grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy."

All honest, wholesome appetites had the sympathy of Dickens, and never was there a novelist more loyal to the British fare of roast beef and stout. Between these two novelists stands Scott and, while less coarse and realistic than Dickens, more full of homely, unaffected simplicity, and thereby more nobly dignified than Thackeray, his breakfasts and dinners serve to cement the bonds of good-fellowship and geniality, and there is ever a hint of picturesque splendor about them which saves them from degenerating into mere animal eating and drinking. The noble meal which the baron of Bardwardine sets before young Waverly upon the morning that he proposes to fight the laird of Balmawhapple would have dissipated the ill humor of the surliest youth, even had not the lovely Rose presided at the table, "loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal and barley meal, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits and other varieties; together with eggs, reindeer, ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade," and all the other delicacies which induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries. There is

another breakfast, the famous one of Quentin Durward, where Louis XI. plays the host in disguise, which surpasses all similar incidents in its persuasive appeal to the reader's sympathies, making him forget the French King's craft and subtlety, and even his detestable plot for the destruction of Quentin, in genuine admiration of the delightful human fashion in which he provides for the fine appetite of a bold, generous youth. There is, perhaps, only one other scene to match this, even in Scott's own pages, and this is the famous supper in the Hermitage of St. Dunstan, when another monarch plays with even finer success the part of guest to the jolly clerk of Copmanhurst.

There is something of the same geniality and good-fellowship to be found in Lever's lively feasts, which, however, sometimes degenerate, as Sir Walter's never do, into scenes of disorderly riot. Who forgets the capital dinner in Charles O'Malley, with the turbot, the sirloin, "the turkey flanked by a picket of ham, and detached squadron of chickens carefully ambushed in a forest of greens, potatoes piled like shot in an ordnance yard, and massive decanters of port and sherry, which stood proudly up like standard-bearers amidst goodly array," of which beverages the gallant young men appear to have imbibed with generosity, for it was after Mr. Bodkin had sung *The Man of Galway* that Mr. Charles O'Malley threw a wineglass at his head, and had later on to meet that distinguished duelist. Although the young gentlemen in these romances invariably drink more punch than is prudent, their convivialities are pleasant, innocent reading, owing to the mirth, good humor and flow of high animal spirits with which they are portrayed, and to the delightful aspect of Irish character that they reveal. There is something more wholesome and natural, too, in a young man drinking more punch at supper than is good for him than in a young spendthrift aristocrat breakfasting early in the afternoon on "peaches, grapes, chocolate and claret in a chamber fit for a young princess, with its azure hangings, its Russian cabinets and its innumerable flowers." It is unnecessary to say that heroes of this order are to be found in the classic pages of the inimitable Ouida, whose elegant young men, strange to say, though they habitually keep late hours, drink all night and breakfast in the afternoon on truffles and claret, have a way of preserving their superb constitution and dexterity in shooting big game, which is as amazing as it is enviable. It is only fair to say that a male novelist, the once popular Guy Livingston, feeds his magnificent young men in a similar artless fashion.

Disraeli, though he does not condescend to minute particulars, has a way of introducing magnificent banquets, with countless courses, which is at once picturesque and effective. Everything in *Lothair* happens at dinner parties, and nearly all memorable and intellectual conversations took place at these functions, while the "fat little birds in aspic jelly" and the ortolans and the rest of the high-class menu are being consumed. It is more, however, by implication than actual description that Disraeli permits us to discern the imperial nature of these entertainments, as, for instance, when St. Aldegonde searches in vain among the "pies and

preparations of all climes at Brancepeth's dinner" for some cold meat, with which it is satisfactory to learn he was, after some delay, served. Perhaps in regard to this topic there is no single writer more individual and characteristic than Bulwer Lytton. His fashionable, brilliant young gentlemen, diplomats, politicians, philosophers or what not, have the most supreme contempt for British cookery, and their motto would seem to be: "Tell me what a man eats, and I will tell you what he is." "The low English people," he says, in the person of Pelham, "have entirely ruined Vevy's restaurant," and he asks gravely what respect can be given to men who take no soup and begin with a rôti, who cannot tell at the first taste whether the Beaumé is "première qualité" or the fricassée made of yesterday's chicken; who suffer in the stomach after a champignon and die with indigestion of a truffle. And he wittily adds: "Oh, English people, English people! why can you not stay and perish of apoplexy and Yorkshire pudding at home?" What miles all this is from the simple, wholesome venison pasties and eggs and hams and oatmeal, upon which Sir Walter's brave unspoiled youths fed with such capital appetites, and who, happily for them, were not jaded libertines and cynical philosophers by the time they had reached twenty years of age!

Flowers as Food.....New York Commercial Advertiser

The usefulness of the flowers of the "Aubtilon esculentum" as food is practically unknown in this country. In Brazil, however, they are commonly employed as a vegetable. The edible quality of ordinary garden "nasturtiums," prepared as a salad, is more familiar. Under certain atmospheric conditions these blossoms emit electric sparks toward evening—a fact which was first observed by a daughter of the famous naturalist, Linnaeus. They have a delightful, spicy taste. Primroses likewise are utilized for salad in Europe, and marigolds furnish an ingredient for soups and broths.

Candied violets are now a product of some commercial importance. At Grasse, France, in which neighborhood immense quantities of these flowers are grown, all the old and stale violets are sold to manufacturers of confectionery. They steam them, dip them in boiled sugar, and sell them at a high price as "confiture of violets." In Roumania violets, roses and lime flowers are utilized largely for flavoring preserves of different kinds. The ancient Romans made wine of violets, and even now they are used in Turkey in the preparation of sherbets. The most esteemed sherbet in Egypt is prepared by pounding violets and boiling them in sugar. This violet sherbet is of a green color, and is called the "Grand Signor's sherbet." In parts of India violets are collected for use as an emetic.

Rosebuds boiled in sugar and made into a preserve are eaten by Arabian ladies. In China dried rosebuds are candied like violets, and so likewise are jasmines. The common yellow pond lilies make delightful preserves, and from them the Turks prepare a cooling drink. These flowers have a perfume like that of brandy, and hence are sometimes called "brandy bottles." The species of lily known to botanists as "thunbergi" is one of the choicest delicacies of the Chinese kitchen. It is dried and

is employed for seasoning ragouts and other dishes. There is a great trade in these blossoms at the treaty ports. The lilies are grown for market in many provinces of China, being plucked just before they are open. Cooked as a vegetable, they have an agreeable odor and taste. They are much used in sacrifices to ancestors.

By far the most remarkable of plants that produce edible flowers is the "butter tree" of India. Its blossoms during the hot months of the year are the chief means of subsistence of the Bhils and other hill tribes of the interior. Under the old Mahetta rule it was a common practice to cut down the butter trees in the country of the Bhils, so as to afflict those lawless people and bring them to straits. A good-sized tree yields several hundred-weight of the pulpy, bell-shaped flowers in season. In March and April they fall off and are gathered eagerly by the natives. When fresh they have a peculiar and luscious taste, with an odor that has been described as somewhat suggestive of mice. Usually they are dried in the sun, shriveling to one-fourth their original size. In this condition they resemble raisins somewhat. They are prepared by boiling or in sweetmeats. Jackals, bears, wild pigs and deer are extravagantly fond of the blossoms; in fact, almost every animal, wild or domestic, eats them greedily. Sometimes they are baked into cakes.

There are immense forests of these butter trees in India, and the flowers may some day become an important article of commerce. They are produced in vast quantities, affording drink as well as food to whole populations. They secrete more than half their weight in sugar, and yield a good deal of that substance for domestic use. A powerful alcoholic beverage, somewhat resembling Irish whisky in flavor, is distilled from them. It is a diffusible stimulant like brandy, and is largely consumed by the inhabitants of the mountainous tracts of the central table land of India; in fact, this is the liquor of the country, and every village has a little shop for the sale of it. Many of the distilleries are located in the very heart of the forest.

In Sind and the Punjab, as well as in Afghanistan, grows a shrub known as "phogalli." Botanists have named it "Calligonum polygonoides." Its small, red-pink flowers are dried and eaten by the poorer classes. Usually they are made into bread or cooked with butter. They are likewise prepared with cocoanut oil. The ripening blossoms fill the air with a pleasant odor as of overripe strawberries. They contain forty-six per cent. of sugar.

In India the young flowers of the banana plant are eaten. The Chinese prepare them by pickling them in vinegar. It is almost beyond a doubt that the banana was originally a native of India and Southern Asia. Thence it was brought to America at a comparatively recent period by means unknown. The *Melanthus major* grows wild and plentiful in the region of Cape Colony, where people gather the flowers for food by shaking the branches, when they fall in a heavy shower. The blossoms are veritable cups of honey syrup. In India the flowers of a kind of sorrel, which have a pleasant acid taste, are made into tarts and jellies. The blossoms of the shaddock are used for flavoring sweetmeats in the same country.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Travel and Sport.

Puerto Rico and its Resources. By Frederick A. Ober. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The qualification of Mr. Frederick A. Ober to write a book about Puerto Rico is indicated by the facts that he visited every point of importance on the island in 1880, and revisited it as West Indian Commissioner for the Columbian Exposition. To the fruits of observations made during these two visits he has added information gathered from the books that have been written about Puerto Rico by Spanish and other officers. A plain, concise account of the island is presented, without sensational exaggerations and free from apparent padding.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

In the Klondike. By Frederick Palmer. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Mr. Palmer went up as a newspaper correspondent. His original intention was to accompany the Government expedition for the relief of the miners of the Klondike which was in part mobilized at Dyea, when he arrived there late in February of last year. As the expedition was abandoned at Dyea, the need for it no longer existing, Mr. Palmer was left to his own resources, and soon organized a party of three to make the winter journey on its own account. After many hardships Mr. Palmer and his associates reached Dawson at the time of the breaking up of the ice, and the remainder of the narrative describes life among the people there and in the "diggings," the descriptions being a series of vivid pictures with many amusing features.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A Thousand Days in the Arctic. By Frederick G. Jackson, Knight. Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. \$6.00

The European Tour. By Grant Allan. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Japan in Transition. By Stafford Ransome. Harper & Bros. \$3.00.

M. Pierre Loti, in his *Madame Chrysantheme*, writes in a fascinating manner about Japanese women, as does Mr. Lafcadio Hearn. And lately there has been in vogue quite a series of delicate Japanese love stories, with the uncouth man of the West mixed up in them. Possibly such romances may have conveyed some slight information, if nothing more. It is, however, satisfactory to have before you a good, solid book, the one Mr. Stafford Ransome has written, the title of which is *Japan in Transition*. The author, who is a journalist, went to Japan in 1896, and lived there for about two years, and the book summarizes in a form less ephemeral than must be adopted for journalism the impressions received.—*New York Times*.

The Custom of the Country: Tales of New Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Mrs. Fraser is the wife of the British Minister to Japan, and her opportunities for observation have not been wasted. Her stories are neither sentimental nor superficial. We have long been out of relation with a civilization with whose better side we cannot with all our cleverness compete. The spectacle of that civilization advancing after many centuries of immobility to meet our own is one to engage attention in whatever form it is presented.—*New York Times*.

The Early Mountaineers. By Francis Gribble. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 21s.

His book, while specially interesting to a regular climber, is fit even for the non-professional reader, for he has not only many curious incidents to relate, but some

pretty bits of light to throw on the lives and characters of the early mountaineers. They were nearly all of them noteworthy, many of them distinguished men, as might indeed be expected from the fact that they diverged so far from what were then the beaten paths. A roll of pioneers in mountaineering which (not to speak of Philip of Macedon and Hadrian) includes the names of King Pedro of Aragon, Francis Petrarch, Leonardo da Vinci, Konrad Gessner, the Count of Candale, Saussure, Placidus a Spescha, Parrot and Ramond de Carbonière, is a list which the Alpinists of to-day may feel proud to look back upon. And not a few men of distinction in our own time, among whom John Ball and Leslie Stephen will occur to everyone, have worthily sustained the reputation of the craft.—*London Speaker*.

China. By Robert K. Douglas. The Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The history of China goes back to a point of time thousands of years before the Christian era, and for want of space therefore it was decided to treat in the present volume only of that part which comes after the time of Marco Polo, the latter part of the thirteenth century, giving a brief sketch only, in the first chapter, of the earlier history, which will be set forth more fully in a later number of this series.—*Providence Journal*.

Travels and Politics in the Near East. By William Miller. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$5.00.

History and Biography.

The Rough Riders. By Theodore Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

The *Rough Riders* is a well-printed, substantial, handsomely illustrated book of 298 pages. There is a great deal of the personal in it, for Colonel Roosevelt knew every man in the command by sight, and could probably call most of them by name. His style is always free and animated. He is generous in his estimate of men, and optimism lights up his pages. In an appendix Colonel Roosevelt handles without gloves Mr. Stephen Bonsal, who, in his book, *The Fight for Santiago*, had said that the *Rough Riders* were ambushed at Guasimas and who was guilty of other inexcusable inaccuracies.—*New York Evening Sun*.

General Sherman. By General Manning F. Force. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

This is the thirteenth biography in the "Great Commander Series," edited by General James Grant Wilson; and General Force says in the preface that owing to failing health he called upon General J. D. Cox to assist him in the work. The book is therefore the story of a great soldier's life told by two of his comrades. It has the peculiar flavor that comes from personal knowledge of men and events; and yet, for all its interest and value, it cannot rank with the life of General Lee by his nephew, Fitzhugh Lee, or with the life of General Hancock by Francis J. Walker in the same series. Perhaps no dramatic or artistic treatment of General Sherman is needed. He was so picturesque a figure, so frank and outspoken in his friendships and in his enmities, and his orders, letters and memoirs are so clear in self-revelation and so full of brilliant literary quality that no strange hand can better the picture he has left.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

Life of Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

Mr. Sidney's *Life of Shakespeare* is based on the article on Shakespeare contributed a year ago by Mr.

Lee to the Dictionary of National Biography. Many changes and additions have been made, and some errors have been corrected. "In its general aims, however," to quote from the preface, "the present life endeavors loyally to adhere to the principles that are inherent in the scheme of the Dictionary." It attempts "to provide students of Shakespeare with a full record of the duly attested facts and dates of their master's career."—*The Critic*.

Recollections of the Civil War. By Charles A. Dana. D. Appleton. \$2.00.

As a reporter of incidents, a terse and vivid delineator of personality, Dana is admirable. Much of Dana's service was rendered as a kind of spy for his chief, with whom he had in general the closest relations, not a condition possible between most men and Edwin M. Stanton. There are disillusionings in Mr. Dana's story. It is not pleasant to read of Mr. Lincoln's authorizing big bribes to three men whose votes were thought to be required in the House to authorize Nevada to form a State government, so that the Thirteenth Amendment might be passed. "What shall I say to these gentlemen?" inquired Dana. "I don't know," said Mr. Lincoln, "but whatever promises you make to them I will perform." And they got their promised places—good, fat jobs! On one occasion some guilty contractors were arrested for supplying fraudulent forage. Political influence was exerted for their release, and the President demanded it because he thought it necessary to preserve the powerful support of the State from which they came. He gave a verbal order to that effect, but when the officer in charge, for his own protection, asked for a written order, Mr. Lincoln declined to give it. Mr. Dana considered General Humphreys the hero of the Army of the Potomac, though he has nothing but praise for Grant and Sherman.—*Boston Times*.

Life of George Borrow (1803-1881). By William I. Knapp. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00.

It is not as philologist, or traveler, or "wild missionary," or folk-lorist, or antiquary, that Borrow lives and will live. It is as the master of splendid, strong, simple English, the prose Morland of a vanished roadside life, the realist who, Defoe-like, could make fiction seem truer than fact. To have written the finest fight in the whole world's literature, the fight with the Flaming Tinman, is surely something of an achievement.—*The Bookman*.

Borrow's claims upon the attention of a later age are at least two-fold and separate in nature. Had he never published ten pages, his personality would still be memorable, and then he could, at his best, write a fascinating story. Consider the physical prowess of our average man of letters in the present century, and imagine where he would have stood socially in the Viking Age. A large number of our modern scribes would, we fear, have gone to the wall in the ninth century. Not so Borrow. He, like Sir Richard Burton and Col. Fred. Burnaby, could have taken his part then or at any epoch, just as Isopel Berners does in "Lavengro." Six feet three, muscular, ready of speech in twenty or thirty languages, a good boxer, a life-saving swimmer, an accomplished horseman, dowered with striking features, and hair which wore from early manhood the silver of old age, what a figure was Don Jorge in his prime, and what a companion on English heath or Spanish *despoblado*! He felt keenly the intellectual cravings of the scholar and the physical power of the athlete or the fighter. A being thus endowed is seldom humble, and, when he finds that the world will buy his books, what wonder if his self-confidence oversteps discretion? Borrow suffered not so much from excessive as from misdirected pride, and we may discover the cause of subsequent calamities in the circumstances of his youth. He lacked regular training, by which we mean in part the discipline of teachers, and even more the discipline

begotten by contact with one's fellows. His father was a captain who rose from the ranks, and his mother had been a supernumerary in a company of strolling players. We would not imply that his parents were of themselves unworthy or thoughtless of the boy's real welfare, but they had not the means of helping him forward in the best way. Prosperity at the start would have been everything to Borrow. It would have mellowed his temper, and made him less scornful of those who might be his peers in cleverness and well-meaning, although accident had given them the "advantages" of ancestors, wealth, and a regular education.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

Throne-Makers. By William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The four throne-makers briefly sketched in this interesting book are Bismarck, Napoleon III., Kossuth and Garibaldi. Following the four papers just mentioned are four more under the general title of "Portraits," in which Mr. Thayer sketches Carlyle, Tintoretto, Giordano Bruno and Bryant.

Francesco Crispi. By W. J. Stillman. London: Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Stillman has followed up his *Union of Italy* with another work dealing with the same period—the life of one of the most distinguished revolutionists, who subsequently passed over to the loyal camp and became a statesman of great repute. The book is written with the vigor and all-round knowledge and, we may add, prejudices which usually distinguish the author. It is an extremely interesting study of a character about whom such diversity of opinion exists. It is nothing new for a statesman to be misrepresented, abused, calumniated; it happens in every country—we ourselves are not exempt—but what is peculiar about Crispi's case is that, whereas other chiefs have had their devoted following of friends who fought for them, swore by them, whose faith and affection made up for the bitterness of opponents, he had more ferocious enemies than anybody, while his friends were few, and even in his own group lukewarm and insubordinate. This makes his case all the more pathetic now that he is a broken, almost blind, man of eighty, and it is chivalrous of Mr. Stillman to take up his cause. He disclaims all personal intimacy with the fallen statesman, and claims to be an impartial biographer, a difficult rôle to play, and Mr. Stillman does not keep it up throughout.—*Literary World*.

History of South Carolina Under the Royal Government. By Edward McCrady. Macmillan. \$1.25.

Our Conquests in the Pacific. By Oscar King Davis. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.

This is one of the many books about the war with Spain; and like most of them it is without much literary or historical value. Indeed it aims at nothing more than ephemeral interest, since it is a newspaper correspondent's record of incidents from day to day in the expedition to the Philippines.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

Source-Book of American History. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company. 60 cents.

"This little book is an attempt to do for the study of American history what the photographer does for the study of art—to collect a brief series of illustrations, which, without including a hundredth part of the whole field, may give examples of the things most important to know." It is designed, not to supplant the text-book, but to accompany it. Its author hopes that the brief records which constitute it "may awaken interest in the books from which they came and in the men who wrote them; that a clearer idea of what our ancestors did and thought and suffered may be had from their own writings; that the

book may serve as a part of the material necessary for topical study; and, above all, that it may throw a human interest about the necessarily compact and factful statements of text-books."—Open Court.

The Life of Henry A. Wise of Virginia: 1806-1876. By Barton H. Wise. Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

Governor Wise was a picturesque figure in the politics of the country from Jackson's second term to the outbreak of the Civil War. Lank and thin, with deep-set, piercing eyes, low, broad forehead, light hair worn long behind the ears, a large mouth, with thin lips and square chin, careless in attire, an inveterate tobacco-chewer, chewing faster as he got excited with speaking, bold of speech, blurring out the passing thought or feeling with little reference to conventionalities, he was a typical example of the Southern politician of that generation as people knew him in the cartoons of the time. But he had intellectual qualities which sustained and justified the interest his personal appearance excited. With remarkable fluency of speech, his ideas were always striking and apt to be novel. His standpoint was always his own, his opinions independent, his utterance of them trenchant and even fierce, though often enlivened by a native humor and a keen wit.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Under Fire with the Tenth United States Cavalry. F. Tennyson Neely. \$2.00.

This is a military history of the negro in this country from the Revolutionary period to the present day. The larger space, however, is devoted to the conduct of the negro soldier in the campaigns around Santiago and to recounting the exploits performed by the Ninth and Tenth cavalries and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth infantries of the regular army. The book is under the general editorship of Herschel V. Cashin, receiver of the United States Land Office, and Charles Alexander, a newspaper correspondent. The editors have called in to their aid the literary services of such distinguished colored army men as Chaplain William T. Anderson, Surgeon Arthur M. Brown and Sergeant Horace W. Bivins, all of the Tenth United States cavalry, and have included accounts of thrilling episodes written by officers and men who were eye-witnesses or sharers in the heroic actions narrated. An introduction is furnished by Major-General Joseph Wheeler.—New York Herald.

The War with Spain. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria: A Memoir. By A. de Burgh. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

Only a few months ago there was published a biography of the murdered Empress Elizabeth of Austria, purporting to be the work of one of her very few intimate friends and constant companions, although its inaccuracies on the one hand, and its recital, on the other, of events of which the author, even if she was what she claims to have been, could have no knowledge, would rather seem to point to a mystification of the "Englishman in Paris" variety, though on a less ambitious and historically less important scale. Certain it is that what she tells has long been current gossip in the capitals of Europe—especially in Vienna and Munich—together with much that she does not tell, but denies by implication. But, whatever the truth of the matter, the book furnishes interesting reading for many, and is not entirely unworthy of being a tribute to the memory of the martyred woman to whom the greatness of this earth brought a cross, not a crown, and whose dastardly murder brought all the world to mourn for a moment at her bier.—The Bookman.

Religion and Philosophy.

Mahometanism: Islam in Africa, Its Effects, Religious, Ethical and Social, Upon the People of the

Country. By Anson P. Atterbury. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Through Nature to God. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

To watchers of the tides and currents of thought, just now setting decidedly against rationalism, the later turn of Mr. Fiske's philosophy is an interesting phenomenon, and none the less so where his argument seems insufficient. The present little volume, continuing the line of thought of the Idea of God, has three disconnected parts, entitled, *The Mystery of Evil*, *The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice*, and *The Everlasting Reality of Religion*. Mr. Fiske's solution of the problem of evil is the familiar one, that evil is only relative, and that it is absurd to suppose good to exist without a correlative and reacting evil.—New York Evening Post.

Music, Art and the Drama.

Old Clocks and Watches and Their Makers. With 400 illustrations. By F. J. Britten. London: B. T. Botsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

Some Colonial Mansions and Those Who Lived in Them. With Genealogies of the Various Families Mentioned. Edited by Thomas Allen Glenn. Vol. I. Henry T. Coates & Co. \$5.00.

Not the least interesting among the excellent illustrations are the pictures of the old family places, whose very look suggests the hospitality of days and fashions gone by. Unfortunately many of these old mansions have fallen into strange and neglectful hands, and the pitiful dilapidation of what were once very stately homes arouses a sympathy for the English notion that the family and the estate should be inalienable. The character of Mr. Glenn's work will of necessity somewhat limit its readers, but of those who take it up there will be few, we think, who will not await with interest the second volume.—Literary World.

Great Piano Virtuosos of Our Time. By W. von Lenz. Translated from the German by Madeleine R. Baker. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Cathedral Builders. By Leader Scott. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. \$6.00.

But Leader Scott's new book is much more than an excuse for presenting the public with an admirably chosen collection of views of architectural marvels. The Cathedral Builders is an elaborate and in some respects an ingenious attempt to prove that the Comacine masters were the true mediæval link between Classic and Renaissance art. Leader Scott is even tempted to hope that she has shown that the famous artists, around whom different schools of Renaissance art arose, were brethren of a guild, that this great organization was one with the Comacines of Lombard times, and that the Lombard guild derived its traditions, if not its actual being, from the Roman public architects.—London Speaker.

Fiction.

A Gentleman Player: His Adventures on a Secret Mission for Queen Elizabeth. By Robert Neilson Stephens. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25.

Ridan the Devil, and Other Stories. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Becke's audience will not be disappointed with his latest book of stories; and most of them will read with especial interest his vindication of "Bully" Hayes, who, he asserts, "was not the remorseless ruffian that his enemies and many writers of tales of the South Seas have painted him; furthermore, he was one of the best sailor-men that ever trod a deck. Had he lived in the times of Drake

or Dampier, he would have been a hero, for he was a man born to command and lead."—The Bookman.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

A Double Thread is a perfectly impossible and immensely entertaining book. It is not given to every writer to achieve this difficult combination. Miss Fowler has allowed herself an archaic plot, and a very up-to-date style which sparkles with all manner of clever and epigrammatic paradoxes.—The Critic.

The Awkward Age. By Henry James. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

As Mr. Henry James has no rivals in his own field to overcome, he continues to surpass himself with regularity and ease. The Awkward Age is ahead of anything he has yet produced, for subtlety and acute insight.

The Hacienda on the Hill. By Richard Henry Savage. The Home Publishing Co. \$1.50.

There is not a dry paragraph betwixt its covers; while, besides its merits as a story full of life and incident, graphic descriptions, and thrilling adventures, it possesses the advantage of dealing with personages and events that have only too recently stirred the American people to its heart of hearts; for the plot is laid in the Cuba of a year ago, and in the environs of Havana. The utter depreciation, nay, condemnation of everything Spanish comes dangerously nigh the purview of jingoism, nor can one discover a compensation therefor or in the pictures drawn of the Cubans themselves. So discouraging is the impression that one begins to query whether, if put to the test, the beautiful island to the south of us could muster together even the ten righteous that were not to be found in Sodom! But, let it be repeated, for exciting interest The Hacienda on the Hill can hold its own against all comers.—Home Journal.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Miss Harraden's novel gives one the uneasy feeling of disproportion that an enlarged print of a small photograph does, in which the fine lines have become blurs and the shadings are blanks. The foundation idea is a good one, and would have made a good short book, had Miss Harraden been wise enough to leave to the imagination that which, by detailing, she has dissipated. The character of the Fowler—the little man who obtains intellectual ascendancy over women, distorts their views of life and duty, and withers their enthusiasm—is so possible that he is made unreal by forcing him. Sitting in gardens with girls, and poisoning their joyous atmosphere with his cynicisms, he is a promising feature for a story, even for a sermon. But developed into a villain who keeps an autobiographical journal of his own fiendishness, he ceases to charm or to preach.—New York Post.

An Incident, and Other Happenings. By Sarah Barnwell Elliot. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

There is more than the timely choice of a theme to make the title-piece, An Incident, chiefest among the short stories of Miss Elliot's volume. Apart from questions of artistic value, the world is interested in a Southern woman's presentation of the lynching problem. But it is not the least proof of the author's skill that she relies so slightly on the adventitious; that, in reading, one is able to forget, until recalled by the feebleness of the final paragraph, that the problem is of the present. In its severity of outline, swift movement, sinister suggestion of more than meets the eye, the sketch shows qualities which should make for its endurance though all our negroes were deported to Africa or exterminated like Filipinos. There is promise as well as performance in the Other Happenings which make up the volume. These

studies, for the most part of Southern types far removed from the mountaineer and negro who have more than borne their part in fiction, point hopefully to a larger work in this direction. Southern writers have appeared to stand in need of the Gilbertian injunction, "Spurn not the nobly born," so careful has been their avoidance of the higher social orders. Miss Elliot's observations show the sympathy of one who is part of what she describes, yet they are as evidently made with clear eyes not sealed by tradition. The field before her is a rich one.—New York Post.

Essays and Literature.

Retrospects and Prospects. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Lanier's was a character of singular elevation, sweetness and strength. It is as a contribution to our knowledge of certain sides of Lanier's thinking, not represented in his verse and literary criticism, that this volume of posthumous essays is put forth. Otherwise the publication hardly justifies itself. The name-essay, for example, is sophomorical in manner and leads up to nothing. It is saved from insignificance only by its musical enthusiasm and a certain characteristic fineness of spirit.—Literature.

The Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift, edited by George Birkbeck Hill. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.50.

These letters were formerly placed in the hands of John Forster, to be used in his biography of the Dean; but Forster's untimely death before he had reached the period which they cover prevented their publication. Forster, in his preface, refers to them as "the richest addition to the correspondence of the most masterly of English letter-writers"; but, though certainly interesting, they hardly justify that description. Still, there is so much that is mysterious and enigmatical about Swift, and so much in these letters that is characteristic of the man, that their publication is very welcome. The editor has affixed to each letter copious notes explanatory of the circumstances and allusions, which are a model of intelligent and faithful editing.—New York Evening Post.

The Anglo-Saxon Review. A Quarterly Miscellany. Edited by Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill. Vol. I. June, 1899. John Lane. \$72 a year.

The first number of The Anglo-Saxon Review, Lady Randolph Churchill's new periodical, justifies all that has been promised for it from the artistic and mechanical points of view. The sumptuous binding in full morocco copies a cover made in Paris by some unknown artist of the late sixteenth century for King James I. The illustrations are reproductions of seven famous portraits, including Stuart's Washington, Reynolds' Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Rubens' Anne of Austria, and Mr. Onslow Ford's bust of Queen Victoria. As for the literary contributors, it would take archangels to live up to all this magnificence of decoration and typography, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, for example, is not exactly an archangel. He discourses of Some Consequences of the Last Treaty of Paris. There are stories by Mr. Henry James, Miss Elizabeth Robins, and Mr. Gilbert Parker, a three-act play by Mrs. Craigie, a great poem by Mr. Swinburne, a masterly study of Peel by Lord Rosebery, and many other interesting things. Altogether, the literary make-up of the number is highly creditable to the taste and sagacity of the editor.

Mr. Milo Bush and Other Worthies: Their Recollections. By Hayden Carruth. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

Milo Bush, as introduced to the public by Hayden Carruth in a little volume of stories just published, is an interesting and original raconteur. He does not lay him-

self open to the charge of egotism, because he does not relate his own adventures, but merely those of friends and acquaintances. However, he has known, or known of, many people who have had strange experiences, and his observations concerning them, as well as the tales themselves, prove most enjoyable. There was Buckminster, for instance, who is Milo Bush's personification of ill luck; and yet there is a lesson underlying Buckminster's vicissitudes, although both Mr. Bush and Mr. Caruth are careful not to moralize too extensively. Buckminster lost everything but his cheerfulness. He started a stage line, and his mules kicked the stage to pieces, after which they jumped into a well and drowned themselves. Then he bought a gold mine that didn't exist, and almost before he had discovered his loss in that a cyclone carried away his house, in the purchase of which he had also been cheated. Next his wife ran away. But still Buckminster was cheerful. In the words of Milo Bush—He said a wife wa'n't a necessity. Argued that wives was luxuries. Let on he thought they was goin' out of style. Offered to bet \$10 the best-dressed men didn't have 'em.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Letters of Captain Dreyfus to His Wife. Translated by L. G. Moreau. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

In France these letters were published under the title: *The Letters of an Innocent Man*. They are certainly written by one who protests his innocence at every turn, who struggles with his conscience "against the most inexplicable fatality that can pursue a man," whose courage never weakens, who was, in fact, prepared for his "supreme humiliation," who suffered it, as he says, to sustain the honor of his family, who was constantly guarded in his expressions of his innocence, and who throughout this volume does not—could not (for the authorities would not permit it)—give one iota of evidence of his innocence.—Home Journal.

The Sunken Bell. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. R. H. Russell. \$1.00.

Modestly designated in its sub-title as "a fairy play," *The Sunken Bell* soon proclaims to the reader that it is vastly more considerable than such a caption would imply; for under the surface of its beautiful imagery there runs a commentary, profound enough, upon the life of our poor humanity. As the translator pertinently observes, "some may see pessimism in the end of this tragedy—others, optimism." But, whichever side be taken, the thoughtful mind will recognize and joy in the artistic excellence and the vast poetic power put forth therein. The bell becomes the symbol of artistic endeavor, another and a deeper sort of "oiseau bleu," for whose perfection the artist vainly gives his all and dies with the word failure on his lips, yet, nevertheless, with a gleam of hope still shining from afar into his soul.—Home Journal.

Literary Likings. By Richard Burton. Cope-land & Hales. \$1.50.

The subject matter is interesting, but perhaps no more complimentary adjective would be strictly accurate. It must be said for Mr. Burton, however, that his taste is good and his opinions are founded on reason. The article on Stevenson is graceful and entertaining. A more ambitious effort is that on some modern phases of fiction.

The rules Mr. Burton lays down are sensible enough in the main, but it cannot be said that he has anything novel or original to propose. Indeed, although his book is certainly clever, and even informing, one misses in it the highest note of criticism. Perhaps it is unfair to contrast it with M. Doumic's volume, or to quarrel with it for being what it is, since it is good of its kind, which is, after all, the extent of the demand that the critic is privileged to make. There is so much need in this country

of criticism of the solid kind—of a new Lowell or Arnold—that it is always a disappointment to find one new essayist after another failing to meet what is possibly an unreasonable expectation. Judging Mr. Burton by what he is, not by what he might be, we admit cheerfully that he has here set forth some admirable ideas in flowing and agreeable English.—Providence Journal.

Science and Sociology.

Buffalo Jones' Forty Years of Adventure. Compiled by Colonel Henry Inman. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. For sale by all booksellers.

A generation ago the great plains of the West shook beneath the tread of millions upon millions of buffalo. Many of the Indian tribes believed that these immense herds issued each spring from the interior of the earth, sent as a gift by the Great Spirit to his red children, and that the source of their livelihood thus ever miraculously renewed would never fail. With the construction of the railroads the work of extermination began, and in the spring of 1897 Mr. C. J. Jones, known in his own community more familiarly as "Colonel" Jones and as "Buffalo" Jones wrote to the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior that heroic measures should be adopted at once to save from utter extinction the last remnants of a once mighty race, the Yellowstone Park herd of buffalo, which had been murderously reduced from three hundred to only fifty in number. No action was taken by the Government, the destruction was completed and the North American bison, as he is correctly called, would have become as extinct as the mastodon had not Buffalo Jones earned his title by his successful efforts in collecting a small herd on his farm, composed principally of calves. From this origin it is now estimated by careful calculation that at the close of the year 1898 there were over five hundred domesticated buffalo scattered throughout the world.—Providence Journal.

The Government of Municipalities. By Dorman B. Eaton. The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

Besides the reformation of the civil service in the Federal Government, Mr. Eaton has addressed himself to the still more difficult problem of Municipal Government and has written a work, *The Government of Municipalities*, which without exception is the most important work on that subject that has been written for many years.—Chicago Evening Post.

Educational and Juvenile.

The Physical Nature of the Child and How to Study It. By Stuart H. Rowe. Macmillan. \$1.00.

The book is a valuable contribution to the literature of child study; especially valuable because it treats the subject dispassionately, does not intrude personal opinions, but rather uses the Socratic principle to inspire parents and teachers to individual study.

This is the forty-fifth volume in the International Educational series, and no doubt the series, taken as a whole, constitutes the most valuable reference library for a professional teacher; but for the layman, with a desire for information or for good literature, this book is a disappointment. You are constantly supposing that something important is about to be said and the revelation is seldom made. The method is so flighty that a steadfast and orderly mind grows confused and wearied with it. To a trained teacher who has read the author's other volumes things may seem clear enough; but the book is not for the edification of the novice in kindergarten work—Rochester Post Express.

The Heart of a Boy. By Edmundo de Amicis. Translated by Professor Mantellini. Laird & Lee. \$1.25.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

—The two following communications have been received by the editor of *Current Literature*, who takes pleasure in giving them the publicity they deserve. The crime of literary larceny has already been pilloried in these pages. At all times, but particularly in such instances where we have been made innocent parties to deceit and unwitting perpetrators of fraud, are we glad to unmask the offender, who, in stealing the work of another's brain far more than he who robs him of his purse, deserves to be branded, "Thief":

YONKERS, N. Y., August 8, 1899.

Editor Current Literature:

MY DEAR SIR:—In your July number, among the selections of verse are some lines entitled *A Bunch of Violets*, credited to one J. Chalmers Davis, as taken from the *Cambrian*.

I beg to inform you that the verses are my own and are to be found, as they were written, in a little volume entitled *Madrigals and Catches*, published by the F. A. Stokes Co., and first brought out in 1887.

If J. Chalmers Davis is given to thievery he may as well be properly advertised. I hope you will do me the justice to correct this matter. Very truly yours,

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

BOSTON, August 14, 1899.

Editor Current Literature:

DEAR SIR:—I am sorry to find that a poem which we printed in August, '98, and which you have recently reprinted and credited to us under the title *Opportunity*, and with the alleged authorship of G. H. Dierhold, was really written by Orelia Key Bell, and was printed by the Century Company in their issue for August, '89. We accepted the manuscript in good faith and paid for it, and you are at liberty to make any mention you like of the rascal and the imposition on us and the real author.

Dierhold now hangs out in Rockford, Ills., and he is doubtless trying to work other publications. We have had dozens of things from him, but never printed anything before. Yours truly,

WARREN F. KELLOGG,
Publisher New England Magazine.

—Justin McCarthy's reminiscences have been quite the book of the hour in England. It is understood that at the outset 2,000 copies of the English edition were printed. The issue has now been followed by another. Mr. McCarthy now intends to devote himself to the completion of his history of the four Georges. That task will occupy him for probably a year to come.

—Rev. F. W. Macdonald, Rudyard Kipling's uncle, has been chosen to be the head of the Methodist Church in Great Britain, to succeed the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

—Tommy and Grizel, Mr. Barrie's sequel to his story, *Sentimental Tommy*, is now completed.

—Some interesting statistics have been published by The London Bookseller, dealing with the average annual production of books in thirteen countries. The total production is 76,000, Germany easily leading the list with nearly 24,000, while Great Britain produces about 7,000 and America only 5,000.

—The William Black Memorial will take the form of a beacon light, to be known as The William Black Beacon. The British Lifeboat Society

decided that a lifeboat was not needed on the west coast of Scotland, while the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, who had been consulted, replied that such a light was absolutely necessary at Duart Point, near the entrance to the Sound of Mull, where most of the steamer traffic of the West Highlands passes. Subscriptions will be received and acknowledged by Lord Archibald Campbell, Coutts' Bank, Strand, London.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will return to this country this month to spend the winter. She is at present in Kent, at work on her new novel, which will be published about Christmas.

—Herr Gerhardt Hauptmann, the eminent German dramatist, whose latest play, *Furhmann Henschel*, was only this year performed in New York, is a veritable Cormorant in the matter of appetite for work. He has now four pieces on the stocks, which include a Silesian dialect comedy, a biblical drama and a tragedy entitled *Kunegunde von Kynast*, also taken from the Silesian folk-tales.

—Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, is to show, in a pavilion at the coming Paris Exhibition, a copy of every edition of his works. The pavilion will have to be a large one, as he has written over 300 novels, some of which have been translated into every European language.

—M. Huret's monograph on Sarah Bernhardt, which has just been published in an English form by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has a preface by M. Rostand in the form of a letter to the author. Among other things, M. Rostand says: "It seems to me, Jules Huret, that the life of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will perhaps form the greatest marvel of the nineteenth century. It will develop into a legend. To describe her tours round the world, with their ever-changing scenes and actors, their beauties and absurdities, to make the locomotives and steamers speak, to portray the swelling of seas and the rustling of robes, to fill up the intervals of heroic recitative with speaking, singing, shouting choruses of poets, savages, kings and wild animals—this would need a new Homer built up of Théophile Gautier, Jules Verne and Rudyard Kipling."

—Philologists may be interested to hear that the Württemberg Government proposes to grant an annual subsidy of 2,000 marks toward the publication of a "Suabian Idioticon." The work was suggested by the literary historian, Professor H. Fischer, of Tübingen, son of the late Suabian lyrical poet, J. G. Fischer, who has already collected a number of materials for the *Wörterbuch*, of which he is to be the general editor.

—George W. Cable is hard at work upon his new "novel of the Southland," entitled *The Cavalier*.

—Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's new novel will not be published until the spring. It was originally intended to issue it this autumn, but the author's work has been thrown back by repeated attacks of influenza.

—A brilliant pupil of the London Royal Academy of Music is Mr. B. L. Farjeon, whose

opera of *Floretta* was recently performed by the students of the Academy. Mr. Farjeon is the son of the English novelist of that name, and grandson of the American comedian, Joseph Jefferson, and attained his majority just two months ago. Only once before has the honor of an accepted work like *Floretta* fallen to an Academy student. In the present instance the achievement derives additional interest from the fact that the libretto is by a sister of the young composer—Miss Eleanor Farjeon, who is only eighteen.

—Mrs. Gertrude Atherton confesses to having been bored to death by one of the annual Authors' dinners which she attended once, and to which only members of the Authors' Society are admitted. The price is limited to a guinea a plate. It takes place in the large banqueting room of the Holborn Restaurant, and usually about 300 people are present. The dinner is always excellent, and is enjoyed by a great many distinguished people. But, so Mrs. Atherton says, nothing could exceed the dullness of the speeches, most of which were a half-hour long. "First the chairman prosed away; then an ambassador spoke in French for thirty-five minutes; then an able writer spoke and spoke and spoke, until the chairs of the lower tables scraped by themselves. When it came to Rider Haggard's turn he literally beat his breast in the effort to be animated and jolly."

—A new volume of poems by Louise Chandler Moulton will be published soon. It is entitled *At the Wind's Will*, from a line in Rossetti's poem, *The Woodspurge*. One also is announced from the pen of Louise Imogen Guiney, entitled *The Martyr's Idyll*, and *Shorter Poems*. The initial poem celebrates the martyrdom of St. Didymus and St. Theodora.

—Literature says that London is enjoying a pleasant smile over a reported adventure of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Thomas Hardy. It seems that Mr. Hardy took Mr. Kipling to look over a house which was thought would suit him. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant, "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling." "Is that so?" she replied, "I never heard the name before." Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady, and remarked, "Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here to-day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author." "Oh, indeed," was her reply, "I don't know his name."

—The Critic is authority for the statement that the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of a dozen books whose circulation in America, Canada and England is alleged to exceed 3,000,000 copies, "shrinks from a newspaper interview as he would from a blow." In *His Steps* is being translated into some half score of languages, and the success is pain to the author, because of the publicity it gives him. A man connected with a prominent Eastern publishing house recently telegraphed him: "I am coming to Topeka to stay a week, prepared to fully treat of your methods and motives and the work of your church in detail. The article will be syndicated and printed in nearly every paper in the country." In reply Mr. Sheldon telegraphed: "You need

not come. I will not talk. I have some rights even you are bound to respect." Mr. Sheldon was born in Wellsville, N. Y., about forty-one years ago, but was "raised" on a farm in Dakota. His father was a clergyman, and he received a thorough theological training. In 1888 he took charge of a Congregational church at Topeka, holding his first service in a dingy room over a grocery store. In a district known as "Tennesseetown," twenty blocks inhabited by the poorest of colored people, he has worked out his co-operative schemes, and in the modest little parsonage near the new stone church built under his ministry has written the books that have made him popular—at the rate of a book a year.

—How many people are aware that Mr. J. M. Barrie once wrote a pretty considerable serial which he has had the courage to leave in the pages of the magazine where it appeared? It was an Irish story, and saw the light in the *Young Man* shortly after Mr. Barrie was "discovered" by Dr. Nicoll. These were the days of his "nom-de-plume" "Gavin Ogilvy." The tale had little signs of the Barrie we now know, though there is a slight similarity between the opening chapters and the beginning of *Sentimental Tommy*. Mr. Barrie is, like all true Scots, an economical workman, and if he hits on a good idea in an article he is pretty sure to elaborate it in his "full dress" books. By the way, it is curious how few of his clever things have got into circulation. For example, could anything be neater than his definition, which still holds good, of the two kinds of realism: "One describes the cup with the crack in it, the other the crack in the cup." One wonders if his politics remain as they were in the days when he wrote of Lord Rosebery: "He was a peer; I flung a clod at him; these were my politics."

—This, says the Academy, is the introduction to Zola's new novel, "*Fécundité*," prefixed to the opening chapters in "*L'Aurore*," where the story is running: " '*Fécundité* ' is a study, drama and poem at the same time. It celebrates and glorifies the achievements of a numerous family. Around the central character, who knows how to love and to will, to work and to create, in the midst of a constantly growing family, Zola has grouped more than fifty subordinate personages of the opposite kind, bad and decadent representatives of the modern social-economic order—men and women who carry death and dissolution with them in the lives of Malthusianism, in the terrible mortality of children. '*Fécundité* ' is the history of the dissolution of the capitalistic industrial system, the history of fatal and deadly poverty; it is the picture of social hell, the result of social injustice, which inevitably entails the ruin of country and humanity. It is impossible to create a more impressive and striking drama than that contained in Zola's tale of two deliberate murderers, who are depicted in a series of marvelous scenes. At the same time it is difficult to conceive of a more reassuring, more inspiring and elevating poem than is given here. In the pages of this novel, full of joy and charm, there is the triumphant song of the all-conquering family—the family which conquers by virtue of its numbers, which brings to the country and humanity the hope of to-morrow, health, joy, indomitable energy, in the interest of the coming society."

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1899

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

A Painter of the Sea: W. A. Coffin.....Century.
 Religious Paintings of Tintoretto: Nixon...Cath. World.
 Richard Wagner's Prose Works: B. Crump...Uni. Brother.
 Survival of African Music in America: Murphy...Pop. S. M.
 The Cathedral of Le Puy: Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer...Cent.
 The Painting of Geo. Butler: W. C. Brownell...Scribner's.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Admiral Sampson: Ray Stannard Baker.....McClure's.
 American Forerunner of Dreyfus: J. M. Morgan...Century.
 Bishop Berkeley in New England: Thurston...New Eng. M.
 Canadian Celebrities—Hon. Jos. Martin...Canadian Mag.
 Chamberlain as a Tory Minister: T. M. Hopkins...West. R.
 Dreyfus—The Rehabilitation: Walter Littlefield...Munsey.
 Francis Parkman and his Works: M. J. Gorman...Can. Mag.
 Franklin the Scientist: Paul Leicester Ford.....Century.
 Madame Necker: Marcia C. Maxwell...Nineteenth Century.
 Marcus Stone, R.A.....Strand.
 Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U.S.N...Fr. Leslie's.
 Robert G. Ingersoll: Harry Thurston Peck....Bookman.
 The New Secretary of War: Macfarland.....R. of R.
 The Real Henrik Ibsen: Perriton Maxwell...Book Buyer.
 Villiers de L'Isle Adam: A. Symons...Fortnightly Rev.

Essays and Miscellanies.

Are We in Danger from the Plague?: Vaughan...P. Sc. Mo.
 Brides and Bridal-Chests: M. Y. Wynne...House Beautiful.
 Critical Essay in France: Paul Bourget.....Longman's.
 Criticism and the Man: J. Burroughs.....Atlantic.
 Entertaining English Royalty: Ignota.....Lippincott's.
 Fashionable Fads and Fancies: Williamson.....Cassell's.
 Ghost-Dance of the French.....Blackwood's Magazine.
 Guarding the Highways of the Sea: T. Waters...McClure's.
 Great Letter Writers. IV. Madame de Sévigné...Longman's.
 History as She Ought to be Wrote: A. Lang.....Black.
 Hygienic Significance of the Decalogue....Good Health.
 Hypnotism: Arthur Mac Donald.....Chautauquan.
 International Congress of Women: C. P. Stetson...Ains.
 Jewish Literature in the Nine. Cent.: Gottheil...Bookman.
 Letters of R. L. Stevenson: Sidney Colvin....Scribner's.
 Nature in the Last Latin Poets: M. Cesaresco.....Cont.
 Negro Camp Meetings in the States: E. L. Banks...Quiver.
 New Light on Ibsen's "Brand": M. A. Stobart.....Fort.
 Poems of Thomas Hardy: W. B. Columbine...West. Rev.
 Shakespeare and Moliere: M. Jules Clarette...Fortnightly.
 Some Famous Hands: Maud Churton.....Strand.
 The Conference at The Hague: W. T. Stead.....Forum.
 The Dying of Death: Joseph Jacobs....Fortnightly Rev.
 The Model Hero of Fiction: J. B. Perry.....Book Buyer.
 The Scott of Fiction: J. H. Findlater.....Atlantic.
 The Seven Senses of Fishes: M. Dunn....Contemporary.
 The Study of Fiction: Brander Matthews...Cosmopolitan.
 The Systematic Epigram: F. M. Colby.....Bookman.
 The Younger Russian Writers: A. Cahan.....Forum.
 To Save Lives at Sea: J. R. Henchy...Anglo-Amer. Mag.
 Wedding of Louis XVI. and Marie Antionette, 1770...Corn.
 West Indian Poisonous Fishes: J. M. Rogers...P. Sc. Mo.
 Why Are Our Brains Deteriorating?: Elsdale...Nine. Cen.
 Vocation of Motherhood: H. Owen...Trained Motherhood.

Historic, National and Political.

A Boer War: The Military Aspect.....Blackwood's.
 Aguinaldo's Case Against the United States...North Amer.
 Alaskan Boundary Dispute: A. I. Street...Ainslee's Mag.
 Building of an Empire.—Mohammed: Omar....Cosmop.
 British and Dutch in South Africa...Fortnightly Review.
 Campaigning in the Philippines: Pandia Ralli...Overland.
 Casus Belli in South Africa: E. Robertson.....Nine. Cen.
 England and the Boers: J. W. Clarkson.....Donahoe's.
 Excessive Armies of Russia: Sir L. Simmons...Nine. Cen.
 Menelik and His People: Cleveland Moffett...McClure's.

People of the Philippines: R. R. Lala.....Forum.
 Recent Events in the Transvaal: T. R. Dodd.....Forum.
 Reform of China: Kang Yeu Wei.....Contemporary.
 Russia and the Russians: G. Donaldson...Anglo-Am. Mag.
 Struggle for South African Supremacy...Fortnightly Rev.
 The Germans and the Americans.....Atlantic.
 The Half Year of War with Aguinaldo.....R. of R.
 Vindication of the Boers: A Diplomat...North American.

Religious and Philosophic.

Can Soldiers Be Christians?: Martin Luther...Open Court.
 Congregationalism in America: M. Dexter...New Eng. M.
 Defense of the New Thought: H. W. Dresser.....Mind.
 Egyptian Version of the Story of King John...Open Court.
 Is There a Church Revolution?: Ward.....Metaphysical.
 Present Idealism: S. K. Davis.....Metaphysical Mag.
 Progress of Philosophy in the Nine. Cen.: Eucken...For.
 Race and Religion in India: A. M. Fairbairn, D.D...Con.
 The Agnostic's Side: Robert G. Ingersoll...North Amer.
 The Christ of St. Paul: Dr. M. C. Conway...Open Court.
 What Church has "Continuity"?: St. G. Mivart...Nine. Cen.

Sociologic.

Effect of Equal Suffrage in Colorado: Ellard...Lippincott's.
 Inner Organization of the French Spy System...Cosmop.
 Legal Aspect of Trusts: J. S. Auerbach...North American.
 Milk Supply of Cities: H. W. Conn...Pop. Sci. Monthly.
 Remedies for the Depopulation of France...Pop. Sci. Mo.
 State Prisons of California: P. B. Elderkin...Overland.
 Socialism from an Outsider's Point of View...West. Rev.
 Social Progress in France: A. Fouillée.....Chautauquan.

Scientific and Industrial.

American Locomotives in Great Britain...Cassier's Mag.
 American Stained Glass Windows: Lamb...Chautauquan.
 Automobilism in France: Chasseloup-Laubat...N. Amer.
 Automobile Situation: H. R. Maxim.....Cassier's.
 Building of the Race Rock Lighthouse: Smith...F. Leslie's.
 Cape to Cairo Railway. Part I.: W. T. Stead...Winsor M.
 Coffee Culture in Central America: Cater...Chambers's.
 Cotton-Spinning at Shanghai: C. Denby.....Forum.
 The Genesis of the Gang: Jacob A. Riis.....Atlantic.
 National Export Exposition: W. P. Wilson...Lippincott's.
 Tallest Dwellings in the World: Holmes...Cassell's Mag.
 Thunder Storms and How to Prevent Them...Chambers's.
 Trans-Siberian Railway: W. Durban.....Contemporary.

Travel, Sport and Recreation.

Aguinaldo's Capital: Lieut.-Col. J. D. Miley...Scribner's.
 "America's" Cup: John R. Spears.....Cosmopolitan.
 "America" Cup Defenders: W. E. Simmons...F. Leslie's.
 "America's" Cup in 1899: W. J. Henderson...Munsey's.
 "America" Cup Race: Hon. Chas. Russell...North Amer.
 Art-Gallery of the Great Lakes: C. W. Stoddard...Cosmop.
 Bulgarian Cities: Celia R. Ladd.....Chautauquan.
 Convict Capital of Dartmoor: W. S. King...Chambers's.
 Costa Rica: E. Lyell Earle.....Donahoe's.
 Cruising up the Yangtze: E. R. Scidmore.....Century.
 Farming Pheasants: J. T. Newman.....Pearson's Mag.
 Famous Yachting Cups: J. K. Adams.....Home Mag.
 Morocco Up-to-date: H. R. Haweis...Fortnightly Rev.
 Over the Alps in a Balloon: C. Herbert.....Strand.
 Pastels from Spain: Margaret L. Woods.....Cornhill.
 Sailing Alone Around the World: J. Slocum...Century.
 Summer Visit to Nova Zembla: Russell-Jeafferson...Wins.
 Ten Days' Outing in Indian Territory: Hudson...Outing.
 Tobogganing Down a Volcano.....Pearson's Mag.
 Travels in China: Mrs. H. C. Paget.....Cornhill.
 Question of Yachts: C. L. Norton.....Lippincott's.
 Wheeling Thro' San Joaquin: C. Ed. Shinn.....Outing.
 Where the Water Runs Both Ways: F. Ireland...Scribner's.
 Wildfowl-Shooting in the Outer Hebrides...Blackwoods.
 Young American's Life in Spain: Bevan...Anglo-Amer.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

514. *Labouchere's Flag of England*: Will you please inform me where I can obtain the poem, *The Flag of England*, by Henry Labouchere? This poem was published several years ago in his *London Truth*, and begins

"And the winds of the world made answer,
North, east, and south, and west."

—W. E. Henry, Altoona, Pa.

[A request for this poem has also been received from R. E. Reese, Altoona, Pa. We trust that some reader of *Current Literature* may be able to supply it.]

515. Will you please inform me what, if any, of Descartes' works besides *Method* are published in this country, and where they can be obtained? I have read somewhere that H. A. Taine, the French critic, was an artist. Can you give me any further information on the subject?—C. Y. Smith, Louisville, Ky.

[We believe that other works of Descartes appear in Bohn's *Classical Library*, which may be obtained through any bookseller. Taine at one time in his career occupied a professor's chair at the *School of Fine Arts in Paris*.]

516. Will you please let me know where I could find something of the life and work of the Polish mathematician, M. J. Tobalchemsky?—R. R., Topeka, Kan.

517. *A Benedict*: Kindly answer the following query which I propound purely for my own information, and in no spirit of criticism: Why, in your "Talks with Correspondents" in the *Current Literature* for June, do you speak of Anthony Hope as a prospective "benedict"? Of course that name for a married man comes from Shakespeare's hero, and has otherwise no reason for existence; but Shakespeare did not write "benedict," but "benedick." I am constantly annoyed by the blunder, which is a very common one, but to find it countenanced by you, upon whom I have looked as an authority, arouses a new set of emotions. May I know why you saw fit to use that form?—E. M. H., Pittsfield, Mass.

[Webster, Worcester, *The Standard* and *The Century Dictionaries* all authorize the use of *Benedict* as the simpler form of the word in common usage. We trust, therefore, that we are justified in having "seen fit" to use it; and we tender the information concerning our authority and our motive cheerfully, and in no "spirit of criticism" toward our lady critic.]

518. *Authorship of "En Voyage"*: On page 190 of your February number there is a little poem, "En Voyage," which I have often quoted and which when I first saw it was attributed to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. In your magazine it is credited to Caroline A. Mason. Will you please inform me who is in error?—Charles Fluhier, Albion, New York.

[Can any one settle this question?]

519. Some four years ago I bought a paper novel—a story of a teacher who by means of an invention which overcame attraction of gravity, made a journey to the

planet Mars, and found a blue race of people. I cannot remember the author or publisher. Will you kindly help me out if you can, in this?—H. St. Clair, Albany, N. Y.

[The English fiction writer, H. G. Wells, is the author of a book describing a trip to Mars. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York, are Mr. Wells' publishers in this country. No doubt they will be able to tell you at once if their book is the one you are seeking.]

520. *Ships that Pass in the Night*: Can you give me the name of the poem and the author's name that the following verse is taken from?

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,

Only a signal shewn and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

—M. A. Boyd, Deloraine, Manitoba.

[Your quotation is from Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *The Theologian's Tale*: Elizabeth, Part IV.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

501. *Countess Potocki*:

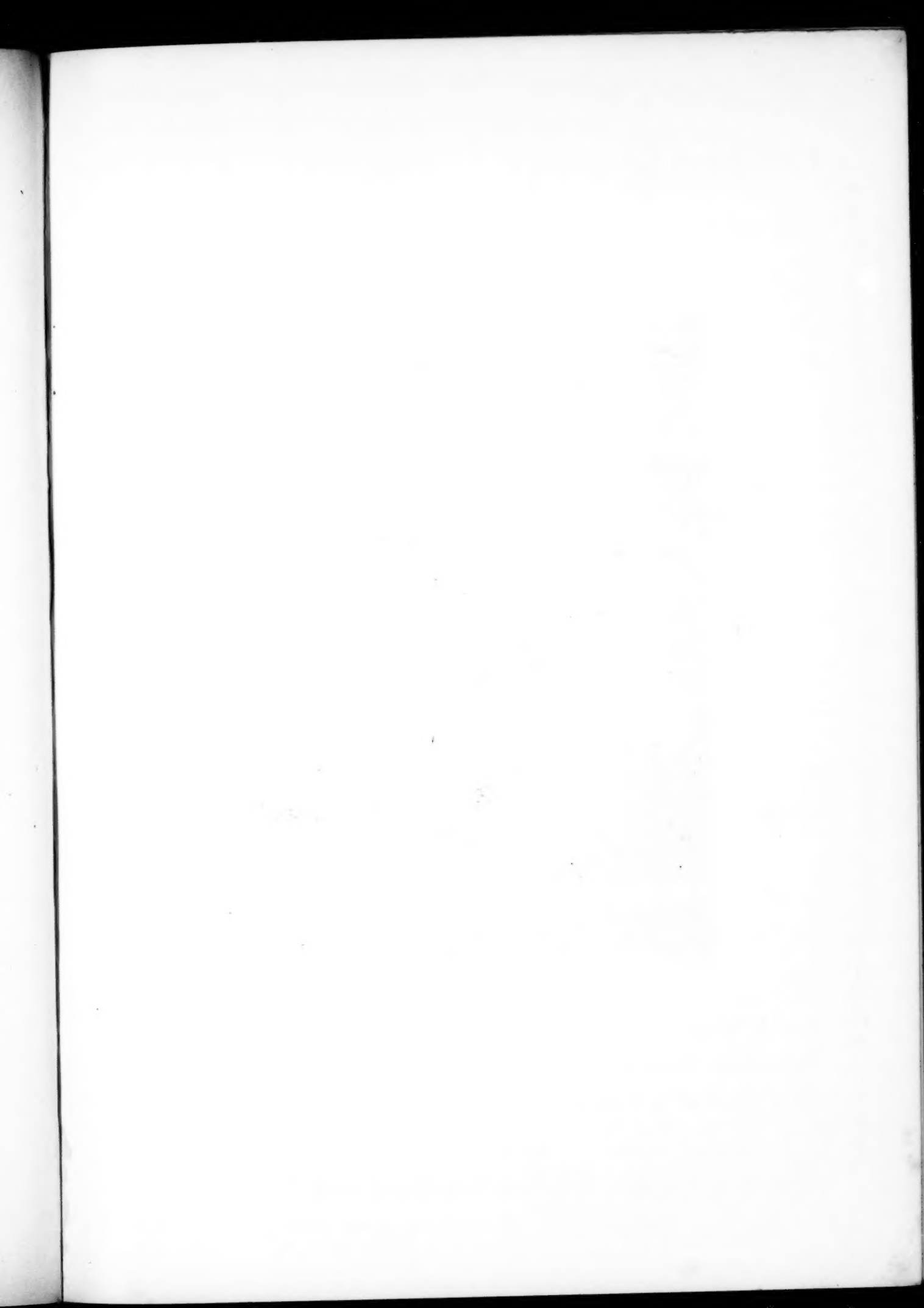
[This question we answered at some length in our August number, but the following letter may supply Mr. Goodman with fuller information than we were able to give:]

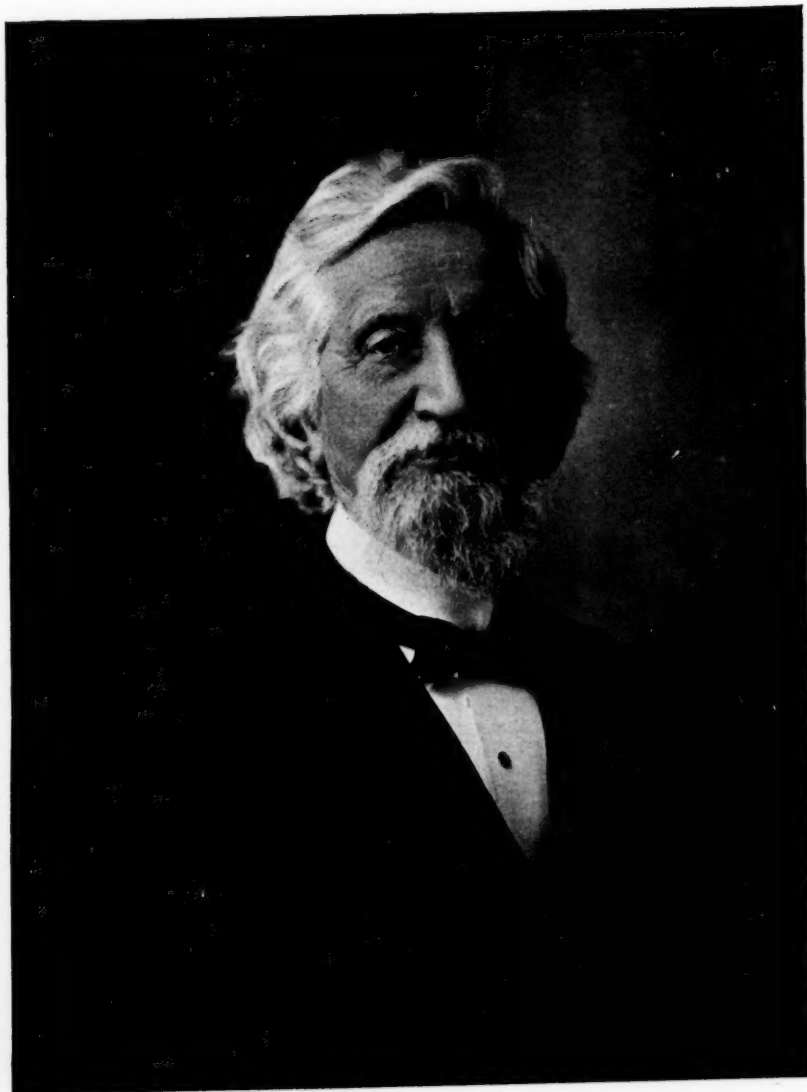
I presume some of your readers will have already enlightened your correspondent, Maurice Goodman, regarding the identity of the Countess Potocki, whose lovely face and liquid eyes look freshly at us from Kneller's canvas. If not, he will find an excellent biographic sketch of that beautiful, misguided, unfortunate child-woman, in a recent number of the *Atlantic*—that is, about a year or so ago. That the sketch was written by Susan Coolidge, is sufficient guarantee of its accuracy, as well as value. I may add that the subject of the portrait was not Claudia Potocki, but Helène Potocka, the Polish name having a feminine termination. Who Count Potocki was, save the husband of Helène Potocka, I cannot inform Mr. Goodman. I trust that this will point out where he can find what he wishes.—Lucy F. Bittinger, Sewickley, Pa.

502. *Herodias' Daughter*: Mrs. T. N. Conn, of Durand, Mich., will find the poem *The Daughter of Herodias* in *Werner's Recitations*, No. 16, published by E. Werner, 108 East Sixteenth street, New York City.—Lulah Ragdale, Brookhaven, Miss.

504. *Expansion*: Mrs. Lynn Young, Le Roy, Ill., asks in August Number (No. 504), for a poem, *Expansion*. I clip the same from the *Indianapolis Daily Journal* of August 14th, 1899, and enclose copy of same for No. 504. The *Journal* credits it to James T. Du Bois, United States Consul General at St. Gall, and takes it from the *Nashville American*.—C. W. Kinnan, Montpelier, Ind.

[Mr. Maurice Goodman, of Portage, Wis., and Miss H. P. Arthur, of Oneida, N. Y., send copies, and Dr. S. Hecht, of Milwaukee, gives the information that the title of the poem, as it originally appeared in the *Nashville American*, was *The Long and Broad Flag*. The verses are held for No. 504.]





JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE

(See American Poets of To-day, page 400)